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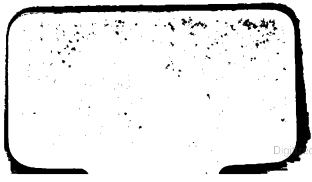

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W. H. Lawrey

OLD HUMPHREY'S

WALKS IN LONDON

AND

ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Recall thy wandering eyes from distant lands,
And gaze where London's goodly city stands.

LONDON:
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;
Instituted 1799.
SOLD AT THE DEPOSITORY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW,
AND 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

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PREFACE.

It is possible that in the present work I may, with some readers, run the risk of forfeiting a portion of that good opinion which has been so kindly and so liberally extended to me. There may be those who will think that London sight-seeing is an occupation too light-hearted to be indulged in by an old man, and that I might have employed myself better in attending to things more profitable, and better adapted to my years.

Different people, however, take different views on most subjects. Believing, as I do, that habitual cheerfulness is no unfit attendant on healthy piety; and having, also, a strong impression

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that a grateful participation of lawful enjoyment is a better expression of thankfulness to the Father of mercies, than a voluntary endurance of unmeaning penances, and useless and unprofitable self-denials; I have thought it not inconsistent with my years and my hopes, to give some account of such places of public interest in London as may be visited by Christian people in their hours of relaxation, without hampering them in their earthly duties, or hindering them on their way to heaven.

Though the gray hair is on my head, and the furrows of time are on my brow, yet have I to be thankful for a light foot, a ready hand, a quick eye, and a cheerful heart; and the possession of these blessings, naturally enough, leads me to partake of sunshine, rather than to go in quest of shadows. Most people think that their trials are at least equal to those of their neighbours; and I, too, have thought, before now, that I have had my share. If, however, my mourning has been great, my mercies have been greater; and seldom do I pass an hour of any day without a halleluia on my lip or in

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my heart. No marvel, then, that with these buoyant emotions, I should love to go abroad when animate and inanimate creation rejoices; when mankind, in a proper and grateful spirit, keep holiday; and when "the mountains break forth into singing, and the trees of the field clap their hands."

In collecting into one volume my scattered papers on the sights of London, and in adding to them such further information as they appeared to require, I hope not to dissipate the minds of my readers, but, on the contrary, to interest and instruct them. There are some who know less of the things on which I have treated than myself, though many may know more: at any rate, I have persuaded myself that the cheerful gossip and graver remarks of a friendly old man, on subjects interesting in themselves, will not be altogether unwelcome.

To such of my readers as estimate books only in the proportion in which they are likely to do good, I trust it will appear that I have not sought to give pleasure unaccompanied with profit, but

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so connected my walks in London with that "city which hath foundations," that those who are informed as to the one, shall not be altogether unmindful of the other.

OLD HUMPHREY.

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WALKS IN LONDON

AND

ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

OLD HUMPHREY'S

CITY GRATIFICATIONS.

BEFORE I notice the sights of London and its neighbourhood, let me point out a few things which are to me sources of gratification. Wrong me not, however, by supposing me to be an idle lounger, an indolent stroller in public places. Sight-seeing may be useful as an occasional recreation, though it would be profitless as regular employment.

In the busiest life there are seasons of leisure; even in the six days appointed us in which to labour and do all that we have to do, occasional periods of relaxation occur, and I think it no evil, wherever I am, in town or country, to seek out innocent sources of enjoyment.

I like to pick up scraps of conversation as I pass my fellow-pilgrims in the world, whether at St. Giles's or St. James's: to notice peculiarities

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in form, dress, demeanour, language, or action; to muse on the shrewdness of one man, the oddness of another, the churlishness of a third, and the kindness of a fourth: the Jew with his old clothes; the Mohammedan with his box of rhubarb; the whining beggar, defended by his matches from the interference of the police; the fish-woman at Billingsgate; the merchant on 'Change, and the Lord Mayor in his state carriage—all call forth the speculations of Old Humphrey.

I like to look in the shop windows, for many of them supply food for profitable speculation. I like to pause as the plumed hearse and mourning coaches, drawn by black horses arching their proud necks and lifting their feet high, slowly move among the crowded and busy streets, emphatically proclaiming to the passers by, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not," Job xiv. 1, 2.

I like to look on etchings, drawings, engravings, and pictures, and am oftentimes spell-bound by their influence, feeling regret that I cannot thank those who have so much contributed to my gratification. I like to glance, if I see only the title-page, on the works of authors that I believe to be in heaven, claiming kindred with them even there, knowing them, loving them, and longing to be like them. How many a kindred spirit, by

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the record it has left behind it, has made my heart beat and my pulse play, and called forth my admiration, joy, and thankfulness, hundreds of years after its translation to glory!

I like to linger at the well-supplied stalls of second-hand books, and to turn over the leaves of the volumes exposed for sale, from the twopenny box of all sorts at the door, to the shelf of folios inside the shop. I like to glide slowly with the living stream along Cheapside, noting the passers by, and reading their history in their eyes, faces, and appearance. I love to muse a moment, not without pity, on that unenviable class of the community, bill-deliverers, placard-bearers, and "walk into the auction" men. Oh, what a tale do their haggard cheeks, their sickly frame, and their ragged raiment often make known! Poverty, thoughtlessness, indiscretion, and perhaps crime, have made them what they are.

I like to stand opposite Christ's Hospital, and look through the double row of iron pallisades at the boys when they are at play in the court-yard. If it were possible to make a good-looking boy appear ugly, by dressing him up in uncouth clothing, the blue gown, yellow petticoat and stockings, and buckle-garter-like girdle of the Christ's Hospital costume would undoubtedly do it: but, in spite of their dress, the light-hearted, merry-making young rogues find their way into my heart. I remember that I once was a boy;

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and when they knuckle down at ring-taw, leap the skipping-rope, trundle the hoop, and race after one another, I feel that I could join them at their sport. It was but yesterday that I stood looking at them for ten minutes, afterwards giving them in silence my parting blessing.

I like, when I feel strong—though some would regard it as an arduous undertaking for an old man—to ascend to the golden gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, and to look upon London below. The incessant rumble of busy life reaches me as an echo of things remote, and my brother emmets beneath me, by their diminished stature, make me feel little in my own eyes. London, the treasure-house of the earth for wealth and power, as the queen of nations, stretches the sceptre of her influence over the east and the west, the north and the south. She is, as it were, the big heart of the breathing world, animating through the peopled avenues of society, the industry, the knowledge, and the piety of the uttermost parts of the earth.

I like, now and then, to visit a Christian friend, walking abroad betimes, and breakfasting with him in his quiet and retired habitation in the suburbs of the city. The early hour, and the walk, and the fresh air, give me an appetite, and the broiled ham, or bacon, that forms a part of the hospitable meal, relishes all the better for the free and cheerful converse that prevails. I like to hear him, with a soft, musical voice, read the

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Holy Scriptures, explain, illustrate, and apply with faithfulness, knowledge, and simplicity, the word of the Most High, and engage in supplication and thanksgivings to the Giver of all our mercies. I like to walk abroad with him in the fields, or retired lanes, discoursing freely, as the case may be, of the heavens, the earth, and the varied objects of creation, indulging in literary projects, and fixing, perhaps, on a subject for the next paper of Old Humphrey.

I like to pass along the Old Bailey, or elsewhere, when a throng of poor women, girls, and boys, stand with their jugs and cups, their basins and platters, opposite to an eating-house, waiting with their twopences to receive the broken victuals of the establishment. It would do you good, if you have never seen this daily exhibition, to gaze upon it; and if you have a kind heart, and twopence in your pocket, I feel quite sure, that in such a case, some poor widow, or pale-faced girl, with her crockery in her hand, will soon have your money. What a comfortable thing it is, that one can buy such a substantial gratification, as that of lighting up the eye, and gladdening the heart of the poor, at the low price of two-pence!

I like to stand among the gathered group of merchants and foreigners on 'Change, just long enough for the rolling din of mingled voices and varied languages to make me estimate more highly quietude and peace. I like, now and then,

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to peep at the Parks, and Kensington Gardens, commenting, not ill-naturedly, on the gay equipages and well-dressed people assembled. I like to lean over London Bridge, gazing on the steamboats as they come and go, and on the forest of masts that rises from the bed of the river. And I like to pause in Smithfield, ere I go by the spot where the martyr has "played the man in the fire." May I never pass the place without more than common thankfulness to the Father of mercies in sparing me the torment that better men have endured!

I like to visit the Cemeteries around the city, and bend over the resting-places of the dead: there may the living learn lessons of humility. I like to wander through the Zoological Gardens, and to fancy the different birds, beasts, and reptiles at liberty in the places they frequented before they were caught and caged: the white bear on his icebergs; the wolf amid the northern snow; the lion in the desert sand; the tiger in the jungle; the orang-outang in the woods; the pelican in the wilderness; the rattle-snake in the thick tangled brushwood; and the crocodile basking on the sedgy banks of the Nile. How infinitely varied are the works of God! How wonderful are the creatures formed by the hand of the Almighty!

I like to examine the new and useful inventions at the Royal Adelaide Gallery, and the Polytechnic

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Institution; to hear the lectures; to gaze on the revealed wonders of the microscope; to look at the life-rafts and fire-escapes among the models; to receive a shock from the electrical eel; and to go down in the diving-bell with a friend who is too fearful to descend alone. I like to roam amid the gathered stores of the British Museum, from the gilt idol to the Elgin marbles, and from the mummies to the manuscripts; to sit in the reading-room with an interesting volume before me, now and then stealing a glance at the authors, artists, and reading world around. I like to visit the India House, and muse on its oriental stores, from the ivory-carved hanging gardens, to the skull of the Batta chief; from the hieroglyphic brick of Babylon to the manuscript dreams of Tippo-Saib, though written in language that I cannot understand.

I like to visit the Abbey of Westminster, and to give way to the solemn thoughts the place inspires. The question of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of erecting in a temple of Christian worship such gorgeous commemorations of the departed dead, I leave others to decide, for I am no splitter of hairs, no decider of disputed points, no authority in doubtful doctrines, but a simple-minded old man, well content to keep to what is plain and practical, and to leave to those who are wiser than myself all things which are too hard for me. I like to muse over the dust of good men, and to ponder,

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though with diminished interest, over the ashes of the merely great; and if the shrill voices of the youthful choir, and the thrilling swell of the harmonious organ, reverberate from the sculptured roof and monumental walls, I am carried in my spirit to a heavenly temple, where angels join in the alleluias of pardoned sinners, setting forth the praises of the Redeemer.

I like to steal into a public meeting, called for a Christian or benevolent purpose, ensconsing myself in a side seat, where, from my hiding-place I can see and hear all that passes. I like to look right and left on the beaming faces of the assembled multitude—to hear the remarks, the wisdom, and experience of age, and to drink in the impassioned appeals and stormy eloquence of more youthful hearts. I like, on such occasions, to feel my bosom beating, and my pulse playing, and to indulge in an ejaculation to the Father of mercies that every foot present may be quickened, every hand strengthened, and every heart enlarged, in promoting the glory of God, and the welfare of mankind.

I like to sip my coffee in a quiet coffee-house, to glance over the newspapers of the day, and the periodicals of the month, to admire the talents of the gifted, to add to my slender stock of information, and to muse, in a kindly spirit, on men and things.

I like to gaze on the faces of children, and to

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listen to their voices singing the praises of God, whether congregated in thousands beneath the lofty dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, or assembled in scores at the "ragged Sunday School," where the lowest of the low receive Christian instruction.

I like to hear the sound of the "church-going bell" on the sabbath morn; to walk in peace to the sanctuary, noticing as I pass along my fellow pilgrims bound on the same errand—to render thanks to God "for the great benefits received at his hands, to hear his most holy word, and to ask those things which are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul." I like to listen to the faithful exhortation of an enlightened, zealous, and humble-minded minister of the gospel. These things I like, as well as to join in the triumphant chorus of a thousand tongues.

> "Ye know the Lord our God is good;
> His mercy is for ever sure;
> His praise at all times firmly stood,
> And shall from age to age endure."

Thus might I proceed till I had exhausted your patience, and still leave untold many things that afford me satisfaction. Whatever may be our several tastes and feelings, if our hearts are under a right influence, we shall try to profit by all things, as the bee gathers honey from every flower. A fit season it is, after we have mused on the varied objects of pleasure which God's providence has scattered in our pathway, to

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ponder on his goodness and grace as made known in his holy word. Well will it be for us all to accustom ourselves to associate in our inmost thoughts, life with death, time with eternity, and earth with heaven.

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THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THOUGH I have tramped three or four miles without halting—a tolerable breathing bout for an old man—yet do I feel as fresh as when I first started. Surely if any human being beneath the stars has reason to sing of mercy it is Old Humphrey.

I am standing for a moment at the entrance of the Tower, before I pass over the bridge, looking at the broad moat that surrounds the place, and regarding the huge superannuated pile that never smiled, and that now frowns as darkly as ever. Famous as a fortress, a palace, and a prison, it cannot be regarded without interest. Time has been when such a scene would have called up all the romances and chivalrous feelings of my youthful days. The pageantry of olden times, with armed knights and courtly dames, the joust, the tournament, the banquet, the midnight revel, and the festive dance, would have flitted before me: but years that bleach the hair, sober the heart; my pulse is tranquil now.

Had this place always been the stronghold of

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lawful authority; had power never exercised oppression within its walls; and had none but the guilty been fettered in its gloomy dungeons, I should gaze around me with more pleasure than I now feel; but the records of time have handed down to us much that cannot be justified. I love loyalty and lawful authority, but I abhor oppression.

As the goodly apparel, the towering plume, the prancing war-horse, the flaunting banner, and the blast of the trumpet, close the eye and the ear to the horrors and iniquities of war, so proud palaces and embattled towers often hide from us, in a double sense, the evil deeds that have been done within them. As I stand, thus noting down my passing thoughts, shadowy reflections are stealing over my mind. The White Tower there, had it a tongue, could tell me a fearful tale! How often has Bell Tower rung out its alarms, in seasons of turbulence and strife. Beauchamp's Tower is associated with deeds of oppression and cruelty; and Devilin's Tower, near the corner, is not unstained with blood. There is a taint in the moral atmosphere of the place. On the hill yonder stood the scaffold, whence many a head, severed by the hand of the executioner, rolled to the ground; but more of these things by-and-by. Were human crimes made visible, and did they occupy a space equal to their enormity, I much fear that a mountainous mass of depravity and sin

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would overwhelm the shadowy pile that now stands before me. The young, the beautiful, the patriotic, the learned, and the pious, have been immured within its dreary walls, and a rigorous captivity has been followed by a cruel death.

When we think on the multiplied transgressions of mankind, well may we exclaim, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Psa. viii. 4.

The Tower, founded by William the Conqueror, and in part built by his son Rufus; was repaired by Thomas à Becket; enlarged by Longchamp, bishop of Ely; and finished by Henry III. Edward IV, Richard III, and Henry VIII, made to it some additions and repairs. The first governor of this fortress, in the time of William the Conqueror, was Geoffry de Mandeville, who laid out much money on the building; and the present governor is Arthur, duke of Wellington.

There is a misshapen irregularity, a strange mingling of ancient and modern times; an anomalous jumbling together of things wont to be kept separate, about the Tower, that takes away the impression which a castle or fortress usually makes on the mind. It is a confused heap, made up of towers of stone, brick, and cement, of houses, bastions, batteries, and turrets, of walls, sentinels, chimney-pots, and vanes:—but I will enter the place.

The Tower was not always so easy of access;

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for power is jealous, and oppression and cruelty, which have at times resided there, are watchful, if not fearful. Four gates have I passed, and the warders and armed sentinels have let me proceed without a challenge; but in olden times the drawbridge to the Tower was always raised, and the huge, unwieldy gates were always closed.

Traitor's Gate looks gloomy; but if so to me, how much more so must it have appeared to the many who have passed under that low-browed arch, with almost the certainty that they would never again return! There is a loneliness, a disconsolateness in the dash of the water, as the tide rolls in, that makes one melancholy. A sluice beneath the Traitors' Gate supplies the broad, deep moat with water from the river.

And this is Wakefield Tower, or the Bloody Tower. Whether Richard III, called Crookback, really did cause to be murdered in this tower the children, Edward V and the duke of York, will perhaps only be revealed, when the secrets of all hearts will be made known. Either he has been sadly maligned, or a sore catalogue of evil deeds has been truly laid to his charge.

What a noble gateway is here! The sculptured arches that vault the portal, the grotesque heads, and finely carved tracery that springs from them, are exquisitely beautiful. Here is a portcullis, too, with its spikes of iron, and the massy gates have enormous hinges; one of them is broken.

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There have evidently been two hinges at the bottom of the gates, but they are gone, though the pins on which they turned are remaining still.

The platform and the row of lofty trees to the left, offer some attractions to those who have time to promenade. I have mounted the stone steps, gazed on the shipping in the river, walked in part round the Tower, passed by the Devil's Battery, the Stone Battery, and the Wooden Battery, and am now returned to the White Tower, so called because Henry III ordered it to be whitened. It is the original and principal tower in the fortress.

Where now stands the Ordnance Office, once stood the old palace, the dwelling-place of kings, with its spacious halls and extended galleries, its noble courts, and goodly gardens. Not a vestige of these remains; but the antiquarian visitor draws upon his memory, and revels in the knowledge he has acquired from the dusty records of departed days.

What glorious gifts are memory and imagination! By these I once more build up the princely pile, long since dissolved, and people it with the Edwards, and Henries, and Richards of old. There is the painted hall, and in it are assembled a goodly throng of joyous guests. The royal captive, John, is feasting with the third Edward, and all his court. But this pageant has melted

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into air; and Henry of Lancaster occupies its place, having received a kingly diadem from the second Richard. Thus are the puppets of power moved backwards and forwards.

> Thus Time, advancing with a smile or frown,
> One raises up, and pulls another down.

A further change, and now the painted hall is thronged with other characters: Catherine of Aragon, "beautiful and goodly to behold," Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catherine Howard, and Catherine Parr, in quick succession, hold their interviews with the eighth Henry, before their espousals to him. What a lesson for ambition to ponder! Two of Henry's wives were divorced, and two brought to the scaffold by the royal sensualist. Sunshine and pomp and smiles began the dream of joy of the latter; but Tower Hill, and the block, and the murderous axe, were at its close. The old palace and the painted hall are gone; the councils are dissolved, the banquets are broken up, the revels are ended, and the guests departed. There stands the modern Ordnance Office, and here am I, musing on the unsubstantial past.

In my perambulations I have fallen in with many of the warders, in their round flat-crowned caps, and bands of party-coloured ribbons; their fine scarlet cloth coats, with large sleeves and full-gathered skirts, seamed with gold lace, and their

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broad, laced girdles. Bearing the royal badge under their breasts, they accompany the visitors through the different armouries. There are forty of these men in the Tower, all habited like the royal yeomen of the guard: and besides them there are many other officers, among which are "a gentleman gaoler," and four gunners.

Successive reductions have taken place in the price of admittance, but the number of persons visiting the tower now, is so much greater than formerly, that much more money is received from the present sixpenny admission than was ever realized when the price was three shillings.

I have passed through the Ordnance Office, and have just left the curiously carved portal of the Record Office. This latter office is a place of great importance. "Rolls from the time of king John to the beginning of the reign of Richard III, are kept here in numerous wainscot presses. These rolls and records contain the ancient tenures of land in England; the original laws and statutes; the right of England to dominion over the British seas; leagues and treaties with foreign princes; the achievements of England in foreign wars; ancient grants of our kings to their subjects; the forms of submission of the Scottish kings; writs and proceedings of the courts of common law and equity; the settlement of Ireland, as to laws and dominions; privileges and immunities granted to all cities and corporations

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during the periods above mentioned, with many important records, and curious and valuable documents, together with the first edition of the Common Prayer-book, as settled upon at the restoration of Charles II, and that very ancient work called Doomsday-book."

Let me now enter the Horse Armoury. Ay! this is a goodly sight in the eyes of a warrior; for here the walls are hung

> Resplendently, with arms and armour bright,
> Habergeon hard, and ponderous battle axe,
> Hauberk and helm, cuirass, and lance, and sword.

Armour has, at different periods, been formed of different materials, leather, and padded linen, iron, steel, brass, silver, and gold. The hauberk, or shirt of mail, was formed of rings, placed edgeways, or of flat rings, sown on the vesture, or of small metal plates, covering each other like the scales of a fish. Over body armour, surcoats were once worn, to prevent the sun from heating it. Gambuised armour was made of stitched padded work; leathern vests were worn by archers; mail and plate armour were mingled together, before plate armour became general. Plate armour was not only plain, but also fluted, black, bronzed, and engraved, as well as inlaid and embossed. Armour was at times so expensive, that it was said of sir Walter Raleigh, that when habited in his silver suit of armour, "he

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had a Spanish galleon on his back." When men dwell together in the fear of God, and in mutual affection, how little is armour required!

These mail-clad warriors make us think of the Philistine giant slain by David, who, nearly three thousand years ago, defied the armies of the living God. "And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron: and one bearing a shield went before him:" 1 Sam. xvii. 4—7. How beautifully clear is this description! As I read it the Philistine giant seems to stride before me, and I can almost see his ugly, frowning face, in spite of his iron helmet. This passage of Holy Writ is a perfect picture!

Among such a profusion of armed men and armed horses, the spectator becomes bewildered. Here are Edward I, in his hauberk; Henry VI, in flexible plate armour, with battle-axe, long-pointed toes to his sollerets, and enormous spurs; Edward IV, in tournament armour; Henry VII, in an elegant fluted suit; Henry VIII, and

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Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk—the latter in plate, and the former in gilt plate armour. These, with Charles I, in his gilt armour, James II, in his cuirass, and more than a dozen others, all on horseback, make a formidable appearance. Let me, for a moment, take a single figure, that I may see of what a suit of armour is composed, beginning at the feet, and ending with the head.

First come the sabatynes, or steel clogs; then the greaves, or shin pieces; then the cuisses, or thigh pieces; next, the breech mail; the tuilettes, or waist pieces; and the cuirass, or breast plate. Now come the vambraces, or lower-arm covers; rere-braces for the rest of the arms to the shoulders; gauntlets, or iron gloves for the hands, and a helmet for the head. There are, besides, a dagger, a short sword, a cloak worn over the armour, a bacinet, a long sword, a pennoncel, held in the left hand, and a shield. The lance used in tilting is different to that employed in a deadly enterprise.

I could willingly linger here, but it may not be; hurrying, therefore, past the effigies, archers, soldiers, and swordsmen, officers, cavaliers, cuirassiers, and pikemen, and stealing a hasty glance at the pistols, carbines, muskets, and fowling pieces, the Mameluke crimson-velvet saddle; the splendid Turkish bridle, and the swords, helmet, and girdle of Tippoo-Saib, I make the best of

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my way to Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, without pausing more than a minute to admire the ramrod canopy, the gun-barrel pillars, the gigantic man-at-arms, the crusader on his barbed horse, and the curious representation of St. George and the dragon.

And now the implements of war, the instruments of destruction thicken upon me. These are the prolific progeny of evil passions; the scorpion brood of sin. There is a party of visitors before me, and their admiration and praise are unbounded. One timid female alone has whispered the word "dreadful!" and dreadful they are: cross-bows, daggers, swords, pikes, and halberds, hand-guns, arquebuses, haquebuts and demihaques, are mingled with wheel-locks, snaphaunces, calivers, and carabines. There seems no end to the ingenious devices of strife and violence, anger and hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. Esclopettes, fusils, musketoons, and fowling pieces, petronels, blunderbusses, dragons, and hand-mortars, dogs, tricker-locks, and self-loading guns, are but a small part of the murderous collection.

Turn which way I will, I see weapons of cold-blooded cruelty. Ingenuity has been industrious and successful, in providing means to beat, bruise, pierce, cut, tear, mangle, batter, and destroy the human form. Thumb-screws, yokes, cravats, billhooks, glaives, gisarmes, ranseurs, partizans,

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and spontoons; iron maces, military forks, and two-handed battle-axes. Here is a tormenting catchpole, with a collar of torment; there, an Iddart staff, or a Jedburgh axe; and yonder a military flail, a beheading axe, and a murderous morning star. Did the warlike wielders of these expect to enjoy peace? could the merciless inventors of them ever hope for mercy? If the High and Holy One should deal with them as they have dealt with others, the gates of mercy are closed against them for ever.

In this cell, formed within the thickness of the wall, it is said that Sir Walter Raleigh stretched his imprisoned limbs. There are inscriptions cut on the angles of its entrance, supposed to be by the hands of captives confined there. One is, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved;" and another, "Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Under any circumstances, these are impressive texts of Scripture, but how significant and striking with the axe of the executioner in prospect! But enough of the White Tower. Geoffry, prince of Wales, in the year 1234, broke his neck in the vain attempt to escape from its massy walls; but I can walk away unquestioned and unopposed.

The savage yells and howlings of wild beasts used to resound in sullen echoes from the outward parts of the fortress, but the dens of the old

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menagerie are deserted. The Mint, also, once within the Tower, has been, long since, removed. I might speak here of the different Towers of the Inner Ward, or Ballium; of Bell Tower, Beauchamp, or Cobham Tower, and Develin's Tower, to the west; or Flint Tower, Bowyer Tower, Brick Tower, and Martin Tower, to the north; of Constable Tower, Broad Arrow Tower, and Salt Tower, to the east; and of Well Tower, Lanthorne Tower, and Bloody Tower, to the south; but my time is fast wearing away. Flint Tower is almost gone; Bowyer Tower has only its basement; brick Tower is much altered from its ancient state; Martin Tower is now the Jewel Tower, and Lanthorne Tower is clean swept away.

It was in Beauchamp, or Cobham Tower, that the state prisoners were usually confined. The melancholy memorials, left by them on the walls, from roof to vault, in the shape of inscriptions, coats of arms, and devices of various kinds, are numberless. "A passage perilous maketh a port pleasant," and "Close prisoner 8 months, 32 weeks, 224 days, 5376 hours," are two of the inscriptions. I could muse for an hour on them both. Oh, what sorrow has sin brought into the world!

In Bowyer's Tower, according to tradition, and for aught I know, according to the records of the place, the duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine, by order of Crookback

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Richard. When a boy, I learned to shudder at this and other inhumanities practised in the Tower.

The secret and subterranean passages of this strong hold used to be many, and, no doubt, a great part of them remain—noisome dungeons, dark and airless, flooded with water, and infested with vermin. Little-ease was a horrible place of confinement, and the Pit was a dark and wretched excavation, twenty feet deep.

I am now standing in the open space between the Grand Storehouse and the White Tower, and past events are flitting before me, strangely mingled in my thoughts. There is a tournament on the Tower Green; a press of knights, and a concourse of dainty dames. The massy walls give back the flourish of the trumpets. Minstrels and esquires, retainers, pages, and servitors crowd the place. The council chamber is filled. The sovereign is gorgeously attended in his palace. The drawbridge is up, the gates are closed, and glittering corslet and pike are reflected on the moat's dark waters. The secret dungeons are crowded; fetters, torturing-irons, and racks are ready; and officers, jailers, torturers, and executioners within call. A throng are assembled on Tower Hill, for there frowns the scaffold, and the richest and the best blood of the land is reeking on the soil.

I have passed through the Grand Storehouse, and gazed on its cannon and its mortars of wood,

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iron, and brass. I have ascended the Grand Staircase, and seen the various devices formed with pikes, pistols, bayonets, and other weapons, as well as the great depôt of muskets. The Regalia, also, has been visited by me, and now I am at the top of Develin's Tower, looking down on the new stone battery of six guns: the sentinel is regarding me attentively. Rusty locks, and harsh jarring hinges have turned for me. Trap-doors have been forced open for me, and I have visited the vaults and gloomy dungeons of the place, "by the taper dimly burning." In one of them the mouldy damp was an inch or two thick, and as white as wool. As I look round there seems to be sufficient matter for a century's meditations.

Once more I pass the guard at the entrance. Strange thoughts are crowding upon me as I leave the Tower. I entered it with a hatred of bondage, and I quit it with an increased love of freedom. In a country cottage, I could sing aloud for joy; but my thoughts are shadowy in this stronghold of power. There is that in its massy bulwarks that speaks of oppression, and a voice in the silence of its gloomy dungeons which tells of violence and blood. On Tower Hill I shall breathe more freely. Famous as is this shadowy pile, I like it not. Not always would I dwell within its moat-surrounded battlements for all the money that was ever coined within its

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walls: the atmosphere of the past has polluted it. Fit up the White Tower for my princely abode; clothe me with "purple and fine-twined linen;" give me the regalia for a bride, and "ten thousand marks by the year" to keep up my state; and even then, if ye compel me to reside there always, I will not be master-general of the ordnance and constable of the Tower!

Since the above remarks were made, a terrible fire has destroyed the Grand Storehouse at the Tower. More than two hundred thousand stand of arms have been consumed, with other property to a very great amount. The flames were dreadful, flaring up high in the air, and melting, into one amalgamated mass, thousands of gunlocks, bayonets, and other arms. I have just spoken to a pious lady residing on Tower Hill, who, when told, on the night of the fire, that the surrounding neighbourhood would be blown up by the gunpowder in the magazine, was enabled calmly to reply, that such an event could not take place without God's permission, and again went to repose on her pillow. Oh that we may be prepared for every trial; especially for that "day of the Lord" which will come "as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up!" 2 Peter iii. 10.

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ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ST. PAUL'S, the most gigantic, the most elevated, the most celebrated, and by far the most conspicuous building in London, is a fit edifice to be visited by a perambulator. It is, perhaps, the grandest church in the world, with the exception of St. Peter's at Rome. As an object of general interest, it is entitled to every consideration. In whatever part of the metropolis a stranger may be, he cannot long promenade the streets without catching a glimpse of this stupendous pile, which lifts its giant head and shoulders far above the buildings that surround it.

St. Paul's Cathedral stands in the wards of Castle Baynard and Farringdon, and in the parishes of St. Gregory and St. Faith. I am now looking up at the huge fabric, that somewhat oppresses me by its gigantic dimensions. The elegant iron balustrade that surrounds it, weighs, I am told, at the least, two hundred tons, and cost eleven thousand pounds.

The statue of Queen Anne, in the area, surrounded with the allegorical figures of Great Britain and Ireland, France and America; the

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double rows of black marble steps; the noble portico of twelve Corinthian columns, and eight of the composite order above them; the triangular pediment, with a representation of St. Paul's conversion; the statue of St. Paul on the centre, with St. Peter, St. James, and the four evangelists at the sides, are well worthy attention.

I remember to have heard an anecdote about the motto "Resurgam" on the south front. It is said, that when sir Christopher Wren was undecided about the motto he should choose, he had occasion for something to put under a stone that was about to be placed in a certain position, when a workman brought him a piece of an old tombstone, on which was graven the word Resurgam. This word was instantly adopted as the required motto. Whether this story be true or not, a more appropriate motto could scarcely have been found.

I have often gazed on the weather-bleached stonework of St. Paul's, especially on the south side, without being able to determine the rule, or the natural laws, by which such an effect has been produced. Many of the pillars and prominent parts of the building are, here and there, almost as white as if covered with whitewash; while the adjoining stonework is much more like ebony than ivory. The winds, the rains, and the climate appear to have been fickle in their attacks on this venerable edifice; they are not invariably the most prominent parts, nor seemingly those most

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exposed that are thus bleached; nor are they the most secluded that are dingy and dirty. The general effect, however, of the discolouration is highly imposing. It is said, that "mansions may be built, but not oak-trees;" and certain it is, that if another St. Paul's could be erected, equal in all other respects, it must, of necessity, be inferior in that time-worn and venerable appearance, which the present truly magnificent edifice possesses. Old people are usually sticklers for things ancient in appearance, and I would not willingly part with what the finger of time has inscribed on St. Paul's.

I have entered the church by the northern door: it is the hour of prayer; the minister, the choristers, and the congregation are assembled; and as I sit on one of the benches in the vast area of the church, the shrill and harmonious chant of youthful voices is rising round me, and the deep diapason of the solemn organ, like thunder modulated and rendered musical, is impetuously bursting from the choir, pouring irresistibly along through the elevated arches, and long-drawn aisles, and filling, with awful melody, the mighty dome above my head.

If, clothed and clogged with the infirmity of human nature, such soul-transporting sounds, and rapturous emotions are permitted us, what will be the music of heaven! and what the unimaginable transports of glorified spirits!

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While the visionary and devotee consider these sublime choruses as of themselves constituting devotion; and while some condemn them as inconsistent with the simplicity of Christian worship; enough for me if I feel that they give a passing fervour to my faith, and carry my affections onward to that eternal world, which is represented to us as resounding with alleluias. So long as Music is content to be the handmaid of Devotion, she is well worthy of regard; but when she sets up herself to be worshipped, down with her, down with her, even to the ground!

The service is now ended, and the congregation are thronging the space between the choir and the northern door, while, here and there, small parties are seen walking from one monument to another.

I look up at the capacious dome with wonder. What a pigmy am I, compared to this stupendous structure, which is itself but a speck in creation! The oppressive vastness of the church is increased by its absence of ornament. Not that the columns, the arches, and the vaulting of the cupola are altogether without decoration; but the grotesque and elaborate carvings that frequently enrich Gothic edifices are here looked for in vain. The magnificence of St. Paul's is rather felt in its influential whole, than seen in the costliness of its individual parts.

Those who have seen the scaffolding erected

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here on the first Thursday in June, occupied by seven thousand children, have gazed on a spectacle that they are not likely to forget.

Here are the works of the Bacons, Chantrey, Flaxman, Westmacott, and Rossi; Baily, Tollemache, Hopper, and Gahagan. Here are the monuments of Nelson, Howe, St. Vincent, Heathfield, Collingwood, and Duncan; Abercrombie, Cornwallis, and sir John Moore; sir Joshua Reynolds, Barry, Opie, West, and sir Thomas Lawrence; Dr. Johnson, sir William Jones, Howard the philanthropist; and the architect of the place, sir Christopher Wren.

The flags, in both dome and nave, are motionless, like the arms which waved them amid the stormy fight. Many a death-grapple took place before the French, and Dutch, and Spanish standard-bearers were despoiled of them.

Observe that family group of spectators: they are from the country; the father takes the lead, with a boy of five years old, dressed in his new buttoned clothes; the mother holds by the hand her little daughter. The father has told them already, before they quitted home, of the wonders of the place, and they regard his words as the voice of an oracle. He has been here before, and he shows them one monument after another, with an emotion very like that of pride; for how could they manage to see all without him? what would they know of the place without his

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descriptions? He is the master of the ceremonies; the family head and guide; the London directory; the everything to them in their visit to this wonderful city. Perhaps, while I am making my remarks on the stranger, he may be commenting on me. He may be saying to himself, "Yonder grey-headed old gentleman looks about him. I wonder whether he is as much in earnest after the things of a better world, as he appears to be after the things in this. It is high time for him to be setting his affections on things that are above, bearing in mind that 'our days upon earth are a shadow.'"

The finely-wrought and imposing figures of Nelson, with the lion beneath him; sir John Moore wounded and dying; and sir Ralph Abercrombie falling from his horse into the arms of a Highland soldier, by turns attract the attention and secure the admiration of the several visitors of the cathedral. The soldier and the sailor, on entering this much-frequented place, must feel an additional enthusiasm. They see the homage that is paid to the hero, and forget the wounds and death-grapples, the cries and groans, the widows' sighs and orphans' tears which are required to make up a victory.

Look at the awe-struck little urchins, that are gazing with timid air on the monument of Howard. Their attention has already been directed to the diminutive figures in bas-relief, representing the

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stern jailor with his key, and the poor famished prisoner, who is being supplied with food by the philanthropist. At another time their little hearts will feel sensible of compassion; but now while they lift up their eyes to the cold marble, the gigantic and motionless figure of Howard, they are rather frozen with awe, than melted with pity.

The colossal figure of doctor Johnson, on the opposite monument, represents the intellectual gladiator, the mighty lexicographer, in a standing attitude. Unlike the graven bust, in the title-page of his dictionary, he stands erect, habited as a Roman, with a majestic mien, fixing the regard, and commanding the admiration of the spell-bound visitor. The man of letters comes here, a pilgrim to the shrine of talent, and pays a willing homage to departed intellect.

And these, then, are the most enduring records of this world's admiration! What a tale of humiliation is told by the disfigured effigy, the mutilated marble, and the time-worn monument of the hero!

> These mouldering records make one feel ashamed
> That fame and glory have so little power
> To hand their greatness down to future times.

It is said that St. Paul's was first built by Ethelbert, king of Kent, A.D. 619; and that kings Kenred, Athelstan, Edgar, Etheldred, and Canute, Edward the Confessor, and William

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the Conqueror, all contributed largely to its support.

There is, indeed, abundant reason to believe, that a Christian church occupied the same site at a very early period; and that this, when destroyed by the Dioclesian persecution, was again rebuilt in the time of Constantine the Great. It was after the demolition of this church that Ethelbert undertook its re-erection.

Two or three times it was destroyed by fire, and more than once the spire was struck by lightning. Among the names of those who were, at different periods, the most zealous in its reparation, may be mentioned, William de Belmois, Osbert de Camera, Maurice Belmois, and Roger Niger, bishops of London. To these must be added, Henry Lacy, earl of Lincoln; Ralph Baldock, bishop of London; and queen Elizabeth. The latter gave out of her own purse, a thousand marks of gold; and added also to her gift, a thousand loads of timber.

From the year 1631 to 1643, more than a hundred thousand pounds were received to repair St. Paul's; and the work was begun by sir Inigo Jones. The chapels and altars of St. Paul's, before the Reformation, were very numerous, and the rites of the Romish religion were celebrated with great pomp and pageantry. With rich treasures, and two hundred officiating priests, it abounded in what was alluring and imposing to

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the eye: statues of the virgin Mary, with huge tapers burning before them continually: caskets decorated with jewels, and filled with relics; as well as rich censers, cruets, and chalices, and basins of gold and silver.

At one period beggars asked alms in the church; fashionable people made it a lounging place; and porters, with their packs, used it as a common thoroughfare.

Little respect was paid to the costly structure of St. Paul's during the civil wars that broke out; for then the work of desolation spread wide within its walls; the pavement of marble was torn up, the stalls were pulled down, while sawpits were dug in some parts, and horses stabled in others of the sacred edifice.

The old church of St. Paul's had one of the highest spires in the world, it being, with the tower, a height of 534 feet; but this spire was burned early in the reign of queen Elizabeth, by the carelessness of a plumber; the roof also was injured, so as to cost many thousand pounds to repair; but the chapel spire never rose again. The high altar stood between two columns, and was adorned profusely with jewellery, as well as surrounded with images, beautifully wrought, and covered with a canopy of wood, representing saints and angels. In the centre of the church stood a large cross; against a pillar was a beautiful image of the virgin Mary, before which an

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anthem was sung every day, and a lamp kept continually burning; while in the tower was a fine dial, with an angel pointing to the hour.

But the costliness of the structure was no defence against the all-devouring element that was to consume it. The great fire of 1666 wrapped it in flames. This fire was one of the most tremendous scourges that ever visited London. It seemed as if the Holy One was pouring out, on the devoted city, the vials of his wrath.

"It was in the depth and dead of the night, when most doors and fences were locked up in the city, that the fire doth break forth and appear abroad, and, like a mighty giant refreshed with wine, doth awake and arm itself, and quickly gathers strength.

"That night most of the Londoners had taken their last sleep in their houses; they little thought it would be so when they went into their beds; they did not in the least suspect, when the doors of their ears were unlocked, and the casements of their eyes were opened in the morning, to hear of such an enemy invading the city, and that they should see him, with such fury, enter the doors of their houses, break into every room, and look out at their casements, with such a threatening countenance.

"That which made the ruin the more dismal, was, that it was begun on the Lord's day morning. Never was there the like sabbath in London.

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Some churches were in flames that day; and God seemed to come down, and to preach himself in them, as he did in Mount Sinai, when the mount burned with fire; such warm preaching those churches never had; such lightning dreadful sermons never were before delivered in London. In other churches ministers were preaching their farewell sermons, and people were hearing with quaking and astonishment. Instead of a holy rest which Christians have taken on this day, there is a tumultuous hurrying upon the spirits of those that sat still, and had only the notice of the ear of the quick and strange spreading of the fire.

"Now fearfulness and terror doth surprise the citizens of London; confusion and astonishment doth fall upon them at this unheard-of, unthought-of judgment. It would have grieved the heart of an unconcerned person to see the rueful looks, the pale cheeks, the tears trickling down from the eyes, (where the greatness of sorrow and amazement could give leave for such a vent,) the smiting of the breast, the wringing of the hands; to hear the sighs and groans, the doleful and weeping speeches of the distressed citizens, when they were bringing forth their wives, some from their childbed, and their little ones, some from their sickbed, out of their houses, and sending them into the country, or somewhere into the fields, with their goods."

St. Paul's Cathedral, as it stood before the great

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fire, was altogether ruined; the foundations of the present building were laid in 1675, and the whole magnificent structure was completed under the direction of sir Christopher Wren, in thirty-five years, at an expense of a million and a half of money.

The black and white Corinthian marble columns of the choir, the episcopal throne, the bishop's seat, the seat of the lord mayor, and the dean's stall, are well worthy of regard; but other objects are now before me.

I have ascended the circular wooden staircase, and paid a visit to the library, the model room, the geometrical staircase, and the big bell; and now I am seated in the whispering gallery. The rattling thunder of the closing door has rolled around me, and, at this moment, the whispers of the man at the entrance are announcing to me the altitude and dimensions of the cathedral.

The stone bench on which I sit is very cold. What an awful depth it is to the floor of the building, where the diminutive living figures are pacing the black and white marble stones! There! I have given one glance at the faded paintings above. Now, then, for the giddy height of the golden gallery.

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LONDON, FROM THE CUPOLA OF ST. PAULS.

WITH a companion, I have ascended the stone staircase; we have groped our way, almost in the dark, up the wooden steps and platforms, within the dome, and, at last, have emerged to light. We are now at the top of the cupola, with the ball and cross above us; and London is spread, like a carpet, beneath our feet. Rather a bold undertaking for an old man; but I have taken my time, and feel but little fatigued. What a blessing is a healthy frame and a hearty constitution!

There are some half-dozen persons in the gallery. Among them, are two Spaniards, with pale faces and dark mustachios, one of whom speaks a little English; and a little gentlemanly Frenchman of low stature, who, whether he can speak English or not, will not. The Spaniards are reserved, the Frenchman very communicative. The latter tells me that Paris, when seen from the Pantheon, or from Notre Dame, seems larger than

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London; for that three parts of London are hid by the fog.

On a fine day, the view from this place must be truly grand, every part of the metropolis and the surrounding neighbourhood being so fully commanded. At the moment, it seems a complete chaos of brick, tile, slate, towers, spires, chimney-pots, and smoke, with a fog in the distance that sadly circumscribes the view: by and by, when I begin to trace the streets, no doubt something like order will appear.

What a fearful height we are elevated from the earth! the Monument and the churches are but pigmies to this giant of a cathedral. The Lilliputian world below shrinks into insignificance; and not a voice reaches us from the distant multitude. While I look down upon the churchyard, the thought of falling there is horrible!

I have, aforetime, been within the ball above my head, and am not now sufficiently high-minded to renew my visit. The strong, heavy iron railing, placed here for security, is painted yellow, and a thousand names are etched or scratched thereupon, in celebration of the visit of those who from this place have gazed on London city. The bulging out of the huge cupola below my feet impresses the mind with a sense of extent and ponderosity. It makes one reflect on the necessity of a firm foundation for such a colossal pile.

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The statue of St Paul, there, on the west end of the cathedral, with its back towards us, has but a sorry appearance; and the same remark may be made of the other figures, for, seen from this point of view, they are nothing but shapeless blocks of stone, supported by unsightly iron bars, though their fronts are very beautiful. To put the best on the outside is a rule that is observed in many things beside sculpture and architecture.

Though the height of St. Paul's so much exceeds that of the Monument, the downward perpendicular view from the latter is, by far, more fearful than that from the former. The cupola and the church of St. Paul's prevent the eye from encountering, here, that dreadful depth which appals the gazer from the Monument. Still, as the eye travels down the dome, and suddenly plunges into the churchyard, the immeasurable gulf is sufficiently terrible. What a Tarpeian rock to be flung from headlong!

The continued rattle occasioned by the passing vehicles, and the varied sounds in the public streets, are all blended in one unceasing rumble by the time they ascend to this place. You scarcely hear any individual sound, unless it be the striking of a church clock. A man may be seen at work with his hammer, another may be smacking his whip, and a third sawing a piece of timber; but the sounds of the hammer, the whip, and the saw cannot be heard

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In the north part of the churchyard below, once stood St. Paul's Cross, a remarkable piece of antiquity. Here were the magistrates chosen, and every male of twelve years old, and upwards, sworn to be true to the king and his heirs. When the old cross was destroyed, a new one was raised. At this cross, Jane Shore did penance; here, the first English Bible was publicly burned; and here, Cardinal Wolsey read the sentence against Martin Luther and his work.

The shop windows in St. Paul's Churchyard look gay, ornamented as they are with glittering brass; but the large window panes are sadly diminished by the distance, and the names of their illustrious owners can scarcely be deciphered. There are five or six young men peeping in at the music shop, and two ladies in white have this moment stopped a the milliner's window. The varied articles that are exposed for sale appear all mingled together. The broad slated roofs, of what used to be Newgate Market, are very conspicuous, while the narrow strip of a street called Paternoster-row can scarcely be traced with the eye.

There is the Post Office, with its portico and Doric pillars; as seen from the ground it is a noble edifice; but this altitude is a sad revealer of secrets. We here perceive that the outside is of stone, and the inside of brick. I might enter on a description of the building, its exterior form,

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and its internal arrangements, its system of business, its branch offices, and its regulations for receiving and despatching letters; for it is a little city in itself, and may be said, in some degree, if not to regulate, at least to affect, the beating of every heart and the throbbing of every pulse in the metropolis.

And that is St. Martin's-le-Grand! Could I go back a few short centuries, instead of the scene which now presents itself, I should be gazing on old Alders-gate; the richly and royally endowed priory of St. Martin-le-Grand; and the proud and princely mansion of the duke of Brittany. Even now, I can fancy that I hear the Christmas anthem of a band of brotherhood, portly in form and feature, as with sack and wallet they plod their way through the miry streets to gather largesses against the holy tide. Christmas was Christmas then, in all its cre-e monial decorations, its wide-spread charities, its open-hearted hospitality, and its reckless revelry.

He who would learn to the full the manner and spirit with which our ancestors commemorated Christmas, had need be patient and persevering, as well as ardent, in his inquiry; for the authorities he has to consult, and the evidence he has to collect, are widely scattered through records of a varied character.

Should he fix on the days of William the

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Norman, as on a starting point, and continue his course to those of Oliver Cromwell; he must turn over the ample pages of many an ancient record and time-worn chronicle; he must ponder over the statute-book, scrutinize the rolls of court, and read the antique ballads of the olden times. The royal household books, and the archives of noble families, will furnish him with much information; and the popular traditions, and expiring observances in many a country homestead at Christmas, will throw occasional light on the faint and shadowy remembrances of remoter times.

When we read of our great-great-grandfathers, and our equally memorable and venerated-great-great-grandmothers, sitting at the huge dinner table, prodigally supplied with orthodox dishes; the damask napkin drawn through the highest button-hole of their church-going, Christmas-visiting coats; or the lawn handkerchief carefully pinned over the brocade stomacher, reciprocating healths; and unitedly complimenting the mistress of the entertainment; who, well versed in all the mysteries of the still and stewpan, competent to "rear a goose," "sauce a capon," "border a pasty," or "barb a lobster," with her best point ruffles pinned up, and brandishing her huge carving-knife, occupied her household throne—the large arm-chair, at the head of the table: when we read that our ancestors assembled them-

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selves at the festive board on the faithfully-observed festival days of olden time,—

> "And served up salmon, venison, and wild boars,
> By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores;"

we regard them as a race of men altogether diverse from those who now people our pathways. We can now hardly realize, even by the glimpses we may get of a lord mayor's feast, the wassailry and prodigality of our progenitors, when, with sinewy frames and lusty appetites, they revelled 'mid

> "Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
> Mutton and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
> Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan and bustard,
> Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
> Plum puddings, pancakes, apple pies, and custard,
> And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
> With mead, and ale, and cider of our own,
> For porter, punch, and negus were not known."

Christ's Hospital is plainly seen. It was originally a religious house of the order of Grey Friars, who came from Italy, 1224. The new hall is a noble building in the Tudor style, and stands partly on the ancient wall of London, and partly on the spot where stood the refectory of Grey Friars. The principal front is towards Newgate-street. It has an octagon tower at each extremity, and is supported by buttresses with an embattled top and pinnacles.

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Christ's Hospital, in 1552, was prepared to receive poor fatherless children. Their livery was russet cotton, which soon after was changed for blue. The present Christ Church was built by sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the goodly pile on which I am now standing. The old Monastery church was burned down by the great fire of London, in 1666.

Who has not stood at the iron gates, to see the boys belonging to the place at play, in their old-fashioned monkish garb? The dark blue coat with long skirts, the yellow petticoat and stockings, the leathern girdle, the white neckband, and the small black worsted cap, are altogether unlike the dress of modern times.

The square there, with the four noble stone buildings, united by stone gateways at the angles, is St. Bartholomew's Hospital. It is devoted to the use of the sick: nearly four thousand in-patients, and a yet greater number of out-patients, have been cured or relieved by this establishment, in the course of a year.

A little to the right, yonder, is the Charter-house, with its front in Charter-house-square. An extensive Carthusian monastery once stood on the spot where the present building is situated. The Charter-house Hospital and Free-school were founded by a wealthy citizen of the name of Sutton.

Another monastic establishment occupied a spot

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beyond, where the knights-hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem resided. St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, is well known. Changed as London is from what it was in the olden time, who shall say that it will not be much more so in future days?

I can just catch a glimpse of Smithfield. "Schmyt Fyeld," it was once called; but a different place it was then, to what it is now. About a third of it may be seen from this gallery. It is the principal London mart for cattle, sheep, pigs, horses, and hay. More than sixteen thousand pigs, seventeen thousand calves, twenty thousand horses, a hundred thousand bullocks, and nine hundred thousand sheep and lambs, are here annually sold.

It was in Smithfield, that the lord mayor, Walworth, in the reign of Richard II, killed Wat Tyler; and at a yet earlier date, duels were decided there according to the "kamp-fight" ordeal of the Saxons.

Tilts and tournaments, also, were held in Smithfield. Three thousand archers once assembled here, most of them with golden chains suspended from their necks, attended by crowds of people; and Henry VIII created, in a jestful manner, one Barlow duke of Shoreditch, for his skill in archery.

It was here that the doting hero, Edward III, in his sixty-second year, when he ought to have

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been much better employed, "infatuated by the charms of Alice Pierce, placed her by his side in a magnificent car, and styling her 'the lady of the sun,' conducted her to the lists, followed by a train of knights, each leading by the bridle a beautiful palfrey, mounted by a gay damsel; and for seven days together, exhibited the most splendid justs in indulgence of his disgraceful passion."

To the magnificent tournament of Richard II, held in this place, "there issued out of the Towre of London, fyrst three-score coursers, apparelled for the justes, and on every one a squyer of honour riding a soft pace. Then issued out three-score ladyes of honoure mounted on fayre palfreys; and every lady led a knight by a cheyne of silver, which knights were apparelled to just."

Bartholomew fair was granted for three days in the year to the neighbouring priory by Henry II; and ever since then, Smithfield has annually been the scene of theatrical representations, wild beast-shows of all descriptions, revelry, folly, and crime. Bad characters have assembled there of all kinds; but latterly, some successful attempts have been made to diminish the evils of this fair.

But even the reckless debauchery of Bartholomew fair cannot compare in iniquity with the cruel burnings of the martyrs in Smithfield:

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these mark the place with a fearful significancy, and brand it with an infamy never to be effaced.

There is a soft, picture-like expression given by the great elevation of this place to the objects below; and as individual voices are not heard, being drowned in the universal rumble of the streets, the objects of the scattered multitude seem to be set forth by actions, not by words.

The Spaniards are stalking round the gallery, making but few remarks. Not so the little Frenchman, who has just observed to me, with a shrug of exultation, that they have none of our English fogs in France; and that the Monument of London is not like the column of the Place Vendôme in Paris.

I have just found out Cripplegate Church, where the earthly part of Milton moulders. Dryden's lines on the three great poets, Homer, Virgil, and Milton, are well known:

> "Three poets in three distant ages born,
> Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
> The first in majesty of thought surpass'd,
> The next in gracefulness;—in both, the last.
> The force of Nature could no further go,
> To make a third, she join'd the other two."

The fog seems to increase, and every distant object is hidden, or appears very indistinct. Greenwich is hardly perceptible. The marine forest there, the armada on the river, has a goodly appearance; and the bridges bestriding the noble

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stream are striking objects in this splendid panorama. I have ventured the remark to the Frenchman, that they have no river Thames at Paris. He replies by asking me with a shrug, where are our English palaces? and if I have ever visited Versailles? Nationality is strong within him; but this is as it should be. True patriots love their fatherland.

——"Where'er we roam,
Our first, best country ever is at home:"

whether we are Englishmen or Frenchmen; whether we were born under the line, or where icebergs crowd the northern sea.

The top only of the Bank of England can be discerned from hence. This is by far the most important institution in the world with regard to money matters. Millions and millions are circulated through the four quarters of the globe by the agency of this establishment. If we were as anxious to lay up treasure in heaven as we are to amass it on earth, how much of care and distraction should we avoid!

The new Exchange is indeed a noble building—a princely pile. The conflagration of the elegant edifice which preceded it was a sore visitation to the merchants of London. It was a singular circumstance, that while the fire was at its height, the chimes in the tower of the building were playing the tune, "There's nae luck about the

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house." The destruction, the loss, and the inconvenience occasioned by the burning of this place, were truly terrible.

The green trees which are seen, here and there, among the masses of brick and stone buildings of the city, look very picturesque. They refresh the eye, and the spirit too. In the large tree at the corner of Wood-street, Cheapside, are two or three rooks' nests, containing young birds. Who would think of going a birds-nesting in Cheapside?

The Mansion House towers above the surrounding houses. Guildhall and the India House I cannot discern. The Mint appears to great advantage, and the Tower and the Monument are very conspicuous.

As I look around, some new object is continually rising in view. The Custom House, the Docks, the Greenwich, Croydon, Dover, and Brighton Railway stations are all seen, and St. Saviour's Church at the foot of London Bridge. It was in the Ladye Chapel of this truly beautiful Gothic church, that Bonner and Gardiner, whose names are synonymous with bigotry and relentless cruelty, sat in judgment on better men, and condemned them to the stake. Here stood Farrar, and Hooper, and Bradford, and other eminent reformers, the manacled defenders of the Protestant faith.

I have walked round the gallery, to explain the more imposing and important buildings

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to the Frenchman, whom I take to be a man of letters. St. Paul's School, close to the churchyard, I had not before noticed; and Newgate, and the Old Bailey Sessions-house in the opposite direction, had escaped me.

Newgate was built either in the reign of Henry I, or of Stephen. It took its name from the city gate erected near the place, which was new compared with Ludgate, built more than a thousand years before.

At one period, the prison of Newgate was the receptacle of wretchedness, filth, disease, and contagion; and cartloads of the carcasses of those who died of the gaol fever were flung, without the rites of sepulture, into holes where Christchurch-yard stands.

The Frenchman is bent on seeing the Thames Tunnel, which he regards as a truly national and grand affair. He tells me, though it is the first, it will not be the last undertaking of the kind. There! he has gone. He has removed his hat from his head, courteously thanked me for my attentions to a stranger; made me a low bow, and bade me adieu.

Peace go with thee, thou inhabitant of a light-hearted land! and may the nationalities of thy heart lead thee to love thy own country without being unjust to the country of another. Pass by in Britain all that is unworthy, and take back in thine affectionate remembrance, all that thou

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findest in her consistent with humanity, with virtue, with patriotism, and with piety.

While the surrounding buildings are lost in the fog, the towers of Westminster Abbey are seen distinctly in the distance, yonder. They appear to be in the clouds. How often have I lingered among the goodly monuments of that costly fabric, Westminster Abbey; where poets, painters, and musicians, divines, statesmen, kings, and heroes lie entombed!

> The sceptered hand, the anointed head,
> There moulder with the silent dead,
> For worldly pomp, and kingly power,
> Are but the pageants of an hour.
>
> Where breasts with proud ambition swell,
> Oh, what a tale is this to tell!
> If kings the shroud of death must wear,
> Can I do better than prepare?

My companion has just pointed out the imposing appearance of the ships below London Bridge. Lying as they do, along each side of the river, they resemble two hostile fleets in order of battle, just ready to pour their devastating thunder into each other's bosoms.

Lambeth Palace is not visible. Somerset House looks proudly down upon the flowing river; and farther to the north-west, the bulky Colosseum spreads out its heavy, huge, and dome-crowned walls.

Turning from Westminster Abbey, where heroes slumber, and where crowned heads and mitred brows repose, I have been looking for Bunhill-

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fields, where the remains of John Bunyan and Dr. Watts are mouldering; and for the neighbouring cemetery, where the dust of John Wesley lies; but I cannot make out either one or the other.

After lingering long in gazing on the goodly spectacle around us, my companion and I must descend to the common level of humanity. We must go down, high as we are, even to the churchyard below, haply to glean there a salutary reflection: for the thought of death is often a salutary medicine to the mind. We cannot be too deeply impressed with the solemn truth, that "in the midst of life we are in death."

If thou art trampling on thy fellow man,
And impiously despising Him on high,
I fain would warn thee that the fearful ban
Hangs o'er thy short-lived being, "Thou shalt die;"
And oh! though learn'd in sorrow's deepest gloom,
No withering words pronounced by mortal breath
Can shadow forth the irrevocable doom
Of that tremendous curse—"eternal death!"

If thou, repentant, humbly seekest peace,
Through thy Redeemer, God that peace will give;
I bid thee in thy confidence increase,
And tell thee, that in glory thou shalt live;
And flaming seraph's or archangel's tongue,
With heavenly minstrelsy and rapture rife,
Would fail to make thee comprehend in song
The boundless blessing of eternal life.

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THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Not more necessary is it for the health of the body that the heart should have room to beat, and the lungs to play, than it is for the welfare of a crowded city that places of out-door exercise and rational amusement should be provided. In this point of view, the Parks and the Zoological Gardens claim our regard.

As the number of persons visiting the latter is great, so no expense is spared in providing for their entertainment. The grounds are spacious, the shrubs and flowers attractive, and the walks kept in good order; while the birds and beasts of all parts of the world are put in requisition, to render the entertainment complete.

The varied tastes, as well as dispositions of the visitors, are plainly developed. One gazes on the plumage of the feathered race with eager delight; another enthusiastically surveys the quadrupeds, both tame and savage; while hundreds, with no strong predilection for either, roam among the pleasant parterres of the place, occupied in observing the company.

Perhaps, after all, the principal gratification we

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feel in such places is not so much derived from the things we see, as from the associations they call forth. There is a holiday feeling visible in the visitors, that excites something of a similar kind in our own hearts. The wonderment of the children at all around them; their awful fear at the sight of the beasts; their unfeigned delight in gazing on the birds; and their unrepressed raptures at the tricks of the monkey tribe; take us back again to the days of our childhood.

We cannot look at the lion without thinking of Africa, and desert sands, and crocodiles, and snakes, and monsters. We cannot gaze on the polar bear without placing him on an iceberg. In the instant we are with Parry and Ross, near the northern pole, laughing at the antics of the Esquimaux, in the twilight of the regions they inhabit.

Perhaps I carry this feeling further than many of my neighbours; for with me the very shrubs and flowers are rife with the power of association, and conjure up scenes that are pleasant to me. Though half an hour ago I entered the lodge gate, not yet have I reached the bears. A thistle growing on the right, a few yards from the lodge, at once took me back to a common, where a shaggy donkey was browsing; while a party of gipsies, in the tent they had pitched, were cooking their mid-day meal in the iron pot suspended from three crooked sticks.

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Then, again, a prickly holly-bush on the left called me away to another scene. It was that of the summit of a knolly field. The morning was frosty, the snow crackled under the foot, and the holly-bushes near were covered with their heart-cheering red berries. It was the sabbath morn, and Giles Ashford was striding along the scarcely beaten path, in his well-brushed blue coat and big buttons; while his wife Margery stayed behind to knock out the snow from her patten against the stile.

It is pleasant thus to link together, by association, the country and the city. As I stand here, musing, decent domestics, and cleanly attired persons, evidently of the poorer class, pass by to share, with the carriage company, the gratification of the gardens. I love to see this: gentle and simple walking, side by side, in quest of rational amusement. Why cannot the whole creation be linked and bound together in the bonds of brotherhood!

Well, here are the bears, brown and black; and there stands a gentlemanly figure scarcely looking at them. He has seen them before, over and over again; he has lost the enjoyment of novelty. Poor man! he is grown too wise to be happy. But here are beings of a different kind: half-a-dozen rosy, laughing children, and their mammas. Happy boys! How they come, eagerly pressing before the rest; and these smiling girls

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are their sisters: one can hardly toddle along the gravel walk. Now we shall see something worth seeing; the fresh feeling of youthful hearts called forth in wonder and delight. He in the white trousers is evidently thinking of the bear in Robinson Crusoe, that Friday made to dance on the bough. The little toddler looks up with an awe-struck face, to ask whether they will *bite;* and mamma seems not quite sure that the climbing bear will not leap from the top of the pole.

It appears but as yesterday, when I stood on this very spot with the Rajah Ram-mohun Roy at my elbow. Since then he has been called away from the world. How many of those around me may be visiting the gardens for the first and the last time!

The view from this place is interesting: the company in groups; the pigeons on the roof yonder; the pond, the fowls, the birds, and the animals, all are attractive. I could stand on this bench for an hour.

I have given a nut or two to the red and yellow, and the red and blue macaws. How they climb their cage, holding the wires with their crooked bills! They increase in interest when we think that some of them are from the land where the slaves are set free, and others from the sultry clime where the mighty Amazon, greatest of rivers, rolls his flood for more than three thousand miles.

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The grisly bear must be prodigiously powerful; what great limbs! what fearful claws! Hark! scarcely can there be a sound in the universe more desolately doleful!—it is that of the sloth-bear. But I must hasten onward. * * *

What a number of animals have I gazed on! antelopes, nylghaus, deer, zebras, and kangaroos; wolves, panthers, leopards, lions, and hyenas. How varied are the forms, how diverse are the habits of the brute creation! and yet not a limb, not a muscle among them, but what is suited to the economy and welfare of its possessor. How infinitely incapable is man to estimate the Great Creator,

"In these his lowliest works!"

If there were no other advantage attending a visit to these gardens than that of observing the endless variety of the animal creation, and the infinite wisdom manifested in their forms and adaptation to their several habits and modes of existence, it would abundantly repay the reflecting visitor for his pains.

Nor is it unworthy of a thought, that we are highly favoured in being able to inspect these creatures at our ease, not one of them making us afraid. Here can the wild boar be seen without the dread of his tusks; and the huge rhinoceros, free from the danger of his horn. Apes, baboons, and monkeys, play their antics with no annoyance

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to the bystander; and tapirs, peccaries, foxes, badgers, and wild cats; jackalls, opossums, squirrels, lemurs, and lynxes; with porcupines, racoons, beavers, and otters, may be observed at leisure, without inconvenience. I wish the poor brutes had as much pleasure in their pens as we have in looking at them: but, alas! sunshine and shade go together.

What a goodly collection of the feathered race! the white-bosomed pelican, the bare-necked vulture, the strong-winged condor, and the crooked-beaked, iron-taloned eagle. We are lost among such a profusion of birds and water-fowl: the warlike ostrich, the emu, the cassowary, and the crane; the towering falcon, the painted parrot, and the crimson-feathered flamingo; with a hundred other kinds of a smaller size. These are the works of God! Every specimen, perfect in its kind, proclaims his Almighty care! Infinite Wisdom comprehends what to us is incomprehensible. Of what an innumerable family is God the almighty, the indulgent Father! He says, "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains; and the wild beasts of the field are mine."

What amazing antlers have the wapiti deer! and what a merciful provision is the act of shedding them, when their weight becomes burdensome!

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The elephant is in the pond; how he rolls about his giant bulk, like a huge leviathan! Now he has dived altogether beneath the surface. Again he emerges as an island in the water, and slowly stalks forward, discontinuing his watery gambols.

Who can observe the childlike obedience of the bulky animal to his keeper, without reading therein a fulfilment of the promise made by the Almighty to Noah and his descendants?—"And the fear of you, and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth."

And these are the giraffes, the objects of general attraction. Stately creatures, what pigmies ye make of us! The cloven foot, the over-lapping lip, the tufted tail, the spotted body, and the towering neck, are all worthy of a separate regard. The eye has the fulness and the fearlessness, though not the fierceness, of that of the ostrich; and the black, sleek, serpent-like tongue, has a character altogether its own. What news from afar, fleet coursers of the desert sands? bear ye no message from the wilderness?

Your feet have trod the burning sand,
Where the lion's lair is known;
Where panthers prowl, and jackals cry,
And fiery blasts are blown.
And ye have cropp'd the desert tree,
In haunts where man's exiled;
And heard your Maker's mighty voice,
In the tempest of the wild.

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It seems but a short time since, in one of my visits to this place, in turning abruptly into the side walk near the giraffe-house, I came upon some oriental figures, in earnest conversation. For the moment I had forgotten that the giraffes were accompanied by Arabs, so that I was both surprised and pleased by the unexpected meeting.

The most imposing figure of the group was that of Monsieur Thibauld, a French traveller of much information, speaking seven languages, though not conversant with the English. He had succeeded in the enterprise of taking the giraffes in the desert, and bringing them in safety to England.

The following extract from his letter, dated Malta, Jan. 8, 1836, states some particulars relative to the capture of the largest of the giraffes:—

"It was on the 15th of Augnst, at the southwest of Kordofan, that I saw the first two giraffes. A rapid chase, on horses accustomed to the fatigues of the desert, put us in possession, at the end of three hours, of the largest of the two; the mother of one of those now in my charge. Unable to take her alive, the Arabs killed her with blows of the sabre, and cutting her to pieces, carried the meat to the head-quarters which we had established in a wooded situation; an arrangement necessary for our own comfort, and to secure pasturage for the camels

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of both sexes which we had brought with us in aid of the object of our chase. We deferred until the morrow the pursuit of the young giraffe, which my companions assured me they would have no difficulty in again discovering. The Arabs are very fond of the animal. I partook of their repast. The live embers were quickly covered with slices of the meat, which I found to be excellent eating.

"On the following day, the 16th of August, the Arabs started at day-break in search of the young one, of which we had lost sight not far from our camp. The sandy nature of the soil of the desert is well adapted to afford indications to a hunter, and in a very short time we were on the track of the animal which was the object of our pursuit. We followed the traces with rapidity and in silence, cautious to avoid alarming the animal while it was yet at a distance from us. Unwearied myself, and anxious to act in the same manner as the Arabs, I followed them impatiently, and at nine o'clock in the morning I had the happiness to find myself in possession of the giraffe. A premium was given to the hunter whose horse had first come up with the animal; and this reward is the more merited, as the laborious chase is pursued in the midst of brambles and thorny trees.

"Possessed of the giraffe, it was necessary to rest for three or four days, in order to render it

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sufficiently tame. During this period an Arab constantly holds it at the end of a long cord. By degrees it gets accustomed to the presence of man, and takes a little nourishment. To furnish milk for it, I had brought with me female camels. It became gradually reconciled to its condition, and was soon willing to follow, in short stages, the route of our caravan.

"The first giraffe, captured at four days' journey to the south-west of Kordofan, will enable us to form some judgment as to its probable age at present; as I have observed its growth and its mode of life. When it first came into my hands, it was necessary to insert a finger into its mouth in order to deceive it into a belief that the nipple of the dam was there; then it sucked freely. According to the opinion of the Arabs, and the length of time I have had it, this first giraffe cannot, at the utmost, be more than nineteen months old. Since I have had it, its size has fully doubled."

In the days of my youth I read of the wanderings of Mungo Park, and of the feat of Monsieur Vaillant chasing the giraffe, with delight; and suddenly to be in company with those who had passed through the same scenes, was a treat to me. The figure, dress, beard, and mustachios of Monsieur Thibauld, rendered him an object of much attraction; in conversation he was very animated. I told him that I had seen a giraffe

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years before in Paris, but that I had never seen a giraffe hunter; and in parting I obtained one of his best bows, by the remark that he had outdone other African travellers; for that Monsieur Vaillant only knew how to kill giraffes, but Monsieur Thi bauld knew how to take them alive.

How rapidly has time flown! but there will be time yet for a hasty peep at the Surrey Gardens. I must escape by the turnstile gate.

* * * * *

And these are the Gardens of Surrey! I have wandered through the varied avenues of this agreeable place; given a bun to the bears, and a handful of nuts to the monkey. I have stroked the antelopes, patted the trunk of the elephants, placed my hands on the scaly backs of the boa and the python, and am now standing near the eagle-rock: it is a pleasant spot.

This running stream, with the tall green flags growing on each side, and the ponds almost covered over with the broad leaves and the fair flowers of the water-lily, remind me of quiet, retired nooks and corners in country places, where the wild duck dives in the secluded, reedy pool, and the moor-hen hides herself under the over-hanging branches of the trees.

The lake and the drooping willows form a lovely scene, and recall everything that we have witnessed of silvery streams and luxuriant foliage.

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Would you gaze with emotions far purer than mirth
On one of the fairest creations of earth,
Come at even and breathe the pure breath of the breeze
From the seat by the lake, 'neath these wild willow-trees!

I could loiter on this spot long without weariness. Here grows a scarlet-flowered geranium, just such a one as I have seen in a window of an alms-house; where might be discerned the aged inmate, with her spectacles, bending over the book of life, the Holy Scriptures of eternal truth. I love the gilly-flower, because it will bloom even on a mouldering wall, and smile in desolate places; and I love the geranium, because it gives cheerfulness to the abodes of poverty.

The principal points of these Surrey Gardens are, the beautiful lake, the eagle-rock, the choice collection of forest trees, and the great superiority of many of the wild animals; but I must not omit the glass conservatory.

A dome in the centre, deservedly praised,
Transparent as crystal, is artfully raised,
Where African lions, and tigers untamed,
And sloths and hyenas, for savageness famed,
And leopards and ladies, and monsters and men,
Securely may meet in the very same pen.

Come with me, and gaze on the beasts; the hyenas, the leopards, and the tigers; but especially the lions. The keeper is now feeding them. Is there anything that you have ever conceived of the monarch of the woods, that is

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not realized in that noble Nero? Regard his flowing mane, his giant limbs.

What a majesty in his mien! What an untameable glare in his lordly eye! His jaws are opening; what a deep, unearthly, scream-like roar! Even here it is terrible. What must it be when resounding through the forest? I should like to see Nero in the desert, and I doubt not Nero would like to see me there too.

The serious spectator at such a scene as this traverses the wilds of Africa with the missionary Campbell; or, familiar with Bible associations, goes back to the days of Daniel, when the Eternal laid his hand on the mouth of the lions, and the prophet of the Lord remained in safety among them.

Many of the different exhibitions which take place here are of an attractive character, but they are sad trespasses on the quietude and repose of the place, and prevent that neatness and order which might otherwise more universally prevail.

The Regent's Park and the Surrey Gardens afford much gratification, and should not be visited without some profitable reflection. The beasts and birds of all parts of the earth are here assembled, bearing witness, by their captivity, to the pre-eminence with which man has been endowed by his Creator. The swiftness of the giraffe and the ostrich, the soaring flight of the falcon and the eagle, the matchless strength of the rhinoceros and

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the elephant, and the rapacity of the tiger and the lion, have not been able to protect their possessors from becoming the captives of man. If, then, God has thus given to man dominion over the "beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air," how grateful ought he to be for the gift of his pre-eminence! and how anxious to use it to the glory of the Almighty Giver! If the Lord is "good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works," how mindful ought man to be, to exercise forbearance, and kindness, and mercy, to every creature committed to his care!

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THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE National Gallery of Paintings which I am about to visit is in the new building there, with the Corinthian-pillared portico, erected on the site of the Riding-school of the Royal Mews, Charing Cross. The building, though a fine one, is not considered equal to its national object; and it is expected that another edifice will be erected, as a more worthy representative of the taste, enterprise, and resources of the British nation. Had Mr. Angerstein, who collected the principal paintings now placed therein, lived to see them in this national edifice, it might have made him proud; but he is gone where pride is unknown, and where we shall shortly follow, for "our days upon earth are a shadow," Job viii. 9.

Mr. Angerstein was a gentleman of great property; he was, also, an ardent admirer of talent, and with an unsparing hand he gave of his abundance to obtain paintings of the first masters. Favourable opportunities presenting themselves, he amassed a splendid collection of pictures, principally of the Italian school. These pictures, after his death, were purchased by the British

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government, at the suggestion of Lord Liverpool, then first lord of the treasury. The foundation of a national gallery of pictures now being laid, munificent donors came forward with their gifts; and thus, with a few other government purchases, the present collection of paintings has been formed.

This is a goodly area, and St. Martin's Church, the club-houses, Northumberland House, the equestrian statues of king Charles and George the Fourth, with the pillar erected to the memory of Nelson, the basins of water, and the fountains, all add to its imposing appearance. But now let me mount up the steps to the entrance of the National Gallery. Many others, I see, are shaping their course in that direction.

The National Gallery and the exhibition of the Royal Academy are both under the roof of the same building; and here, in the summer months, especially in May and June, a continual throng of visitors from town and country may be seen. Nobility in their coroneted carriages; gentry in their several vehicles; and tradespeople, country folk, young persons, and well-dressed domestics in their holiday clothes on foot. At this moment, the sunny sky is covered with dappled clouds, the foot-paths are crowded with well-dressed people, and a buoyant heart is bounding in my bosom.

The paintings in the National Gallery are by no means numerous, though in point of excellence

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they are entitled to high consideration. It is scarcely necessary to say that the difference between the National Gallery and the exhibition of the Royal Academy is this :—the latter contains the works of modern painters, and is opened only for a month or two in the year, on payment of a shilling; while the former consists, for the most part, of the works of ancient masters, and is open, gratuitously, for a much longer period.

There are very many who affect a knowledge of paintings ; very few who really possess it. Among the countless admirers of Rubens, and Raphael, Angelo, Claude, and Titian, not one in ten, perhaps, no, nor one in fifty, is able to distinguish a copy from an original. That the generality of people should know but little of an art with which they seldom come into contact, is nothing wonderful, nor is it by any means a reflection upon them. Ignorance is only discreditable to those who have neglected proper opportunities to become wise; but when we affect to know what we know not, and to explain to others what we do not ourselves understand, we lay ourselves open to just reproach.

Well do I remember that, in walking with a party through the different apartments of a certain castle, many years ago, a young man of agreeable person and manners took on himself to point out to us the most valuable paintings in the picture gallery—to explain their subjects, and to make known to the uninitiated the style and

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peculiarities of the several artists, whose wonder-working hands had flung on the canvass such vivid representations of breathing things. But though he boldly ventured on his enterprise, it was soon perceived, by more than one of his auditory, that he had undertaken much more than he could creditably perform: presuming on the want of knowledge in those around him, he blundered on till a remark or two from a more diffident character than himself constrained him to give up his enterprise, and to fall into the rear of the party.

It is easy to mingle with common-place remarks such terms as "keeping," "breadth of light," "chiaro-oscuro," "depth of colouring," and "perspective," and to talk of the "formal power of the Florentine school," the "dignity, grace, and matchless majesty of the Roman," and "the blazing splendour of the Venetian," because these terms may be gained without a knowledge of the things signified. Most of us, in our boyish days, have read, in Enfield's Speaker, of the would-be critic, who so learnedly spoke of "the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the corregiosity of Correggio—the learning of the Poussins—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Caracci—and the grand contour of Angelo."

Were I to attempt to pass myself off as a painter, it would soon be discovered how little

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claim I had to such a distinction. The advantage, however, of having visited the National Gallery before will enable me to make a few observations that may not be useless to the reader who is a stranger to the place. With upright intentions and kindly feeling, a very little knowledge may be turned to a good account.

There are those who, catalogue in hand, can go through a picture gallery in a straightforward way, beginning at number one, and proceeding without omission to the end; but my pleasure is doubled in feeling at liberty to rove where I list, to wander as freely as I would in a flower garden. I am now opposite Hogarth's pictures of Marriage à la Mode. Hogarth has been called a moralist among painters, aiming, by his productions, to rebuke and benefit mankind; but good and evil are too often blended together. In the six paintings before me, great skill is conspicuous, and the lesson, that a course of profligacy leads to ruin and destruction, is strikingly set forth; but the pencil of Hogarth, like that of many other painters, was not so chaste as a Christian spectator might desire, though in the series before me it has evidently been under stricter control than ordinary. It would be a difficult task to draw a boundary line for a painter not to pass, and a certain degree of freedom must be permitted, perhaps, to the pencil; but, with every desire to avoid prudery and hypercritical remarks, it seems

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to me, that, in a picture where the artist's object is a moral one, the very appearance of evil, if not necessary to point the moral, should be avoided. It is an adage, that

"Vice to be hated needs but to be seen."

But this adage is too frequently misunderstood. When vice is seen in connexion with all its degradation, sinfulness, and punishment, it may be hated; but when seen in an alluring shape, without these accessaries, no hatred is excited by its representation.

This is the celebrated picture of the raising of Lazarus, painted by Sebastian del Piombo—the most valuable in the whole collection. Though painted by Sebastian, it was designed by Michael Angelo, who, it is thought, in his impatience to see his vivid conception embodied, snatched the pencil from the hand of Sebastian, and, in a kind of impetuous enthusiasm, dashed on the canvass the admirable figure of Lazarus, leaving untouched the remainder of the group.

How little can we understand the feelings of those who are influenced by emotions we have never experienced! The enthusiasm of the painter, and the fervour, and almost frenzy of the musician and poet, are perfectly unintelligible to those who are strangers to the power of music, painting, and poetry.

For this picture, it is said, Napoleon Buonaparte

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offered the sum of ten thousand guineas, which was refused. Its worth has been estimated at fifteen thousand; but the value of paintings is frequently nominal, and especially in cases where there is no desire to part with them.

This picture, though by no means a pleasing one it its general character, has in it some splendid painting, independent of the figure of Lazarus; and the Christian spectator will not fail, while he gazes on the shadowy representation, to ponder also on the reality of the miracle performed by our Saviour, of raising the dead to life. See how impatient Lazarus is to get rid of his grave-clothes! while his hand is putting off a part of them, one of his feet is busy too, in stripping from his legs the bandage with which they are bound. How sublime and simple is the New Testament record of this miracle! "And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go," John xi. 43, 44.

And am I really gazing on a portrait by Raphael, the first of portrait painters? Yes. Between three and four hundred years ago, the eye of Raphael, now turned to dust, was lighted up with enthusiasm; and his hand, now mingled with the clay, was actively employed in painting

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this portrait of Pope Julius II. Julius was the patron of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and a liberal supporter of literature and the fine arts; but perhaps this picture, even more than all the actions he ever performed, has contributed to hand down his name to posterity.

The pictures by Parmegiano, Annibale and Ludovico Caracci, Guido, Correggio, Dominichino, Gaspar and Nicholas Poussin, Both, Paulo Veronese, Salvator Rosa, and Rembrandt, are highly valued. I remember once reading an anecdote of the latter artist, wherein it was asserted, that on a certain occasion he used his colours so freely in painting a portrait, that the painted nose stood almost as high above the canvass as the real nose did on the face of the person whose portrait he was painting.

The visitor of the gallery must pause on the paintings of Vandyke, Teniers, and Cuyp; nor hastily pass those of Wilson, Gainsborough, and Copley, though of a more modern date. The varied excellencies of their different styles will excite pleasure, and call forth a disposition to compare one master with another.

There are, in the gallery, nine or ten pictures of Claude de Lorraine, a costly group, most of them of the highest excellence. One of them represents the halting of Rebecca and her attendants, awaiting the arrival of Isaac. The best judges of Claude are the loudest in his praise.

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The general warmth, the sunny glow, that pervades many of the paintings of this accomplished master, is truly astonishing. Claude, thou wert, indeed, a painter!

The vigour and vivid colouring of some of the pictures of Rubens are also wonderful. There is so much of bloom upon the flesh, so much of breathing life and buoyant spirit imparted to the figures, that we seem to be holding communion with the living rather than with the dead.

> The painter's pencil with his ardour glows,
> And life and spirit on the canvass throws.

The olden masters have an excellent auxiliary in father Time, for he mellows their dazzling colours, harmonizes their strengthy lights and shades, and imparts a richness, a tone, and a finish, that a modern painting cannot possess. The eye sees less in many old pictures than the mind feels in gazing on them.

There is much to be seen here besides the paintings. Groups of living beings, visitors full of character and originality. Three sailors have just walked in with blue jackets. There! I have hit off a sketch of one of them—a veteran, in a canvass hat, as he now sits, with one leg flung across the other, looking as independent as a lord. He is gazing on the Holy Family, by Murillo. Well, a tough sailor has some tender touches of feeling in his heart, and that painting

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of Murillo is as likely as any that I know to call them forth. There are a few among the company walking about with their hats in their hands, and well would it be could they prevail on the rest, by their more civilized, courteous, and respectful demeanour, to follow their example; but no, it will not do. It is only striving against an irresistible stream. The manners of the poorer and the middle classes of English people are growing freer and bolder every day. The gentleman of fifty years ago is not now very often to be seen.

I have stood for ten minutes opposite Gaspar Poussin's landscape, representing Abraham preparing to sacrifice his son Isaac. Stand in a good light—gaze for awhile, without speaking or stirring, on those influential depths of colour, those glorious masses of dark green foliage, and if you find not yourself breathing the fresh air, and holding communion with nature in her rural retreats, conclude at once that you have no soul for painting.

There are capital paintings in the gallery by the three presidents of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, West, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Graces, by Reynolds; Christ healing the Sick in the Temple, by West; and the portrait of Benjamin West, by Lawrence, are all admirable. The last picture is now before me. It has a speaking face, and is in the very best style of portrait-painting. Sir Thomas's pencil was a gifted one.

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The picture by Nicholas Poussin of the Plague of Ashdod, is of an arresting kind. The Philistines were victors, for they had overthrown the Israelites in battle: but no sooner did they place the captured ark of the covenant in the temple of Dagon at Ashdod, than it fell down, and a loathsome plague raged among the Philistines. See that unconscious babe sucking nourishment from its plague-struck and diseased mother! Struck by the piteous spectacle, there are not wanting those to take away the child from contagion and death.

Some painters of wondrous power do not succeed in producing pleasing pictures. Nature may be correctly represented, without affording satisfaction to the spectator. On the other hand, some painters are happy in both the selection and execution of their designs, so that you cannot gaze on their productions without pleasurable emotions. Murillo's Holy Family, Wilkie's Blind Fiddler, and the Village Festival, are striking illustrations of this remark.

As the lover of nature gazes with delight on the varied objects of creation, so the lover of art revels in the glowing and truthful productions of master minds. Five hours ago, I noticed a young man, seated on the bench opposite a painting of Canaletto, a View on the Grand Canal, Venice; and he is sitting in the same spot now. A ten minutes' conversation with him has told me that

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he came up from the country almost on purpose to study Canaletto. Oh, how enthusiastically, how extravagantly, he has been pointing out to me the different excellencies of the picture, dwelling on them, and especially on the fluidity and luminousness of the water, with ecstasy! Were Canaletto alive and present, I doubt not he would willingly bow down and kiss his feet. There he sits, with a pencil in his hand of a superior kind, which has cost him three shillings and sixpence; and, from a word or two which escaped him, I suspect it was nearly the last three-and-sixpence he had in his purse.

I love to hear a man talk who is in right earnest with his subject, whether he speak of temporal or eternal things. We get no good in going to sleep when we should be wide awake, or in loitering when we should be making progress. It may appear a little abrupt, perhaps, to go at once from a modern painter to a shepherd king; but I never read the ninety-fifth Psalm without thinking that David was in earnest—that he flung his soul into his words, when he burst out as he did into the—"O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms."

This picture of Canaletto is a fine production. Alas! how is the proud and splendid city of the

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Adriatic now humbled! Venice that was, and Venice that is, are indeed different places. Her greatness has departed.

There are many splendid specimens of art, magnificent triumphs of the pencil, in the gallery, to which, on account of the freedom exercised in their design and execution, particular allusion cannot be made. One of two things must be admitted, either that the general conception of modesty and propriety entertained by the Christian world is too strict, or that painters in their principles and practice are too free. Without any affectation, I am quite inclined to think that the latter is the more just, and certainly the more safe conclusion of the two. The morality of a painting reaches the judgment only by passing through the lengthy avenues of reason and reflection, while its immorality influences the passions instantaneously through the eye. Hardly can I persuade myself that my error is to be too precise and severe in judging of the thoughts, words, or deeds of my fellow men, though I do oftentimes fear that I fall into the opposite error.

Many of the paintings are from scriptural subjects, and beautifully do they embody them; so that he who is a Bible reader, as he regards them, cannot fail to go in his thoughts to the blessed volume of Divine instruction.

Even here, while gazing on the whirlwind energy of Michael Angelo, the fiery vigour of

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Rubens, the rich and glorious colouring of Titian, and the deep and grand dark-green masses of Gaspar Poussin's pencil, we ought to acknowledge an adorable Creator, in these imitations of his works, as well as in the wonders of his creation, and the wisdom and goodness of his holy word. The sun-lit sky, with all its glorious hues, the hills and vales, the endowments of mind and body, and all the pleasure-giving faculties of man, spring from the same Almighty source. God is wise: "There is no searching of his understanding," Isa. xl. 28. "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised," Psa. cxlv. 3. God is good: "full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy," Psa. cxlv. 8.

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THE MONUMENT.

YESTERDAY I was roaming the fields in the neighbourhood of Hornsey wood and Muswell hill, poking in the ditches, pulling down the honeysuckle in the hedges, peering into the long grass to watch the short-legged ladybird, and long-legged grasshopper; and, every now and then, sitting on the stiles to rest myself, and wipe my spectacles; and where am I now? Why, on the top of the Monument, looking around on London's proud city lying below.

You will say that a man, at my time of life, might be well satisfied to keep his feet on level ground, and not give way to the pitiful ambition of getting above the head of his neighbours. Well! well! say what you will, the truth is the truth, and I will not disguise it: whether it be wise or foolish, right or wrong in me to have mounted so high, here I am. Yes! here is Old Humphrey on the top of the Monument; the breeze blowing so freshly that he can hardly keep his hat upon his head.

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While I pencil down these remarks, I am obliged to get to, what a sailor would call, the "lee side" of the column, and rest my paper on the iron railing, for the blustering wind pays no more respect to an old man than it does to a young one. There! a half sheet of thick post has been blown from my hand, and is flying and fluttering far above the highest houses in the direction of Leadenhall Market.

It is said that a man ought not to ascend a high hill, without coming down again wiser and better than he went up. Whether I shall go down wiser than I ascended, it would be hard to say; but assuredly it ought to be so, after all the labour it has cost me to clamber up the three hundred and forty-five steps of this winding staircase, to say nothing of the sixpence given to the doorkeeper and another paid for his little book. My legs ache, and my knees shake with the exertion. Time has been when I could have run up such a place as this without stopping; when I could have skipped up two or three steps at a time as nimbly as a kid; but it is idle to boast of what I have been; my aching joints tell me what I am now.

A comfortable seat would be a great luxury at this moment, that I might recover my breath, and collect myself a little; but such a thing is not to be had for love or money. I feel what I suppose is common to the visitors of this place—a

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slight sensation of insecurity, of danger, and fear; an inclination to keep close to the column, and to the doorway leading down the staircase. Now and then, too, my imagination gets the better of me, and I fancy myself plunging down headlong from this fearful height. We are but poor creatures, when placed in situations of novelty and apparent danger. Pheugh! my hat was all but gone, and very ill could I spare it under my present circumstances. I half begin to doubt the wisdom of my ambitious enterprise. Let me tie my pocket handkerchief round my neck, for the wind searches me. There, I shall now do pretty well.

The book in the blue cover, that I bought down below, informs me that the great London fire, in the year 1666, which this monument is meant to commemorate, consumed the buildings on four hundred and thirty-six acres of ground, four hundred streets and lanes, thirteen thousand two hundred houses, the cathedral church of St. Paul, eighty-nine parish churches, six chapels, Guildhall, Royal Exchange, Custom House, Blackwell Hall, divers hospitals and libraries, fifty-two of the companies' halls, and a vast number of other stately edifices; together with three of the city gates, four bridges, the prisons of Newgate and the Fleet, Poultry and Wood-street compters; the loss of which, together with that of the merchandise and household furniture, by

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the best calculation, amounted to ten millions seven hundred and thirty thousand five hundred pounds.

I am now trying to imagine myself surrounded by this most terrible conflagration. Oh, the distress, the misery, the despair, that must have wrung the hearts of the houseless and homeless multitude! Yet, see how mercy was mingled with judgment; only eight human lives were lost by this fearful visitation; and the plague, which had long raged in the city, was stayed by the devouring flames!

The account given of the fire thrills my very soul. "Then did the city shake indeed, and the inhabitants did tremble, and fled away in great amazement from their houses, lest the flames should devour them. Rattle, rattle, rattle, was the noise which the fire struck upon the ear round about, as if there had been a thousand iron chariots beating upon the stones; and if you opened your eye to the opening of the streets where the fire was come, you might see, in some places, whole streets at once in flames, that issued forth as if they had been so many great forges from the opposite windows, which, folding together, united into one great flame throughout the whole street; and then you might see the houses tumble, tumble, tumble, from one end of the street to the other, with a great crash, leaving the foundations open to the view of the heavens.

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"And now horrible flakes of fire mount up to the sky, and the yellow smoke of London ascended up towards heaven, like the smoke of a great furnace—a smoke so great as darkened the sun at noonday. If, at any time, the sun peeped forth, it looked red, like blood. The cloud of smoke was so great, that travellers did ride at noonday some miles together in the shadow thereof, though there were no other cloud beside to be seen in the sky."

Surely no one should ascend this towering column without an ejaculation of thankfulness for Divine preservation, and a prayer to the Father of mercies, that London may be for ever spared the repetition of such a dire calamity. But now let me look around.

London, as seen from this place, is a continuous mass of brickwork, slate roofs, windows, and red chimney-pots, studded over pretty freely with the white towers and dark spires of churches, while curling smoke is rising in all directions from the unnumbered streets.

The rumbling noise of carts, wagons, cabs, coaches, omnibuses, and carriages is incessant; like the roar of the restless ocean, it allows no respite—loud, heavy, monotonous, and continual.

My fellow men are the same restless beings when seen from this point of view, as from any other; the same busy, bustling, selfish attention to their individual interests is visible. The loaded porters are hurrying down the hill to the steam-

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packets; the cab-drivers and coachmen are lashing their jaded horses up the hill with their fares; the merchants are hastening on 'Change; the policemen are slowly pacing their rounds; the letter-carriers are performing their active duties; gentlemen are promenading the streets; ladies are shopping, either in their carriages, or on foot; and idlers and pleasure-takers are abroad, going to and fro, according to their several inclinations.

Hark! the big bell of St. Paul's Cathedral is striking the hour. The resounding strokes are as if a giant were smiting his brazen buckler with his spear! What says the clamorous monitor to the busy world below? What warning has he to give to Old Humphrey? "Mortal! prepare for immortality." A dozen church clocks are now repeating aloud the solemn injunction.

It is a serious thought to entertain, while so many are striving with all their souls to get through this bad world, that so few are striving to get to a better. The bread which perishes is sought after more than the bread of life, and the gewgaws of time are more ardently pursued than the glories of eternity.

The public streets, that appear so crowded when we are in them, seem but thinly populated when seen from this great elevation, for now we see the real space between one person and another. Even London Bridge has comparatively few people upon it.

What a Lilliputian world it is below me!

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Diminished in size as they are by my position, the very carts and wagons are playthings; the huge dray-horse is but a Shetland pony; and the men and women are merely respectable puppets. It would do a proud man good, could he see himself in the street from the top of the monument!

The more distant objects do not appear to be so visibly affected, for we expect them to be diminished; they are those near the base of this mighty column, which strike us as extraordinary. Wagons have no wheels, horses have no legs, and men and women are all hats and bonnets, coats and shawls.

The chimney-pots, seen in all directions, are like the open mouths of so many cannons pointed at the skies. What a dreadful distance it is to the ground! While I look down perpendicularly, the strong iron railing, on which I lean, seems but a poor security. What if it should give way! The thought is horrible; and yet, horrible as it is, most likely it has entered the heads of hundreds visiting this giddy height.

Six persons, at different periods, have flung themselves from the monument: but precautionary measures have been since adopted to prevent a recurrence of such frightful deeds. The visitor to the top of the monument now finds himself enclosed in a cage. A poor weaver, in the year 1750, was the first to take this fearful road to death. In 1788, a baker by the name of John

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Craddock followed his dreadful example. Lyon Levy, a diamond merchant, committed the same rash act in the year 1810; and the names of Margaret Moyes, of a youth, and of a young woman, must now be added to the list of those who have thus dared, against the commands of God, to rush into eternity. It would be difficult to assign any other probable reason for their adopting so dreadful a mode of quitting the world, than that of a stronger than ordinary determination to get rid of life; an inflexible resolve that no possible contingency should prevent their destruction. What must have been that state of mind which could look on such a fearful deed as a relief to its unimaginable agony!

How earnestly ought we to pray that He "who alone can restrain the unruly wills and affections of sinful man," would, of his great mercy, enable us to control our passions, and resist the sudden rushes of temptation that take the agonized heart by surprise, and hurry it into the commission of desperate and sinful deeds!

If it were not for the fog, I should now have a glorious view; but, as it is, distant objects are either invisible, or confused and indistinct. We must not, however, expect to have the world just what we would wish it to be. We never judge so wisely about the weather, as when we conclude that to be the best which it pleases God to send.

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Now I should like to be able to scatter down blessings on the heads of my brother emmets below, from Greenwich Hospital eastward, to Buckingham Palace westward; from Stamford Hill on the north, to Clapham Common on the south. Well, if I cannot do this myself, I can humbly and reverently ask Him to do it who can. He only who knows the grief and the joy, the fears and the desires of all hearts, can suit his blessings to their respective wants.

Yonder is a man lashing his horses very cruelly. I wish I could tell him that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast;" but, perhaps, if I did, he would hardly thank me for my pains. Though he smacks his whip lustily, I cannot hear the sound that it makes. It is the same with the two damsels there, who are shaking a carpet on the flat roof of the corner house. I hear nothing of the heavy monotonous sound that a shaken carpet usually makes.

The river, the bridges, St. Paul's Cathedral, the different churches, and some of the large public buildings, are the most conspicuous objects around me; but of these I am not at all inclined to give the history. I came up here to muse a little on such things as might present themselves most vividly to my attention or my thoughts, in so novel a situation.

While I am looking down from this fearful height, a pair of bright brown pigeons are

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fearlessly winging their way to and fro, midway between me and the ground. At one moment they bear up bravely against the wind, till they almost reach me; and then, turning aside, suddenly cleave the air, like swift arrows from the bowman's hand. Oh, what a glorious liberty they appear to enjoy! I could almost wish for the moment to be a pigeon!

The Mansion House looks like a spireless church up above the surrounding buildings; but the cathedral of St. Paul is the great lion of London. Like an ostrich among birds, like an elephant among beasts, or rather, like Snowdon among British mountains, is St. Paul's among the churches of this great city. I dare say, that when sir Christopher Wren saw the glorious pile completed, it was one of the proudest moments of his life. In expressing this opinion, I run but little risk of wronging his reputation, or doing injustice to his memory.

The Tower has just caught my eye; the centre building, with the four square turrets, has a fort-like appearance. Its dark walls, windows, and battlements, edged with stones of a lighter colour, render it unlike the buildings around it. People who know nothing of war and military pursuits, might judge, from a glance at the structure, that it did not possess the power which it does, and yet no doubt, if it were necessary, the place could pour out of the iron and brazen-throated cannons it

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contains, such a horrible tempest of destruction, as would bring to the ground many of the proud edifices that raise their heads above it; but for all this, I like not the Tower. Dark deeds have been done there!—cruel, merciless deeds, branding the brows, and blackening the memories, of those who perpetrated them.

How pleasant it is, in comparison, to reflect on the pious, though unnoticed poor, whom, to do deeds of fame and glory—

> "Their lot forbade, nor circumscribed alone
> Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
> Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
> And shut the gates of mercy on mankind!"

The name of king will not cover a crime from an all-seeing eye, nor blot out a deed of blood from the record of human transgression; but I will turn from the Tower, lest in my too ardent condemnation of regal infirmities, I lose sight of, or make manifest, my own.

The sight of St. Saviour's church, just over London Bridge, puts me in mind of Hooper, and Bradford, and Farrar. It is not long since I paid a visit, with a friend, to the vault-like chamber in the Lady Chapel, where they were questioned by their cruel judges, before they were called on "to play the man in the fire." Could Bonner and Gardiner again sit in judgment on their fellow men, willingly would they drain

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their own veins, rather than "betray the innocent blood." But it is too late! Not all the host of heaven can wipe out the crimson stains that tracked their guilty pathway through the world.

I would say something about the Abbey of Westminster, though there is a mist around it that almost hides it from my view; and I could prate awhile about the bridges and the river; but the cold wind affects me, and old men are somewhat compelled to think of the pains and penalties of to-morrow, as well as of the pleasures of to-day. Much as may be said against the lumbago and rheumatism, they are excellent things in their way, for though they pinch us much, they preserve us from more; the remembrance of them does us good. They resemble the painted boards which are set up on forbidden ground, "Man traps and spring guns set here."

I will now make the best of my way down the spiral staircase. It was not, I hope, highmindedness that brought me up, and I trust that highmindedness will not accompany me down; for sure I am, a proud man, seeing that he has so little cause for pride, and so much cause for humility, is not more vain than he is foolish. As John Bunyan's shepherd's boy sings—

"He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

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Never are we so safe as when we are lowly in heart, seeking in all things that holy and Divine influence, which can alone defend us from temptation, and deliver us from evil; "casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," 2 Cor. x. 5.

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PANORAMAS OF JERUSALEM AND THEBES.

THE walk to this place has a little tired me, and a flight of steps is not so easily ascended by an old man after a long walk as before it. I must sit me down on the seat here, in the centre, to rest awhile. A goodly concourse of people are assembled, as anxious as I am, no doubt, to enjoy a peep at the Panorama.

Panoramic paintings afford a much greater degree of pleasure to the common observer, though not to the artist and the connoisseur, than is usually derived from the most finished specimens of the best masters; and this pleasure is, of course, much increased when the subjects they represent are of peculiar interest.

The very name of Jerusalem calls forth associations which have been familiar to us from the years of our childhood. No wonder, then, that a panoramic representation of the "Holy City" should be an object of general attraction.

It is an excellent custom, before witnessing an interesting spectacle, to make some preparation to

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turn it to advantage; for the want of this preparation, perhaps, many have felt something like disappointment in visiting the panorama of Jerusalem. Many have been totally unacquainted with the history of the fearful changes which have taken place in the city; and, for want of reflection, have expected to see that Jerusalem of olden time, which was to be destroyed, and of which, according to the prophetic words of the Redeemer, not one stone is left upon another. To such visitors the unexpected, and, at first view, confused pile of yellowish-white stone walls, gateways, monasteries, convents, churches, mosques, domes, and minarets, is far from being satisfactory. Not that the scene wants attractions, but that it is not what they expected to see.

It is probable that very many of the visitors of the panorama have felt a painful sense of their limited knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; their recollection of events has been confused, and they have imagined that all around them knew more than themselves; neither is it improbable that this circumstance has led many afterwards to their Bibles, to become better informed of those events with which the mind of every Christian should be familiar.

Th first view of a panorama is usually so absorbing, that the printed description of it is rarely read by the visitor, until he becomes a little weary with the exhibition: it is then glanced at,

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here and there, and put by, with the determination to read it through afterwards, at a time, in fact, when the reading of it, so far as regards the panorama, will be useless.

Jerusalem, though fallen from its high estate, though shorn of its glory, cannot fail to be very attractive to all who feel interest in the stupendous events of by-gone days. No wonder, then, that a representation of it, as it now stands, should have drawn together old and young, to satisfy their curiosity in gazing on the mingled splendour and desolation which now characterize the city once "beloved by God."

A place that has seventeen times been ravaged with fire and sword, and all the ruthless desolation of relentless warfare, cannot be looked upon without emotion. Here, the Jews have fought to defend their hallowed city, their holy temple, and the ark of the covenant. Here, the victorious cohorts of the Romans, with resistless fury, have broken down the strong walls of defence, and smitten the people of God with the edge of the sword. Here, legions of Saracens, like devouring locusts, have spread desolation around; and here, also, deluded men, calling themselves Christians, have shed their blood freely as water, in what they called "a holy war." On this spot the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Egyptian, the Parthian, the Persian, and the Turk, have vied with each other in rapine and slaughter.

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The page whereon are inscribed the desolations of Jerusalem is a monument of Divine wrath, that cannot be contemplated without fear and trembling. Here are held up to view the righteous judgments of God towards a rebellious and stiff-necked people. "Who hath hardened himself against him, and hath prospered?" Job ix. 4. "He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" Dan. iv. 35.

Passing over the many destructions that visited this devoted city, let me dwell for a moment upon one only. When Titus invested the place, six hundred thousand Jews perished for lack of food. "The famine was sore in the land;" for the armed hand of the enemy guarded the gates night and day. Many more than a million died by the sword, and ninety-seven thousand were sent away prisoners. The magnitude of this desolation is oppressive; the besom of destruction, indeed, passed over Jerusalem, and swept away her greatness.

Jerusalem is now the abode of Turks, Arabs, Christians, and Jews: of the latter there are but few, and they are miserably poor, and much oppressed.

The mosques are splendid buildings, especially that of Omar, the finest specimen of Saracenic architecture in the whole world. This splendid building is supposed to occupy the site of the

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ancient temple of Solomon, which stood on the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite, on Mount Moriah, where the Lord appeared unto David, 2 Chron. iii. 1, and where the visible glory appeared. It was erected by the caliph Omar, and is deemed next in sanctity to that of Mecca. At the time of the crusaders it became a Christian church, and when they abandoned the city, Saladin caused the whole building to be washed with rose-water before he would enter it. "It is a regular octagon, each side being seventy feet in width; it is entered by four spacious doors facing the cardinal points, the Bab el Garb on the west; Bab nebbe Daoud, or of David, on the east; Bab el Kebla, or of Prayer, on the south; and Bab el Djinna, or of Heaven, on the north. Each of these entrances has a porch of timberwork, of considerable height, excepting Bab el Kebla, which has a fine portico, surrounded by eight Corinthian pillars of marble. The lower part of the walls is faced with marble, evidently very ancient; it is white, with a slight tinge of blue, and pieces wholly blue are occasionally introduced with good effect. Each face is panelled, the sides of the panels forming plain pilasters at the angles; the upper part is faced with small glazed tiles, about eight inches square, of various colours, blue being the prevailing, with passages from the Koran on them, forming a singular and beautiful mosaic. The four plain sides have each seven

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well-proportioned windows of stained glass; the four sides of entrance have only six. The roof gently rises towards the perpendicular part under the dome, which is also covered with coloured tiles, arranged in various elegant devices. The dome, which was built by Solyman I, is spherical, covered with lead, and crowned by a gilt crescent; the whole is ninety feet in height, and has a light and beautiful effect, the fanciful disposition of the soft colours above, contrasting with the blue and white marble below, is extremely pleasing."

The various convents, the monasteries, the domes, and the minarets, also arrest the attention of the spectator; but it is not to see a representation of these, that a visit is paid to the panorama of Jerusalem. What though other buildings now occupy the places where once stood the Temple of Solomon, the castle of David, and the gates of the holy city! what though the Christian visitor be, for a moment, led away by Mohammedan splendour! his thoughts soon return to more interesting inquiries. He feels an affectionate reverence stealing over him; he yearns to gaze upon the very places where the Redeemer was once present, beginning with the spot whence he entered Jerusalem, sitting on the foal of an ass, while the palm-branches were waved to and fro, the garments strown in the way, and the cry of "Hosanna to the Son of David," mounted to the skies.

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And is that, yonder, in very deed, the same Mount of Olives whereon Jesus and his disciples so often assembled? Yes! the very same. Time, that alters all things, may, in some respects, have changed the appearance of the place; yet, still it is the same, and the olive flourishes there, as of olden time. That rugged road which crosses the Mount is the dangerous road to Jericho; and the spot at the foot of the Mount of Olives is the Garden of Gethsemane:

That hallow'd and peculiar place,
Where Christ display'd his love and grace:
Oh, let me gaze again on thee,
Thou garden of Gethsemane!

There Jesus knelt, and felt within
The bitter curse of mortal sin,
While strong compassion brought him low,
And drops of blood bedew'd his brow.

There gladly would I lowly bend,
And supplicate the sinner's Friend;
Keep sacred watch, where watch he kept,
And weep where my Redeemer wept.

On one of these spots before me in the distance, which commands a view of Jerusalem, stood the Saviour when he wept over the city. How affecting were his words! "Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." "For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and com-

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pass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another." This prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter.

In many of these spots stood the Redeemer, when surrounded by the disciples he taught; and there, a little to the right, by the city-wall, which runs over the Mount Moriah, lies the valley of Jehoshaphat, with the brook Kidron, as of olden time, flowing through the midst. In this valley Moloch and Baalpeor were once worshipped. It was the burial-place of the Jews.

It may be, that many a visitor to the panorama has had to contend with sceptical reflections. "But how do I know that the places pointed out to me are the very spots on which the events recorded in Scripture took place?" "How can I tell that I am not deceived?" The proper reply to these suggestions is, You cannot, with any reason, doubt that Jerusalem stood where Jerusalem stands now: this is proved by authentic records of history, as well as by the situation the city occupies, seeming to be shut up by hills and mountains in the centre of a vast amphitheatre: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people." The locality of Jerusalem is indisputably proved, whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the situation of some particular places within its walls. This difference

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of opinion, however, arises from the alterations which take place in the site, form, and use of particular buildings in a city during a number of successive centuries, more than from any other cause. That the mount, now called the Mount of Olives, is the same as that whereon our Saviour stood; and that the ground occupied by the Mosque of Omar was the site whereon the temple stood, cannot be doubted or disputed, any more than that the Britain we inhabit is the island invaded by Julius Cæsar: indeed, many say that this latter fact is far less certainly authenticated than the former.

As I look all around, there are in the panorama a great many beautiful sketches, each of itself deserving attention. Groups of figures, scribes, sheiks, and friars, Turkish soldiers, and Arabs from the borders of the Dead Sea. The aga, mufti, and the sheriff in his green robe, as a descendant of the impostor Mohammed. All these attract the eye; and the sight of the Arabian robber about to receive the bastinado on his bare feet almost makes the soles of my feet to tingle.

In some part of the scene around us was the spot where the holy Jesus had poured upon him the bitter derision of the Roman soldiery, and the rancorous malevolence of the persecuting Jews. Here, after he had been scourged, was he clad in purple, and his sacred temples were wounded with a crown of thorns. They mocked him, they spat upon him, and they led him away to be crucified.

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Let us think of the days when Caiaphas was high priest, and Pilate governor of Jerusalem. Eighteen hundred years have passed away since he was "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities," laden with his cross, "despised and rejected of men." "He was taken," in the language of the prophet Isaiah, "from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken."

There is a charge in Holy Scripture to do some things "in season," and "out of season," setting forth very clearly the important nature of the duty enjoined. Now, though it may appear somewhat "out of season," in a place of public resort like this, to reflect on the way of salvation, yet when I turn my face towards Mount Calvary yonder, the subject is pressed on my thoughts.

It becomes an old man, who has travelled so many stages on his way towards eternity, frequently to require from himself a reason of the hope that is in him. What, then, is mine? Humbly, honestly, and heartily do I reply, that I have no hope of life eternal that clings not to the cross of the Redeemer. Old Humphrey, in his younger days, like many more, has tried to scale the inaccessible ramparts of heaven with the poor, crazy ladders of his own doings—and rob, by not entering in at "the door," but by

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climbing up another way, the Lord of life and glory of the honour due to his name—but the time is gone by; and now he is made willing and anxious to forego his own vain imaginations, and gladly to lay hold of the only hope set before him in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Oh that I could more steadfastly and abidingly keep my mind stayed on the great truths of Christianity! As all are sinners, so no one can do without a Saviour. The Lamb of God can alone take away the sins of the world, "for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," Acts iv. 12. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John iii. 16. To the Saviour, then, let us go, for "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them," Heb. vii. 25. Why should these things be so much forgotten, and why should we require to be continually reminded of what ought to be at all times in our thoughts?

Who can tell but this panorama of Jerusalem may call forth in many solemn and awakening reflections! Were not the place somewhat crowded, I should be disposed to spend another hour in gazing on the interesting scenes around me; but as it is, I shall quit the place, and give free course

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to the reflections that have been called up in my mind. Oh, how poverty-stricken is this earthly Jerusalem to that heavenly city with the golden gates, whose spangled pavement shall assuredly be trodden by the humblest disciple of the Redeemer!

* * * * * *

PANORAMA OF THEBES.

This panorama of the City of Thebes is not only a correct representation of modern Thebes, as it now stands, but, also, of those ancient ruins, which for thousands of years have been an instructive spectacle to the world. Every temple, every pillar, and every stone on which the eye rests in the enormous mass of ruin, may be regarded as copied from those real remains which have existed, perhaps, three thousand years, and many of them possibly much longer.

The spectator of the panorama of Jerusalem looks on the semblance of a city comparatively modern; but in contemplating that of Thebes, he realizes to his mind a spectacle of more remote antiquity. Few aged people, I should suppose, can look upon a ruin without finding themselves disposed to serious thought. There is that in the overturned pillar and broken pediment, which silently, yet eloquently, tells an old man a tale of mutability, that he will do well to regard.

A dark cloud, seemingly impenetrable, has for

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ages rested on the ruins of desolated Thebes, involving it in mystery and obscurity. Profound learning and sober-minded conjecture have done no more than establish a few probable suppositions; but the recent discoveries in hieroglyphics have thrown a ray of light on many a hewn stone and symbolic description, rendering that plain and intelligible, which before was utterly unknown. There is, now, scarcely a doubt of the identity of Thebes of Egypt, with the No-Amon mentioned by the prophet Nahum: "Art thou better than populous No, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea, and her wall was from the sea? Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite: Put and Lubim were thy helpers. Yet was she carried away, she went into captivity: her young children also were dashed in pieces at the top of all the streets; and they cast lots for her honourable men, and all her great men were bound in chains," Nahum iii. 8—10.

Every fresh light thrown on the darkness which has so long shrouded Thebes, renders it more interesting; it is like finding something of value while groping amid ruins, that raises our estimation of the mouldering pile.

The term used to distinguish this city of No, or No-Amon, means "*the dwelling of Ammon.*" The fact is beyond contradiction, that there were

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more places than one in Egypt, called by the Greeks, Diospolis, signifying the same thing.

The prophetical denunciations of Jeremiah and Ezekiel against a city of the same name, must have referred to another place, not then destroyed, whereas the greatness of the city mentioned by Nahum had already departed. Little doubt remains, as I said, that the city of No-Amon, mentioned by the prophet Nahum, and the city of Thebes, are one and the same. The word "sea" is frequently used in Scripture for great waters of all kinds, and the river Nile is undoubtedly of this description.

Herodotus would surely have described the glory of Thebes, as well as that of Memphis, if the former had not passed away before his day, and that was between four and five hundred years before the coming of our Saviour. We may, then, without much fear of deceiving ourselves, allow our eyes to rove over the panorama of Thebes as over the ruins of No-Amon. We may, without subjecting ourselves to the charge of easy-minded credulity, believe the cities to be one and the same.

It is not, however, the antiquity alone of Thebes that so powerfully absorbs the mind of the reflecting visitor of the panorama; but the immensity of the masses of sculptured temples, and obelisks, and colossal statues, which at once excite, astonish, and confound.

It is one thing to be told that Egypt was a

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flourishing nation in the earliest ages of the world, or to read that Thebes was the renowned capital of the Egyptian monarchy, and that her warriors issued forth armed from a hundred gates; but it is another to see with our eyes a correct representation of the stupendous, though faded glory of that mighty capital, as it is at this day. The gigantic blocks of massive stone, the avenues of sphinxes, the groves of columns, sculptured over with mysterious hieroglyphics, are so unlike the common objects around us, so much beyond our pigmy dwellings and comparatively miniature public buildings, that mystery and amazement prevail in the spectator's mind.

When gazing on such huge masses as these before me, we cannot but be struck with the feebleness of "mighty men," when contrasted with the power of the Almighty. Man builds a city, but the hand of the Almighty overturns it. Man designs it to endure from generation to generation in prosperity, but God humbleth its pride and its power: "The Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? And his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?" Isaiah xiv. 27.

It is said that the whole French army, when they came suddenly in sight of these immense ruins, with one accord stood in amazement, and clapped their hands with delight. These goodly temples were erected by idolaters, by vain mortal

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men, who "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things;" yet are their ruins even now attesting the truth of Holy Writ, respecting the destruction of idolatrous nations. "Their land is full of idols; they worship the work of their own hands, that which their own fingers have made." "The day of the Lord of hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up; and he shall be brought low," Isaiah ii. 8, 12.

I know not if others are moved as I am, by this painted semblance of ancient Thebes; but I stand oppressed, I might almost say afflicted, with confused reflections. The mighty ruins around wear not the appearance of decay; their edges are still sharp; their sculptured hieroglyphics seem as fresh as if the chisel of yesterday had fashioned them. These solid blocks of uninjured stone have defied the hand of Time, yet have they been shaken by the only arm that could shake them asunder—the arm of the Holy One.

> "Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain,
> The world's great empress, on th' Egyptian plain;
> That spreads her conquest o'er a thousand states,
> And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
> Five hundred horsemen and two hundred cars,
> From each wide portal issuing to the wars,"

could oppose the power of God, or endure the withering touch of the hand of the Eternal!

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As the eye wanders over the banks of the river Nile and the distant mountains of Arabia, and then falls on the mighty temples of Karnak and Luxor, which appear to have been shaken to their foundations, and partly overturned, while yet at the pinnacle of their glory, one absorbing inquiry urges itself on the mind: "Whose hand hath done this?" and though no audible response be heard, the heart feels the reply, "The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle!" "He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" Dan. iv. 35.

Jerusalem! thou hast awakened my awe, my reverence, and my spiritual affections, and more deeply impressed on my mind the everlasting verities of the book of truth. And, Thebes!

> I view thy noble relics with a sigh,
> Thy glory and thy greatness are departed!
> Thy tenants have forsaken thee, and hid
> Their faces in the dust; and thou art left
> A mouldering monument, wherein I read
> Not only their mortality, but mine.

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THE

ROYAL ADELAIDE GALLERY,

AND THE

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

THERE is no spot on earth that can be altogether uninteresting to the eye of a Christian; and for this plain reason—wherever he goes, God has been there before him, and left some unequivocal trace of his almighty presence. The heavens are richly coloured, the earth is clothed with beauty! The change of seasons is but a change in the glorious exhibition of God's wondrous creation. Illimitable power, unsearchable wisdom, and inexhaustible goodness, are inscribed on even his "lowest works." In the country, well may the heart beat, and the eye sparkle with gratitude and joy, for the sources of delight are unbounded; and he who is accustomed to look on all as the gift of God, conferred for the good of man, will indeed find

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

That knowledge which connects earth with

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heaven has an increased enjoyment. It gives an added interest to the scenes around us:

> And doubly sweet are rural hours,
> The hills, the dales, the trees, the flowers,
> The wood, the wave, and water-fall,
> When God is seen among them all.

Nor yet are the peopled pathways of the crowded city without absorbing interest, for there may be seen men and manners in all their varied modifications. There, too, is found all that is rare and curious, heaped up in a thousand treasure-houses; so that a man of observation may walk abroad with pleasure, and return home laden with instruction. London, indeed, abounds with exhibitions of interest, where every degree of intellect, and every variety of disposition, may find amusement and advantage. Whether my tent has been fixed in the "mart of all the earth," or elsewhere, I have always been a wanderer in the neighbourhood around me. No wonder, then, that the varied exhibitions of this mighty metropolis should have attracted me.

When any one, young or old, gazes, for the first time, on a steam-engine, without being prepared for such a sight, he is altogether confounded by the spectacle. He sees the machine, like a huge giant with a hundred arms, achieving wonders; but he is lost among the rods and cylinders, the revolving wheels, the heaving levers, the groaning axles, and the hissing steam; he

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confounds the effect and cause; he is astonished and perplexed, but not made wiser. But le any one, familiar with the engine, explain to him the principle of its action, so that he can distinguish between the mere machine and the mighty energy that keeps it in motion, and how different will be the amount of his pleasure and profit. In like manner, a slight degree of information given to him who, for the first time, visits any other exhibition, will not be useless.

Did you ever visit the ROYAL ADELAIDE GALLERY? If not, thither will we bend our steps; the only advantage that I can claim over you is this, that I have been there already. Bear in mind that I neither undertake to play the part of a catalogue, by directing you to all that the gallery contains, nor yet to decide which things are the most entitled to your attention. My pleasure will be to roam, here and there, without restraint; and my business to implant in your memory useful knowledge, and to excite in your mind right feelings.

* * * * * *

Well! we have passed the crowded Strand; we have walked along the Lowther Arcade; we have entered the Long Room of the Institution, with a catalogue in our hands; and now, what use can we make of the models, the magnets, the steam-engines, boats, and carriages; the fire-escapes, safety-lamps, hydrometers, and

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air-pumps; the life-boats, rudders, anchors, paddles, and paddle-wheels; the rafts, blow-pipes, gas-meters, and electrifying machines; the life-preservers, cylinders, shafts, cog-wheels, pulleys, and inclined planes? Here are not less than three thousand models of machinery and works of art. If we attend to a tenth part of what is before us, we must stay here a week: let us look at a few of them, and be content.

How hard it would be to calculate the amount of mind which now lies before us! Almost every machine, model, and plan, has been the result of intense study; days and nights, weeks, months, and even years, have been devoted to the perfecting of some of the designs presented to our view. We see the result only. The disappointments that have been endured, the difficulties which have been overcome, the unconquered patience and determined perseverance that have been exercised, we see not. We shall err, then, if we regard these miniature models as mere playthings to amuse an idle hour; they are, for the most part, efforts of the mind for the benefit of the human race.

Look at that model of *Eddystone Lighthouse*. It is a mere bauble in itself; but when we consider, that the lighthouse which it exactly represents is really standing, like a warning angel, amid the stormy breakers of the British Channel, enduring the attacks of the heaving ocean, as it pours its

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roaring billows from the wild Atlantic, making signs to the mariner to keep aloof from the dangerous rocks that threaten him with destruction, it gives an indescribable interest. I must have another look before I leave it.

Why have you passed by that model of *a raft* so hastily? Come back again and examine it afresh. Do you take it for a plaything? it is something better. You see these little barrels and strips of wood tied together. Now, by observing this model attentively, you may learn from it how human lives may be rescued from destruction in a season of extremity, by the use of materials ready to hand. Imagine that a vessel is foundering in the mighty deep: "it reels to and fro, and staggers like a drunken man," and the seamen are at their wits' end.

> "One wide water all around them,
> All above them one black sky:
> Different deaths at once surround them—
> Hark! what means that dreadful cry?"

Perhaps, when all seems lost, two or three steady-minded sailors step forward, and from the materials of little worth that a ship always carries with her, begin to form a raft of safety. Three or four empty water-casks are well lashed to a few spars and planks, or gratings, on which a chest, a bag of provisions, and a butt of water are quickly placed; rude as the construction may be, it floats upon the water with a score or two seamen on

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it. The ship founders, but the raft lives through the waves; and, some days or weeks after, is picked up by a friendly vessel, or makes some point of land in safety. I see that you look on the model of the life-raft with more attention than you did; it is meant to preserve life, and is, therefore, not a work of science only, but of humanity.

The other day I was talking with the inventor of a superior life-raft. In whatever direction the raft turned, a man could sit suspended in it in safety above the water. The weather at Cherbourg was stormy, the waves of the sea ran high, and the inventor was warned not to risk himself in his raft on the deep, but, feeling no fear, he was pitched among the boiling billows, when after being tossed about among the breakers, he was, at last, flung up, high and dry, on the sands of the opposite shore.

Here is a *life-preserver*, meant to be thrown into the sea when a sailor falls overboard. I hope that you can swim, and are able and willing to render assistance when you see any one in the water in danger. A few weeks ago, a poor idiot, seeing a child fall into the canal, leaped in after it, and saved the child's life. Who would be outdone in humanity by an idiot?

Hark! that flourish of trumpets announces that the *steam-gun* is about to pour its stream of leaden bullets against the iron target. What a

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reverberation! what wondrous rapidity! Seventy balls have burst forth in four seconds, and twenty-five thousand might be discharged in an hour. And are not mankind visited enough with woes? Cannot men destroy each other fast enough in their ruthless wars, that such a murderous weapon as this should be required? Our life, at best, is "even a vapour, that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away." Surely, then, "wisdom is better than weapons of war," and deeds of mercy than doings of destruction. Had the steam-gun been the only invention of its talented constructor, he would scarcely be to be envied; but society is indebted to him for many inventions of less questionable utility.

Come back! come back! here is a cluster of curiosities—a model of a new *anchor*, an *improved rudder*, a plan for *preventing ships from foundering at sea*, and a *shipwreck-arrow*, to hold communication with a vessel in distress. I like to look at these things, because they are of great value to seamen, who undergo unnumbered hard ships while we are safe on shore. Every thing belonging to a ship is interesting, from stem to stern, from the sky-scraper to the keel. Ships not only bear away our manufactures, and bring back the produce of distant lands, but take out, also, missionaries, and religious tracts, and that "flaming angel" the Bible, to enlighten the heathen world. He, then, who improves a cable, an

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anchor, a rudder, or a sail, or invents aught to assist the shipwrecked mariner, deserves well at the hands of his country.

We must not omit seeing the *combustion of steel*, for it is a very curious, and considered, also, a very mysterious process. A round plate of soft iron is made to revolve at the rate of five thousand times in a minute, when, if a hardened file be pressed against it, that part of the file next the iron will be melted by the extreme heat. Hardened steel melted and cut through by soft iron! Velocity gives new qualities to matter, so that a soft substance, in rapid motion, overcomes the resistance of a hard one that is in a state of rest. These experiments are intended to set us thinking, and I have been reflecting on this very matter. It seems to me that one reason why the file is cut, while the round iron plate remains whole, is this—every part of the round iron plate, after coming in contact with the file, performs a circle before it again rubs against the file, while the file itself has to bear, at the same point, without intermission, the friction of the whole revolving plate of iron.

If you have ever seen, as I have, the extremity of distress which is endured by the inmates of a dwelling that has taken fire in the night, you will regard these models of *fire-escapes* with attention. Let us suppose the clock has struck one, or two. All is still, save the slow-pacing footfall of the

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policeman, and the occasional rumble of a cab or coach. Hark! the fearful exclamation, "Fire! Fire!" resounds along the street. A crowd rapidly assembles; the door of the dwelling is broken in; the house is full of smoke, and the staircase is in flames. A window of the first-floor is thrown up; one lets himself down by a sheet, another leaps in desperation on the stone pavement. But how are the poor wretches, shrieking at the attic window, to escape? There is a trap-door to the roof, but the padlock is rusty, the key will not turn it. There is a parapet along which they may go to other houses, if they can get out of the windows. Alas! the females are paralyzed with fear; the children are clinging to them, and no one is near to assist them; their case seems totally hopeless. Dreadful! dreadful!—they must perish in the flames. Who are the men who have planted that ladder-like pole against the house? One is mounting on high; he has entered the attic window; with a firm heart and a ready hand he places the children, one by one, in the large basket which has been pulled up to the top of the pole. The children are safe on the ground. Again the basket mounts, and again it descends, freighted with the helpless women. Last of all comes down the brave man, who has, under Providence, rescued them from destruction. Think not that this picture is fanciful, it is fearfully

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correct: and now, can you feel any other sentiment than respect for those, whose benevolent inventions are thus made instrumental in rescuing human beings from destruction? So long as the Royal Adelaide Gallery presents models that have for their object the preservation of human life, so long will it promote in the public mind the desire to be useful in seasons of distress, thereby befriending the community at large.

Who, without strong emotion, can read of the horrifying circumstance at Hatfield House, of a nobleman with his attendants being driven back by smoke from the dressing-room where his own mother was, in all probability, at that moment in flames; and who would not have rejoiced, if some one with knowledge and presence of mind suited to the emergency, had snatched the ill-fated marchioness from the destructive conflagration that so awfully consumed her? It is asserted in the "Medical Gazette," that any one, by applying a wet cloth or handkerchief to his mouth, may fearlessly enter the densest smoke that fire can create, especially if he enter on his hands and knees. Reflect a moment on this simple and secure means of entering the several rooms of a house on fire. It is too late to apply any remedy to the calamity already alluded to; but He only who knows all things, can tell how soon we may be placed in a like extremity. Let us resolve, with God's blessing, to increase our limited knowledge, and to tax

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our noblest energies, if ever called upon to act in such trying circumstances. With a wet napkin round his mouth and nostrils, and a cord tied round his waist, a man of self-possession and energy might fearlessly enter a smoking apartment, and probably rescue a fellow creature from destruction. Even in the event of being overcome by the smoke, the cord would enable the attendants to draw him out from the surrounding danger. There is something spirit-stirring, something glorious, in the very attempt to rescue a fellow being from inevitable death; but without knowledge and self-possession, the most resolute philanthropy may become as impotent as childhood. It is said, that about ten years ago, a poor miner, of the name of Roberts, invented a head-covering, with glass eyes, and a tubular mouth-piece, which enabled him to resist even the most suffocating vapours of sulphur for half an hour, shut up in a chamber, where, without this covering, he could not have survived a minute. It is to be hoped that this invention will no longer be allowed to slumber in forgetfulness, or, that it will be superseded by one still more serviceable.

The model of a *diving-bell* is worthy of much attention. By this useful machine the foundations of bridges and lighthouses have been constructed with increased security, and property to a great extent has been recovered from vessels sunk in deep waters. What power has the Giver of all

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good bestowed upon man! Assisted by science, he is propelled rapidly along the land, and the winds of heaven waft him across the mighty deep: he mounts into the air higher than the soaring eagle, and descends to the bottom of the sea.

Here are a cluster of useful inventions:—the *water-filterer*, rendering drinkable that which, without it, would be comparatively useless—the *safety-rein*, to curb the unruly steed, when he breaks away with his rider—the *stomach-pump*, to remove poison or any other injurious liquid from the stomach; this machine has saved many lives, and its inventor must be classed among those who have greatly benefited mankind:—the *apparatus for giving notice when a ship drags her anchor*, an invention which may be useful to mariners—the *safety-lamp*, to protect the miner in his dangerous employment from the sudden explosion of foul air. At these, and a hundred other useful inventions, we must snatch a hurried glance, for time wears away. You must come again and again, and, even then, you will have much to see.

Do you hear! Notice is given that the *grand oxyhydrogen microscope* is about to be exhibited. Let us hasten forward, for crowds are pressing on before.

I am afraid—but in this I may be wrong—that there are but few among the many who visit this place, who put up even an ejaculatory prayer, that the varied stores of knowledge here exhibited

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may be blessed to them with a holy influence, rendering them more useful in their generation on earth, and more devoted to their Almighty Father who is in heaven!

We gaze on the wonders of creation till they become common-place in our regard. The all-glorious sun, a million times the size of the world we inhabit, may rise in splendour, inscribing the power of his Almighty Maker in characters of flame upon the earth and skies, and set in insufferable brightness and glory, while we scarcely make a pause to wonder and admire. No marvel, then, that the wonder with which we at first regard the exhibition of the grand microscope should gradually subside. Thoroughly to enjoy this spectacle, we must either experience ourselves, or witness in others, the fresh feelings and emotions of those who have never before attended an exhibition of the kind. An involuntary burst of astonishment usually escapes the lips of children or strangers, on witnessing even the lowest power of the microscope. The spectator there sees, demonstrated before him, that it is not in the "cedar of Lebanon" only, but in the "hyssop that springeth out of the wall"—not in the majestic oak alone, but in the lowly lichen, that the power and wisdom of God are manifested. We have all been accustomed to acknowledge the wonder-working hand of the Creator of all things, in the huge leviathan, the half-reasoning elephant,

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and the monarch of the beasts; but we are here compelled to acknowledge that the same Almighty attributes are necessary to form the wing of the moth, the larva of the gnat, and the scarcely visible animalcule that escapes the vision of the common observer.

The amazing powers of the microscope open up a page in the economy of nature, absolutely astounding to those whose minds have not before been drawn to the wonders of the animal and vegetable world exhibited before them. A sprig of moss becomes a tree; and the structure, habits, appetites, passions, and sports of the insect world are openly revealed. When a thread becomes a cord, when the finest cambric is represented as coarser than the coarsest canvass, it exposes the imperfection of human ingenuity, and reproves the pride of the wearer of fine clothes. When the minutest worm of the waters is extended to the size of the boa constrictor, and the common flea more than rivals the mammoth in magnitude, we see that they are formed with as much care, and furnished with organs as well adapted to their state, as larger animals. The sting of the bee, and the mandibles of the spider and water-tiger, appear formidable as the tusks of the wild boar, the jaw of the lion, and the horn of the rhinoceros.

The lecturer is at the *magnet*, we must go there. Wonderful! The soft iron, so long as the two

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wires remain in the liquid employed, becomes a powerful magnet by the galvanic fluid which passes through it, and sustains a weight of between four and five hundred pounds. When the wires are lifted out of the liquid, the iron loses its magnetic power, and the weight falls.

These things are, indeed, calculated to amaze us; and a little progress in practical science may do us good, especially if, at the same time that we attain it, we are anxious rightly to direct it. The glory of God, and the good of those around us are exalted objects.

Will you be electrified? The shock given from the two basins of water is very slight, but that from the pieces of metal is tolerably sharp. It tries, not only the strength of the nerves, but the degree of our moral courage and endurance; for some of athletic proportion writhe under its influence, while feebler frames, in many instances, stand firm. I saw one of the Society of Friends, the other day, enduring its power without altering a muscle in his face.

Though we may not understand magnetism, galvanism, and electricity, yet if we are here taught how little we know, our visit to the Gallery will not be in vain. While the assembled visitors admire in mute astonishment, or express their surprise in short ejaculations, the Christian spectator is ready to lay his hand upon his mouth, under a feeling persuasion of his utter nothing-

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ness in the vast creation, and to say, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Psa. viii. 4.

The *tapestry*, the *paintings*, the *musical instruments*, the *casts*, the *carvings*, and the *mosaic tables*, will abundantly recompense you for the trouble of coming again; the *printing* and *weaving* should be dwelt upon; the *microscopes*, *kaleidoscopes*, *prisms*, the curious pieces of *mechanism*, and unnumbered *curiosities*, will amuse you: the *chemical lecture* must not be lost. The *Daguerreotype* and *electrotype portraits* must be inspected with care, and then you will have a rich treat in the exhibition of paintings called the *Kalorama*. These paintings are in the new relievo style, and their effect is excellent. In the lectures you will learn something to raise your admiration of Him, of whose creation we know so little. After all that science can unfold, how ignorant we are of our Almighty Creator and Redeemer! infinitely wise, and strong, and good, and holy! "Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" We must now leave unnoticed, and indeed unseen, many excellent inventions, that do credit to the minds that gave them birth; but let us not forget the few that we have inspected.

Many may regard the Royal Adelaide Gallery as an idle lounge, or, at best, but a place of brief

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amusement; but this is not doing it justice. It should be regarded as an exhibition of what the human mind has undertaken and achieved to remove difficulty, to avert danger, to increase information, to extend comfort, and generally to benefit mankind. Every visit we pay to it ought not only to render us more capable, but more desirous also, of doing good to all around us. When knowledge and benevolence go hand in hand in temporal things, they mutually assist each other; but when, under Divine direction, they unite their efforts to further the temporal and spiritual welfare of the world, they take a higher range, and a holy influence crowns them with success.

* * * * *

This ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, like that of the Royal Adelaide Gallery, is established for the advancement of the arts and practical science, especially in connexion with agriculture, mining, machinery, and manufactures: so, of necessity, the two institutions partake of the same character.

While I am gazing from the balcony, the Great Hall appears to be crowded with company of all ages. The bright and eager eye of youth, the sobered mien of maturity, and the yet more grave and reflecting countenance of age, may be seen at a glance, and many a parent feels himself puzzled to answer the questions of his children. Mammas

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hardly dare open their mouths, and papas, with all their home-knowledge, find it no easy matter to keep up a character for wisdom, when surrounded with scientific instruments and intricate machinery. "Well, we must go on, or we shall not see half the things which are to be seen"—"Ask me when we are at home"—and, "I have not time to explain it to you now," are all the replies that many a curious, eager-eyed urchin can get in return for his incessant questionings.

We have here, as at the Royal Adelaide Gallery, models and machinery of all kinds; experiments are made and lectures given on interesting subjects, so that whatever may be the object or taste of the visitor, he may gratify his curiosity, and extend his knowledge.

A foreign stranger, a Wallachian, has joined me. You may fancy him going down in the diving-bell with Old Humphrey: but I will describe the scene.

The Wallachian, myself, a lady, and a young man, mounted the steps, and crept as well as we could into the bell, and took our seats: we were then hoisted up over the huge well of water, and soon began to descend, the face of the young man as colourless as though he were about to undergo an execution. The Wallachian was all animation, but the young man was all fearfulness, almost amounting to terror.

On one side of the bell was a knocker, with an

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inscription directing us to rap, if we wished to ascend. "Shall I knock?" said the young man in great trepidation, before we had descended many feet: but I asked him what he wanted to knock for; and if he had left anything behind him. In a few more seconds, "Shall I knock now?" cried out the young man in an agony; but I told him that he must not on any account knock till we had reached the bottom. It was however all in vain, for young Faint-heart could not contain himself; so laying hold of the knocker, he rapped most lustily, and up we came, to the great mortification of the Wallachian and myself, and to the evident relief and joy of our timorous companion.

* * * * * *

Well, I have passed three hours in a very pleasurable way—steam-engines, printing presses, microscopes, magnets, orreries, machinery, paintings, Daguerreotype pictures, and scientific apparatus, of all kinds, have been inspected, lectures listened to, and some attention paid to the manners of the ever-varying company that throng the place; and now, with my catalogue in my hand, before I quit the place, I will just take a glance at such things in the exhibition as a stranger will do well to regard. Though his taste and mine may not altogether agree, yet still my homely remarks may be useful.

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Hear what lectures you can, whether on the steam-engine, natural philosophy, chemistry, aërostation, or the chemical, Daguerreotype, and electrotype arts; and be sure to see the oxyhydrogen microscope and dissolving views, not forgetting afterwards to reflect on what you have heard and seen.

Have an eye to the process of coining, to the opaque microscope, and to the dock-yard scene attached to the canals in the great hall: go down in the diving-bell, if you are curious in such matters, and not fearful. Pass not by without a pause at that model of the Undercliff of the Isle of Wight. Look at the paintings on glass copied from Martin's celebrated pictures; and as the porphyry table is valued at three thousand pounds, and the porcelain table cost Napoleon Buonaparte twelve thousand, you will hardly expect to find them unworthy of your attention.

In the hall of manufactures there are lathes, braiding and twisting machines, power-loom and warping mills, and a copper-plate printing press at work. See them all.

In the gallery of the great hall you will find many things to engage your attention. That Coorg knife and Hindoostanee dagger are ugly weapons: they remind me of a dagger of the king of Lattakoo, once showed to me, which was said to have shed the heart's blood of not less than three of his wives. Oh that mankind

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would destroy their weapons of cruelty, and dwell together in affection!

The card model of the Thames Tunnel, the shirt made in the Philippine islands from the abacas palm-tree, the granite idol from St. Domingo, the agricultural implements, Crosley's pneumatic telegraph, the photogenic drawing, the hydrostatic bed, the flying windmill, specimens of cloth four thousand years old, a Guiana wasps' nest, and the geological specimens, must not be neglected: but these are but a very few of the very many things of a curious kind that are here collected together. "The powers of galvanism, the properties of electricity, the mysteries of chemistry, the laws of mechanics, the theory of light, the developments of the microscope, and the wonders of optics, are made palpable by exhibition," and deeply impress the mind and memory.

The great hall abounds with articles of interest, to which additions are continually being made; fire alarums; fire escapes; stomach pumps; diving bell; diving dress and helmet; skulls of the elephant, hippopotamus, tiger, alligator, walrus, and wild boar; acoustic chair; water elevator; with specimens, maps, and models of all kinds:—but I might go on for an hour, and still have enough to describe. When you have leisure, go to the Royal Adelaide Gallery and the Royal Polytechnic Institution: keep your

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eyes and your ears open, and afterwards reflect on what has been submitted to your attention, and you will have reason to be grateful for the knowledge and ingenuity which the Father of mercies has delegated to mankind.

Well would it be if we were more ready than we are to remember and acknowledge that every faculty of our bodies and souls is the gift of God, instead of extolling our own acquirements and boasting of our own attainments! What are we, and what are our doings, compared with the High and Lofty One, and the mighty works he has performed! Our riches, on such a comparison, are but poverty; our knowledge, ignorance; and our wisdom, folly. Let us offer to God thanksgiving; "for of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever," Rom. xi. 36.

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It is said, that "a man may be known by the company he keeps," and it might be added, by the places he frequents, also; but though this latter observation may be generally correct, it is scarcely applicable to the frequenters of Westminster Abbey.

The portals of this far-famed cathedral are entered by persons of opposite characters; the rich and the poor go there, the gay and the grave, the learned and the ignorant, the infidel and the lowly believer in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Here, on the sunshiny days of summer, come people from the country, who, having visited London to see what is wonderful, naturally enough come to Westminster Abbey. It is near the parliament houses; it is a grand building; everybody goes there; and they must give an account, when they return, to those who have never wandered so far from home as London's "faire citie."

These are all valid and substantial reasons why the Abbey should be visited. They gaze around with holiday feelings; listen with good-humoured

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wonderment to the marvellous description of the attendant who describes the place, and quit the venerable pile in quest of another London "lion."

> In blithesome mood they visit every spot,
> The royal palace, and the Switzer cot;
> Enjoy with equal gust the glare and gloom,
> The mirthful party and the mournful tomb.

Now and then drops in the country manufacturer, to pass away the half-hour he has to spare, before he keeps his appointment with some tradesman in the neighbourhood. He enters with an impatient air; he regards with a hasty glance the monuments of the dead; his watch is frequently consulted; time flies apace, and "business must be attended to." He cuts a visit short that is a mere parenthesis in the page of his daily pursuits, and hurries off to receive the ready-drawn bill, and take the expected order.

Then comes the soldier, who has long been taught to think that bravery is the highest virtue, and that the effigied warriors, famous for the destruction wrought by them, have the fairest claim to an earthly immortality of renown: his bosom rises high at the sculptured implements of contention, the neighing war-horse, and the wreath of victory on the brow of the dying chieftain. Such would he be, and such the hatchment that he would desire to be erected over his mouldering bones. Oh that the sons of violence were seekers after

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peace, even that peace that passeth all understanding!

The learned student, deciphering the time-worn inscriptions; the antiquary, honouring the very dust that covers the mouldering memorials of departed greatness; the man of taste, enthusiastically attached to all that is excellent in human effort; and the poet, with a mind rich in the knowledge of the impressive past, and the high-wrought creations of his imagination — these wander from one marble group to another, ardently gazing on them all; and Roubiliac, and Bacon, and Flaxman, and Nollekens, and Chantrey, and Westmacott, by turns, call forth their admiration.

Men from distant parts, and of varied languages; females in fashionable attire; and London parties, of both sexes, are frequently seen walking amid the long-drawn aisles, while one amongst the rest, gifted with speech, runs over a few celebrated names; praises the "pure gothic" of the place; and repeats a verse of Gray's elegy, which, though written in a country churchyard, is equally applicable to the ornamented abbey of a crowded city:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Think not that I speak in derision, or censure,

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in thus glancing at the peculiarities of those who enter the Abbey of Westminster.

While noting down these reflections, I am standing among the living and the dead, and solemn feelings are gathering within me. The armed knight lying supine upon his tomb, his gauntleted hands raised in supplication; the pendant banners, once floating in the stormy blast of battle, but now hanging motionless; the piles of sculptured marble, commemorating the achievements of the illustrious dead; and the arresting inscriptions that point to the mortal dust mouldering beneath them—all speak the same impressive language, "Prepare to meet thy God." The pageantry of these costly monuments, however highly estimated, will soon pass away.

"These little things are great to little men;"

but how pitifully poor, how unspeakably insignificant must they be in the sight of the High and Holy One, who sitteth on the throne of heaven! The polished marble, and gilded inscription, may be well-pleasing in the eyes of human beings; but "the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise," Psalm li. 17.

Imagine not, because I thus speak, that I undervalue, or affect to feel but little interest in works of art and human ingenuity: on the contrary, I

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am thrillingly alive to their magic influence, and have been gazing on some of these "breathing statues" with enthusiastic admiration. It is only to mark the distinction between what is acceptable to God and man, that I thus speak. Let us not regard those things which call forth the praise of man, as necessarily receiving the approbation of God. There is a greater glory resting round the lowliest turf, that covers the humblest disciple of the Redeemer, than that which gilds the hatchment of an ungodly hero, or the mausoleum of an unbelieving monarch.

It would be well if the country visitor and the soldier; the learned man, the antiquarian, and the gifted bard; the young and old; the citizen, and the stranger from a foreign clime, on visiting Westminster Abbey, would apply the often-quoted, but heart-searching inquiry:—

> "Can storied urn or animated bust
> Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
> Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
> Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?"

For if these things cannot prolong, for a moment, the life that now is, they will have no influence on that which is to come.

Few persons, of any reflection, can visit Westminster Abbey without admiration of the exquisite specimens of human art and ingenuity that decorate the place—without feeling a reverence for the

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resting-places of so many illustrious dead, and a conviction of the transitory tenure of earthly greatness; while the Christian visitant, in addition to these, carries his solicitude into an eternal world, and sighs while he thinks of many of those who have obtained earthly renown.

Though the grave is a more fit place for the language of humiliation than of praise, yet it does not appear unseemly to commemorate on the tomb whatever has been done by the sleeping inhabitant below for God's glory, or man's good. When the sculptor's chisel and the poet's pen are employed to make us love what is truly lovely, and reverence what is worthy of our best regard, according to the Scripture standard, they serve the cause of virtue; it is only when they pander to vice, and offer homage to the unworthy, that they call for reproof.

> When sculptured monuments, adorn'd with rhymes,
> Perpetuate worthless names, and varnish crimes,
> We blush that lagging time should move so slow
> To rend their records, and to lay them low:
> But when the sepulchre, of age or youth,
> Commends the man of virtue, kindness, truth,
> We gladly gaze, and heave an honest sigh
> That marble is not immortality.

The fables of monkish writers respecting the Abbey are better passed unheeded. Enough that Segbert the Saxon is the supposed founder of the first building, in the sixth century; that

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Edward the Confessor cleared away its ruins and erected a more spacious edifice; that Henry III. contributed to its execution; and that Henry VII. erected the splendid chapel which bears his name. It was thoroughly repaired and decorated by Sir Christopher Wren, the celebrated architect of St. Paul's; and a new choir by Keen, and an altar by Wyatt, have been added.

The portico, called "beautiful," or "Solomon's gate," leading into the north Cross, and the elaborately decorated east end of the Abbey, seen from the public street, are beyond all praise in point of workmanship.

I have been standing at the western door between the towers, to take a general view of the interior: and the great extent, the stately pillars, the lofty roof, the galleries of double columns, the monuments, and the fine stained glass in the north and the great west windows, all have contributed to excite pleasing astonishment and admiration.

I am now standing in that wonder of the world, the chapel of Henry VII., where, what before appeared surpassing, is surpassed. The brazen gates, the elevated ceiling, wrought with wondrous skill and surprising variety, the double range of windows, the brown-wainscoted stalls, with their beautifully carved gothic canopies; the brass chapel and tomb of the founder, the pavement of black and white marble; these, and the

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motionless banners of the chieftains, blazoned with illustrious names well known to victory and fame, are all striking in the extreme. Here the mouldering tenants of the tomb are all of "royal blood;" some connexion with royalty being indispensably necessary to secure a resting-place in this peculiar spot.

The ten chapels which are encompassed by the Abbey walls, all contain something which the lover of sculpture must admire. Now and then a solemn epitaph strikes the eye and the heart of the beholder, while not a few marble slabs offer up their unseemly incense of worthless flattery. Many of those who moulder here conquered others, but could not control themselves—were wise as to this world, but foolish as to the world to come—and knew many things, without knowing Him whom to know is eternal life.

Monarchs, statesmen, judges, generals, admirals, poets, painters, and musicians, occupy their several spots of earth: death has assigned them all a dwelling-place.

Here lies the "chief lady of the bed-chamber;" there the "greatest heiress in England;" and yonder, the "master of his majesty's buck-hounds."

Here is a monument that demands a pause, for beneath it reposes the mortal part of Matilda, wife of Henry IV., who, every day of Lent, walked barefoot from her palace to the church, wearing a

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garment of hair, washing and kissing the feet of the poorest people, and giving them alms! Such a one must have been very humble, or very ostentatious; let us hope the former.

The conductor has hastened onwards with a group of visitants, leaving me alone. I have written with my finger on the dust of a monarch's tomb, "Sown in corruption." This is a fit place for reflection. Here kings are crowned, and here they lie down in the grave, making corruption their father, and the worm their mother and their sister, Job xvii. 14. Here they obtain their highest honours, and here they sink to the level of the lowliest of their subjects.

There are some monuments among the many that throng this princely pile, this palace of Death, that usually attract the especial notice of the visitor. The magnificent one of John, duke of Newcastle, is a gorgeous assemblage of massive marble, that excites more surprise than it communicates pleasure.

The lofty memorial raised to the memory of John, duke of Argyle and Greenwich, is very costly, as well as those which commemorate the great Earl of Chatham, and General Wolfe.

The marble representation of the murder of Thomas Thynne, as he drove along in his carriage, arrests the eye of the stranger, as well as that of the right honourable Spencer Percival,

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shot by Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons.

The tomb of General George Wade, whereon Fame is sculptured in the act of pushing back Time, who is hastening forward to pull down a pillar inscribed with military trophies, is finely executed; but in a Christian temple we would rather wish to see the records of peace and benevolence, than those of war.

No monuments, perhaps, secure a greater share of public attention than two executed by Roubiliac: the first, erected to the memory of Lieutenant-general William Hargrave; and the second, which commemorates Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale, Esq., and his lady. In the former one, there is a contest between Death and Time, admirably set forth; and in the latter, Death, issuing from the tomb to smite the female figure above him, is almost inimitable.

The fine full-length figure of the right honourable George Canning, lately erected, cannot be passed by without admiration.

The reflective visitant of the Abbey will pause, as he stands on the pavement before the monuments of Lords Robert Manners and Chatham; for beneath his feet lies the mouldering earth of the rival statesmen, William Pitt and Charles James Fox. The flashing eye has lost its lustre: the throbbing pulse, the beating heart, the eloquent tongue, are

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still, and the voice of contention is no more heard.

> ——"Taming thought to human pride!
> The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
> Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
> 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
> O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
> And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
> The solemn echo seems to cry,
> 'Here let their discords with them die.'"

Nor will the small white marble monument of the pious Dr. Watts be passed without emotion. The charitable Jonas Hanway, the philanthropic Granville Sharp, and the learned Sir Isaac Newton, will, in turn, demand and receive the homage of an affectionate remembrance, far more than the generals and courtiers who are interred here.

Poet's Corner and its immediate neighbourhood have a constellation of names known to the lettered page. Would that some, ay, many of them, had sung less in praise of mortal creatures, and more to the glory of the Redeemer! The monuments of Chaucer, Spenser, Prior, and Camden; Butler, Milton, and Dryden; Addison, Pope, Gay, Thomson, Goldsmith, and other writers, are gazed on by all. Here are monuments, too, inscribed to Shakspeare and Garrick. With death and eternity before us, how dim appear some of our brightest earthly stars, and what clouds and darkness surround them! How little do the talented of the earth seek the glory of the Lord of heaven! The inscription on one of these tombs,

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"Life's a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it,"

has led to the very suitable reflection :—

"Life is a solemn scene; this Gay now knows;
Big with eternal joys, or endless woes."

But the doors of the Abbey are about to be closed, and I must leave this dormitory of the dead.

Dear as earthly glory may have been to them in days that are past, how gladly would the shrouded inhabitants, the mouldering tenants of the tombs, now exchange their proudest monuments for a place among the just!

On many occasions have I been present when the dust of those of high renown has been here committed to the grave—when the lifeless clay of Canning was sepultured, I was here—when, borne on the bier, the remains of Wilberforce were carried to the silent tomb, I was here—and when the pallid corpse of the Poet Campbell was laid in the narrow house, I was here. Statesmen, Philanthropists, and Poets must all pass through the portals of the grave; death is dealing around his unerring darts! Time is hastening along with the stride of a giant, and soon must "all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ."

"Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

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"Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!

"Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God!"

There is a soul-searching question applicable to each of the illustrious dead that sleep in "dull cold marble;"—not, "Did he command the applause of listening senates, or achieve a victory on the battle-field?" but, "Did he die the death of the righteous, and was his last end like unto his?"—not, "Is his name graven on marble, or printed in letters of gold?" but, "Does it appear among the names of those who died in Christ; and is it legibly written in the book of eternal life?"

He who can quit the Abbey of Westminster with a mind unsolemnized with considerations of life and death, time and eternity, has visited the place in vain. "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily, every man at his best state is altogether vanity," Psalm xxxix. 4, 5.

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THE MUSEUM AT THE INDIA HOUSE.

THE stranger, in visiting either the museum at the India House, or any other of the numerous exhibitions of London, will do well to remember that his gratification is almost as dependent on his own mood of mind as on the things presented to his observation. Go into the country on a wet and dabbling day; and, though the cottage near the coppice be newly whitewashed, and the vine clinging around its walls burdened with grapes; though the river pursue its meandering course, and the trees be clad with verdure, yet will you not feel disposed to regard the scene with pleasure. But when the sun is in the sky, you look on the same scene with gladness: the cottage, the trees, and the meandering river, are all regarded with enthusiastic delight. In like manner, a moody disposition renders every thing uninteresting, while a sunny mind gilds all on which it gazes. Oh for a more lively and enduring sense of God's goodness, that the sunshine of our hearts may be always visible!

Whatever be the spectacle that is exhibited, serious associations will ever, more or less,

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present themselves to a serious observer. It is almost impossible for one who regards this life, lighted up as it may be with all the fairy lamps of varied enjoyments, as the mere vestibule of another—it is almost impossible for him to gaze on interesting objects, without regarding them in connexion with their influence on the eternal interests of man. He will admire with others the binding, the type, and the illustrations of a beautiful book; or the stately spire of a village church; and he will listen to a choir of melodious voices with delight; but something beyond this will be pressing on his thoughts: the volume will remind him of the book of life; the spire will lead him to the skies, to which it points; and while his ears drink in the sounds of earthly melody, he will associate them with the sweeter strains of heavenly harmony:

"To him, the sun and stars on high,
The flowers that paint the field,
And all the artless birds that fly,
Divine instruction yield.

"The creatures on his senses press,
As witnesses to prove
His Maker's power and faithfulness,
His providence and love.

"Thus may we study nature's book,
To make us wise indeed!
And pray for those who only look
At what they cannot read."

I have stood in front of the India House to

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admire its handsome Ionic portico, and to gaze on the emblematic group of figures above, wherein George III., Britannia, and Liberty, Mercury, Navigation, and the Tritons, Commerce, Order, and Religion, Justice, Integrity, and Industry, are assembled. The "noble Thames," first of British rivers, is portrayed on one side, and the "sacred Ganges" on the other; while Britannia occupies the most elevated part of the building, with Europe and Asia somewhat below. These things are disregarded by the good people of London; the stranger alone is seen to gaze upon them: and he, after an unsuccessful attempt to decipher the symbolic group, hastens across the street, to mount the steps, and to enter the portico.

The East India Company is powerful. The words must have been a stumbling-block to many a rich, worldly-minded nabob: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," Matt. xix. 24.

I have walked through the court and court-room, the new sale-room, and other apartments, as well as the varied offices of this extended edifice, and am now in the museum. I long for the luxury of a printed catalogue; but no such thing is to be obtained.

The practice of hurrying the spectator from one thing to another as fast as the names of them can be run over, is very unpleasant, and

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yet it is altogether unavoidable so far as the attendant is concerned. The only comfortable way of proceeding is, to dispense with the attendance of the conductor; to wander where you like, and linger where you will. Most of the curiosities here are labelled, therefore this plan is attended with little inconvenience.

Who, in a flower-garden, would go round every bed in regular succession? Why, it would take away the better half of the gratification. Sweeter far is it to roam and to revel at liberty; gazing on the gaudy tulip, the stately hollyhock, and the blushing rose; and inhaling the grateful perfume of the honey-suckle, the sweet-brier, and the violet, without restriction. It is the same in a museum as in a garden, liberty is sweet; and, therefore, I will find my way on the present occasion, taking the path that seems for the moment the most attractive.

But, first, let me ask what has given birth to this museum? The time is not distant when Britain had no possession in India; and now, wonderful to tell, a company of British merchants bear rule, either directly or by the influence of their allies, over a million square miles of territory, and more than a hundred millions of people. They have stretched the strong arm of power over a country seven or eight thousand miles distant from their own, and subjected the inhabitants to their control. The museum principally

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contains curiosities from this far distant land; natural and artificial productions, mingled with the spoils of warfare.

Here is the squatting, cross-legged Budha Gaudama, the object of worship with the Budhic sects of India; and here are a score or two of household gods, as hideous as heathen hands could make them; and these miserable stocks and stones have received that adoration which is due to God alone. What is man without a knowledge of God? Yea, what is he, even with that knowledge, unless restrained by Divine grace? While the heathen holds an idol in his hand, we may have one in our hearts. We may not bow down to the Indian Apollo, Krishna, nor mingle in the sanguinary rites of the infernal Kali. The obscenities of Seva and Mahadeva may be unknown to us, and the bacchanalian orgies required by the goddess Doorga may be unacknowledged and unpractised; but the leprosy of sin has spread among us, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, and the purifying waters of the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness can alone make us whole.

The capture of Seringapatam, the capital of the Mysore country, was an event of great importance to the India Company, and every relic which has been obtained of Tippoo Saib, the cruel tyrant who reigned there, is preserved with great care. There are many of his silken banners, decorated

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with the blazing sun, rent by the ravages of war; his helmet, his mantle, his armour, and the foot of his throne, as well as his waistcoat, a handkerchief, and a fragment of the slab of stone upon which he was wont to kneel in offering up his adorations. His helmet is made of cork, covered with silk; his mantle bears an inscription in Persian, setting forth that it had been dipped in the holy well at Mecca, and rendered invulnerable. Desperate was the attack made on Seringapatam by the British and Native troops, and desperate the defence of Tippoo, his guards, and his tiger grenadiers: had not a stray shot severed the chain of the draw-bridge, the siege might have been prolonged. Tippoo had French engineers; he fought bravely, and his body was found under an archway, covered with slain.

This musical tiger is a proof of the tyrant's ferocity. It was a favourite pastime with Tippoo to turn round the handle of this machine, that the tiger might spring on the prostrate soldier, as if to tear out his heart; the piteous moans of the soldier, and the yell of the tiger, were sweet music to him. The machine or organ—for such it may be called—is getting much out of repair, and does not, altogether, realize the expectation of the visitor.

I have been looking at the ship made of cloves, the spinning-wheel used by the ladies of Cashmere, and the Chinese tomb-stones; each has an

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interest of its own. The day may yet arrive, when the walls of ignorance and superstition that gird the cities of China shall fall flat before the ram's-horn blast of the gospel of peace, and Chinese tomb-stones bear the Christian inscription, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

The paintings, up above there, are not likely to be taken for Claude Lorraine's; and yet, as Chinese pictures, they are not without interest. They represent events that correspond with the different seasons. The feast of lanterns, in spring; the Chinese wedding, in summer; the funeral, in autumn; and the mandarin hall of audience, in winter. Some visitors seem much taken with these paintings, while others pass them by as things of no consequence.

The dagger with the inlaid hilt, the sword of a Gorkha chief, and the khookri, or pioneer's knife, remind one of desperate deeds, when the cold steel and the heart's warm blood hold fearful communion. The sight of them conjures up scenes of oriental contention; and the fierce attack, the death grapple, and the last gasp of the expiring combatant, succeed each other.

Those who have recently witnessed the splendid collection of classified birds in the British Museum, will perhaps think that these cases of Bombay and Java birds have but a sombre appearance; but the true lover of natural objects,

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under all circumstances, will admire the varied form and plumage of the feathered race. The animals, the birds, and the butterflies of the museum, will not be disregarded. What a sweet and encouraging thought is that of the poet respecting birds of passage, when applied to the weakest believer in the gospel of Jesus Christ!

> "Birds, through the waste of the trackless air,
> *Ye* have a guide, and shall *we* despair?
> *Ye* over desert and deep have pass'd,
> So shall *we* reach our bright home at last."

With what force must the sword-fish have darted forward through the briny deep to pierce the ship's timber to this extent! Whatever was the cause of quarrel, the finny combatant had cause to rue its displeasure. The loss of its formidable weapon must have been irreparable.

The antiquary will not pass by the handwriting of Oliver Cromwell unheeded; he will ponder, too, on the Chinese abacus, or counting board; and still longer will he linger over the Babylonish bricks, and the arrow-headed characters in stone, which have hitherto baffled the attainments of the linguist and the learned. No one has yet been able to decipher this ancient inscription.

These bricks and stones are from the banks of the Euphrates, and are relics of ancient Babylon, and some would fain regard them as portions of the Tower of Babel; but without investing them

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with so remote an antiquity, they take us back to the days when "Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, came unto Jerusalem, and besieged it;" when "Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand;" and when Daniel was "cast into the den of lions."

And am I in reality gazing on what was then in existence? Were these fragments of perishable earth coeval with great and mighty Babylon? Yet why should I gaze astonished at the lesser wonder, and remain unimpressed by the greater? The sun that is even now gilding the roof above me, the moon and stars that to-night will adorn the canopy of the skies, were in existence before Adam walked erect upon the earth, and ever since have they performed their daily and nightly courses, issuing through the boundless immensity the voiceless proclamation, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

"And what, in yonder realms above,
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be?
With honour, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorn'd than he.

"Nearest the throne, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujah's raise;
While wond'ring angels round him throng,
And swell the chorus of his praise."

The pillow used in the Friendly Isles is enough to put luxurious ease to the blush, while the Chinese rock-work in bronze-wood casts a spell

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over the curious visitor. These ivory temples, these mother-of-pearl and embossed-silver men, and trees, and birds, are beautifully executed, and the admirer of art will be in no haste to leave them.

These punkahs, or large fans, must be very useful in the sultry clime of Hindoostan. Their waving to and fro must give a breeze like that occasioned by a winnowing-machine; but we in England can hardly estimate their value. The cup of water that we throw away here, would be precious in the sandy desert of Africa; and the punkah, which in England is useless, is a necessary appendage in the bungalows of Bombay, Madras, and Bengal.

I have been looking at the head and tusks of an elephant, with the idols and warlike weapons in the adjoining room. The houdah and splendid canopy, richly overlaid with silver, are from the rajah of Bhurtpoor, and they conjure up imaginary scenes. Ghauts, jungles, and tiger hunts, elephants, rajahs, and rupees, are rising before me in strange confusion; painted budgerows are gliding on the river, ornamented palanquins are borne along its banks. Coolies, sepoys, Malays, and soldiers, are mingling with Hindoos, Parsees, and Turks, moonshees and merchants, dark Ethiopians and fair Europeans. Loosely flowing robes, turbans as white as snow, and fringed panjammahs; armlets, bangles, ear-rings, and nose-jewels, are seen in all directions; while, in the distance, pagodas, temples, and joss-houses, are diversified

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with mangoes, spreading bananas, and towering palms!

On entering the library, the large Chinese lanterns attract attention; but the place is full of interest to the oriental scholar, for a copy of every book which has been written relative to the laws and history of Asia is here deposited, whether its language be European or Asiatic.

In addition to these, a splendid collection of oriental manuscripts enriches the place; they are highly illuminated with vivid colours and burnished gold, while their mythological designs, and the silky paper on which they are written, add to the interest they excite.

Tippoo Saib's copy of the Koran is a curiosity, as well as the book of his dreams, written with his own hand, and accompanied with his own interpretations. The infatuated monarch dreamed, chiefly, of what was uppermost in his mind, the expulsion of the English from India. The dreamer and his dreams are come to nought.

Monarchs, like meaner men, can only live their little hour; for "all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field."

Hark! hark! a cry is gone abroad
From every peopled plain;
It sweeps along the sounding shore,
It murmurs from the main;
From every varied spot of earth,
Where human creatures be;
It echoes loudly through the land,
And spreads from sea to sea.

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From palace wall, and humble cot,
From town and village lone;
From every newly-open'd grave,
And every churchyard stone;
In every language under heaven
A voice repeats the cry,
"Thy days are number'd, mortal man;
And thou art born to die."

Of printed Chinese books there are hundreds of volumes before me; they have covers or cases of a blue colour, which fasten with a flap and button. How few of us who visit this place can decipher a single character! The Malayan manuscripts are formed of leaves of the palm-tree, and the characters are scratched on them with a pointed instrument.

Here are Batta and Siamese manuscripts, and Birman in the Sali character, which is considered by the natives to be sacred; warlike weapons and musical instruments, used by the Battas, are abundant; and carved combs, with very long teeth, and Indian dresses, and shirts of gold and silver chain, and work-boxes, and costly books of Indian scenery.

This library is an excellent room to make one humble; and many a proud scholar has no doubt left it with a lowlier estimate of his own attainments. Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew, cannot be brought to bear on the bewildering characters of Malay, Batta, and Chinese, Persian, Bengalee, and Hindoostanee manuscripts; but the schoolmaster and the missionary are abroad, and in various

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oriental languages are now made known to eastern lands the unsearchable riches of the gospel of peace.

Great conquests have attached to them great responsibilities. May that influential Company to whom I am indebted for the gratification of the passing hour, be impressed with this serious conviction, and regard the hundred millions of human beings under their control, not only as creatures of time, but as heirs of eternity.

Thus have I wandered through this varied museum without a guide, passing by much more than I have noted down; but even now, before my departure, let me take another peep at the skull of the Batta chief.

Stern chieftain! what avail thy victories and thy renown? Far from the land of thy birth, over the wide world of waters, hast thou been borne, to be made a spectacle to strangers. So much for thy prowess and thy nobility. Yet even here thy influence may be rather increased than diminished.

Grim monitor of dissolution, thou preachest solemn truths, and seemest to say, "If death affright thee, learn to look beyond it." Though thou speakest not, there is language in thy looks, and thus will I translate it:

> "Trust not thy hopes, though fair and free,
> That merely for a moment shine.
> But rather ask what they will be
> When thy poor head resembles mine."

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THE COLOSSEUM.

THE Colosseum is truly one of the "lions" of London, and few strangers visit the metropolis with the intention of seeing the wonders of the place, without entering the gates of the Regent's Park, looking with surprise on the colossal dome before them, mounting by the stair-case, or ascending-room, to the grand painting it contains, and gazing with wonder and admiration on the panoramic view of the capital of England. Often and often, have I been here before with city friends or country cousins; and now I am here again. Carriages are standing opposite the gate; the sun is at its greatest height in the clear blue sky; and visitors of both sexes, and of all ages, are passing onwards to see the Colosseum.

It has been said, with some truth, that of all the panoramic pictures that ever were painted in the world, of the proudest cities formed and inhabited by the human race, the view of London, contained in the Colosseum, is the most pre-eminent, exhibiting, as it does, at one view, "to the eye and to the mind the dwellings of near a

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million and a half of human beings; a countless succession of churches, bridges, halls, theatres, and mansions; a forest of floating masts; and the manifold pursuits, occupations, and powers of its ever-active, ever-changing inhabitants."

This splendid picture, painted by Paris, from sketches taken by Horner, as he sat in a suspended house, or box, fixed for the purpose, above the highest cross of the Cathedral of St. Paul, is now before me, and the almost universal encomiums pronounced upon it have a tendency to repress that freedom of remark in which it is pleasurable to indulge. If I venture an observation, it will only be with the design of preventing disappointment in the mind of the spectator, whose high-wrought fancy, fed by intemperate descriptions, may have made him somewhat unreasonable in his expectations.

It should ever be borne in mind, that in works of art there are unavoidable difficulties in the way of affording a correct representation of persons and things. The most glorious statue that Phidias ever formed, has neither colour nor motion. Think of the arduous task of representing, by colourless and motionless marble, breathing beings who possess both motion and colour! To use an illustration sufficiently homely to be at once comprehended by those who have little taste for works of art, I would say, that we should hardly know the most intimate friend we have in the

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world, did he stand before us, arrayed in a surplice, with his face whitened.

Paintings, it is true, have colour; but the most glowing picture that was ever flung by a Rubens, or a Raphael, on his canvass, is on a flat surface. Think of the difficulty of representing the rotundity of the human figure, trees, and pillars, and the projection of capitals, cornices, and pediments, by a perfectly flat surface! Such considerations as these are calculated to prevent unreasonable expectations, and to qualify us for the more correct estimation of works of art. I have noticed visitors, who have evidently expected, when looking at this panorama, the water of the Thames to flow, the boats to move, the smoke from the chimneys to rise in the air, and the carriages, of different kinds, to rumble along the streets: that such persons should not find the panoramic painting of London realise their expectations, can be no matter of wonder.

The printed account of the picture sums up almost all its points in the following words:—"From a balustraded gallery, and with a projecting frame beneath it, in exact imitation of the outer dome of St. Paul's cathedral, the visitor is presented with a picture that cannot fail to create, at once, astonishment and delight; a scene which will inevitably perplex and confuse the eye and mind for some moments, but which, on further examination, will be easily understood. It

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presents such a pictorial history of London; such a faithful display of its myriads of public and private buildings; such an impression of the vastness, wealth, business, pleasure, commerce, and luxury of the English metropolis, as nothing else can effect. Histories, descriptions, maps, and prints, are all imperfect and defective, when compared to this immense panorama. They are scraps and mere touches of the pen and pencil: while this imparts, at a glance, at one view, a cyclopædia of information; a concentrated history; a focal topography of the largest and most influential city in the world. The immense area of surface which this picture occupies measures forty-six thousand square feet, or more than an acre in extent."

This is unquestionably a coloured account; but it may, I think, with truth be said, that almost all who visit the exhibition are greatly surprised, and abundantly gratified. There are now some twenty or thirty persons in the gallery: children are climbing up to peep over the rails. Ladies are looking through the perspective glasses, and gentlemen are pointing out such objects as engage their attention. One discovers Westminster Abbey, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens. Another finds out Primrose Hill, Chalk Farm, Highgate Archway, and Epping Forest: while a third turns towards the downward course of the river, the Docks, and Greenwich Hospital. Now and then

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a visitor traces his way to his own dwelling, and regards it with a look of surprise and pleasure, almost expecting to see some one step up and rap at the door.

The two turrets at the western-end of St. Paul's Cathedral attract the eyes of all; the boldness and freedom with which they are painted, produce an admirable effect; and scarcely is the stranger convinced that he is not gazing on a real and tangible pile of beautifully carved stone. The river and shipping are great attractions to the young; while the thoughtful eye of the more sedate and serious roams over the goodly towers and spires of the different churches, and other temples erected to the service of the Most High.

London is a highly-favoured city; for though ignorance and crime are far too prevalent among its numerous population, yet here is the gospel of peace faithfully proclaimed; and here thousands and tens of thousands find the sabbath to be, indeed, a day of rest. Wealth, and power, and reputation among the nations of the earth, are costly things; but they are mutable and perishable. The proudest and the costliest things of time are as dust compared with those of eternity. Thebes, and Nineveh, and Babylon had power, and wealth, and reputation; but their transgressions multiplied, and they were swept away from among the kingdoms of the world. The Almighty Ruler of the earth and skies spared them not.

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Take heed, highly-favoured city, lest he, also, spare not thee!

There is a youthful group about to ascend the galleries above, and as I am pleased to hear their childish questionings, and to witness their wonderment and delight, I will ascend with them. In this second gallery, and still more so in the one above, the spectator experiences a disappointment. Expecting to see more as he ascends higher, he is scarcely prepared to find his prospect bounded within apparently narrower limits than before. The lower gallery is unquestionably the best and the most agreeable of the three from which to witness the exhibition. One more glance at this shadowy resemblance of the first city, in the first country under heaven, and I take my leave. Ages have heaped together this pile of dwelling-places, temples, and marts of traffic. Again and again have their possessors been swept into eternity. The feeble have sunk into the tomb; and the great—where are they? Yet still undisturbed the game of life goes on, in thoughtless merriment:

> "Oh, what is human glory, human pride?
> What are man's triumphs, when they brightest seem?
> What art thou, mighty one! though deified?
> Methuselah's long pilgrimage a dream;
> Our age is but a shade, our life a tale,
> A vacant fancy, or a passing gale."

I have walked round the ball and cross—which

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originally stood on the top of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral—and am now on the roof of the building, with the park spread out before me. How grateful is the fresh air! how pleasant the sight of the green trees, and the clear blue heaven above me! The eye took in so many objects at once, in the painting below, that it now seems, by comparison, to have but little to gaze on. A peep at nature, however, is always refreshing.

Every time I visit this place, the park appears more lovely; the trees and shrubs, which have hitherto been of diminutive growth, begin now to put forth their strength and verdure. Were there but one tree in the world, we should be struck dumb with admiring wonder at its loveliness and beauty; but now, we pass by a wood without a thought—a forest, without a word in its praise!

If it appears a long way up these winding staircases when the visitor is impatient to behold the picture, no wonder that it should seem a long way down them when his desire has been gratified. The music of prattling tongues, and the footfall of childish feet, have preceded me from the very roof to the door of the ascending-room, on the ground-floor. Now for another scene!

On entering the saloon, I find public singers, of both sexes, accompanying with their voices the harmonious tones of a well-played pianoforte. The company are gathered around them; the ladies seated, and the gentlemen uncovered;

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while the vocal and instrumental strains are rising and falling; now filling the air with swelling cadence, and now dying away into fainter and sweeter sounds. I am stealing on tiptoe from one cast or sculptured statue to another:

> Apollo, Jupiter, and Juno strive
> To keep the fame of ancient Greece alive;
> Minerva spells me where I stand; and now
> I gaze delighted on a Dian's brow.

The gigantic figures of Moses, and Melpomene, with the head of Alexander; the cast of the Apollo Belvidere; the Discobolus, or quoit-player; the fall of Phaeton; Perseus and Andromeda, and the Dying Gladiator; are all well known to the lovers of sculpture.

The statue whence the head of Jupiter Olympus is taken was the great work of Phidias, and was esteemed as one of the seven wonders of the world. Though in a sitting posture, the figure of Jupiter was sixty feet high, composed of ivory, and adorned with precious stones.

The head of the dancing fawn is from a statue, a chef-d'œuvre of the chastest sculptor of Greece. Though there is some doubt whether the figure was executed by Praxiteles, there is none that the head and arms were restored by Michael Angelo. As there were giants in stature, in the ages of old, so there were giants in sculpture in the ancient days of Greece and Rome.

Among the relievos, I notice that of Sir

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William Jones, surrounded by the learned Pundits, who assisted him in his great undertaking of translating and forming the digest of the Hindoo and Mohammedan laws; Collins, the poet, contemplating the Bible; Mercy; and an angel presenting to view the word of God. There are also, among the figures, David, with the head of Goliath: "And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armour in his tent," 1 Sam. xvii. 54. The death of Abel: "And Cain talked with Abel his brother: and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him," Gen. iv. 8. And a monumental figure of Prayer: "Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice," Psa. cxli. 2.

There is a gallery of paintings here, in which are a few good pictures, and many that are curious; but it does not form a part of the Colosseum exhibition. I have walked through it alone, and am now on the lawn, on my way to the conservatory. The figure of Time, there, is in artificial stone, and the two dogs are bold representations of the celebrated dogs at the entrance of the public gallery at Florence.

I could linger in this conservatory for an hour. It somewhat reminds me of the huge glass erections in Loddige's garden at Hackney, in which

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is so fine a collection of palms, cocoa-nut, and other tropical trees, that a tiger, with a little brushwood, is only wanted to form a complete Indian scene. The trees and plants, here, flourish luxuriously, for the temperature of the several compartments of the conservatory is adapted to their several natures and qualities. The botanist will not hastily leave the place, finding, as he will, the finest specimens of various plants and trees; and the Christian spectator may be reminded that—

> Believing hearts are gardens too;
> For grace has sown its seeds,
> Where once, by nature, nothing grew
> But thorns and worthless weeds.

In opening the door which divides one part of the conservatory from the other, the visitor is suddenly confronted by an imposing figure close before him: this is no other than his own reflection mirrored in the glass door. The suddenness of this unlooked-for stranger occasions many to give an instantaneous start. Few of us are so well acquainted with our full-length figure, as instantly to recognise it when it unexpectedly appears before us.

I have not passed by the gold and silver fish in their miniature-sculptured pond, without a gaze; nor neglected the aviary, wherein is one garrulous bird, whose language, for the greater part, is unintelligible. The cage, here, is indeed a curiosity,

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for within its wiry precincts, rats and cats, guinea pigs, pigeons, and starlings, are congregated together in peace; the rats running underneath the soft furry bellies of the cats, to hide themselves from the light and from the gaze of the approaching spectator. There is, at this moment, a rat on one of the elevated bars, almost asleep; he nods and dozes, and dozes and nods, until his head hangs down many inches lower than the rest of his body. Half-a-dozen times has he saved himself just in time to prevent his tipping over. I have pointed him out to a few visitors, who are gazing on him with interest and wonder.

The lofty dome which is now above my head, glazed from the ground to the summit, has a lightsome and agreeable effect, heightened by the abundant flowers, creepers, and pendant plants which adorn it. The fountain, too, with its circular basin, beautified with shell and coral, adds much to the fairy scene. The ring of jets-d'eau is admirably contrived, flinging up a beautiful transparent veil of crystal water high in the air. The fountain, basin, and rock-work; the shell, coral, and moss, lit up by the rays of the sun, and beautified by the prismatic colours on the spray and falling waters, form a scene equally novel and delightful.

The eye has a wondrous property of accommodating itself to different degrees of light. When I entered this grotto and marine cave, five minutes ago, I could scarcely discern a single object,

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whereas now everything is comparatively clear to me. The wall and floor of rugged rock; the uneven roof incrusted with stalactites; the yellow, gold-like glare of the sun on the massive pillars and huge misshaped crags; and the crystal pools and waterfalls around, become every moment more distinctly visible. This is a fit place for contemplation; just such a residence for an anchorite, as starts up in our imagination, when we read of the hermit, of whom it is said,

> "Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days;
> Prayer all his business; all his pleasure, praise."

The ship, there, seen through the opening, heaving and tossing on the billowy waters, though on a miniature scale, has, when in better trim, been very effective, assisted by the sea-like sound that accompanies its rising and sinking amid the foaming surge. I can fancy myself on the pebbled beach, gazing on the heaving ocean.

> "The sea it is deep, and the sea it is wide,
> And it girdeth the earth on every side.
> Like a youthful giant roused from sleep,
> At creation's call uprose the deep;
> And his crested waves toss'd up their spray,
> As the bonds of his ancient rest gave way;
> And a voice went up, in that stillness vast,
> As if life through a mighty heart had pass'd.
> O ancient, wide, unfathom'd sea,
> Ere the mountains were, God fashion'd thee!"

Whatever may be his disposition who visits the Colosseum, he cannot, with any colour of propriety,

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complain of the scantiness, or want of variety in his entertainment. The panorama of London, the conservatories, fountains and waterfalls, the grotto and marine cave, the Swiss cottage, rock, scenery, camera obscura, and cosmoramic views, supply as much amusement as can reasonably be expected, and occupy quite as much time, in their enjoyment, as the generality of people have at command.

The Swiss cottage has four apartments, fitted up in the manner in which cottages in Switzerland are usually furnished; and the attendant, a civil attentive man, habited in the costume of a Swiss peasant, helps to carry on the agreeable delusion, that Mont Blanc and the Lake of Geneva are at no great distance from the place. The view from the recessed window is of a very romantic kind. Mountains, rocks, pointed crags, and caverns; waterfalls, lakes, and streams; with birds of prey, wild ducks, and creeping plants, are so agreeably blended, and so beautifully reflected in the water, that imagination has much to assist it in conjuring up all that is wild and wonderful in nature.

There is something in a waterfall that affects us in a different manner to other things, especially if it assume the ungovernable rage of the thundering cataract. The broad-breasted mountain, the rifted crag, the fearful precipice, are arresting: but the headlong torrent, dashing its foaming waters over the pointed rocks, adds heart-stirring motion to

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its imposing appearance, and creates a more active and turbulent interest in the mind. It seems a correct image of that glory for which so many jeopardize their bodies and their souls.

"O Glory! Glory! mighty one on earth!
How justly imaged in the waterfall!
So wild and furious in thy sparkling birth,
Dashing thy torrents down, and dazzling all;
Sublimely breaking from thy glorious height,
Majestic, thundering, beautiful, and bright.

"How many a wondering eye is turn'd to thee,
In admiration lost! short-sighted men!
Thy furious wave gives no fertility:
Thy waters, hurrying fiercely through the plain,
Bring nought but devastation and distress,
And leave the flowery vale a wilderness.

"Oh fairer, lovelier is the modest rill,
Watering with steps serene the field, the grove—
Its gentle voice as sweet, and soft, and still
As shepherd's pipe, or song of youthful love.
It has no thundering torrent; but it flows
Unwearied, scattering blessings as it goes."

The Swiss view, with the chapel erected in remembrance of the patriot William Tell; the Lake of Lucerne; the silver mine of Mexico; the missionary station at Malacca, with the Anglo-Chinese college, where Dr. Morrison carried on his Chinese translation of the Holy Scriptures, and composed his Anglo-Chinese dictionary—all these have their several interests; and the visitor lingers, or hurries on, as his mind is impressed, and his associations are called forth.

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Independent of the things immediately appertaining to the exhibition, there are many fortuitous circumstances, always occurring to the quick eye and active mind, that vary the scene and increase the amount of pleasure. A well-dressed young woman, perhaps, seats herself in Queen Adelaide's or the Stuart's chair; and it is plain, that, for the moment, she is fancying herself to be a queen. An ardent young man reclines at full length on "the bench of Napoleon Buonaparte;" his imagination supplies all that is wanted to make him an emperor, and a visionary diadem is glittering on his brow.

Nor are the more sober and reflective less likely to be moved to follow out their contemplative inclinations. Here a faded branch gives a colour to their shadowy thoughts; and there the willow, a scion of the one that bloomed over the St. Helena grave of Napoleon—that Napoleon whose body now lies in the splendid mausoleum prepared for its reception in the capital of France. While I note down these remarks, a spider is weaving his fragile thread—an emblem of the precarious tenure of earthly things—across the statue of Sir Jeffrey Hudson, the favourite dwarf of Charles II., as it stands before me, near the dome and the fountain. We cling to our earthly hopes and worldly attainments as though they had the strength of a cable, when, alas! they are weak as a spider's thread; for life itself "is even

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a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Happy, indeed, is he who can say, with sincerity and confidence, in the midst of all he possesses, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever," Psalm lxxiii. 25, 26.

* * * * * *

Many changes have taken place at the Colosseum since I penned down the foregoing remarks, and a great variety of entertainments been provided. Some time ago a glaciarium was introduced there, so that those who were fond of skating might pursue that amusement in summer as well as in winter. I used to skate myself; but the skating days of Old Humphrey are over for ever.

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THE

MODEL OF PALESTINE,

OR THE

HOLY LAND.

THERE are many exhibitions in London of a much more attractive kind than that of the model of Palestine, or the Holy Land, near Somerset House; but hardly any more useful, especially to those who love their Bibles: for, like the panorama of Jerusalem, it deepens the conviction of the truth of Holy Writ in the mind of the visitor, and thus confers, instead of a temporary gratification, an enduring benefit.

It is not a pleasant thing to be deceived as to the correctness of a thing of this kind; but the model of Palestine is the production of one whose general character, and whose residence in the Holy Land for many years, afford a reasonable pledge to the public that every care has been taken to render it as accurate as possible.

The model is formed on a table, about eighteen

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feet long by nine broad. It is made of cement, and painted of a greenish cast; the sea, lakes, and rivers, are light blue. The eye of the spectator takes in, at one view, the whole of the land of Palestine. The cities are represented by bits of carved cork, and the towns by white circles. The royal cities are signified by Roman letters, the Levitical cities by circles and scrolls, and the cities of refuge by circles and crosses. There are also gilt lines drawn to show the several boundaries of the different tribes, and pale lines to mark out the roads.

As the model of the Holy Land has few charms for any but biblical readers and travellers, the visitors are comparatively few. It is no fashionable lounge, tempting us pleasantly to pass away an idle hour, but a place of sober interest, where Christian associations and reflections may be indulged without interruption.

To turn such an exhibition to account, the visitor should repose a generous confidence in the correctness of the interesting scene before him; for where would be the advantage, if it could be done, of proving that the Sea of Galilee is a little too much to the north, and Jerusalem a little too much to the south? What would it matter as to the general correctness of the whole, if it were ascertained that the river Jordan is represented too broad, and the Dead Sea rather too narrow? The whole extent of the Holy Land is but about

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two hundred miles, and in breadth only about half that amount; therefore there is not room enough to err widely from the truth.

We are all apt to desire that things should be made more plain to us than they are, and sometimes we think—Oh that the records of Holy Writ could be in every particular as little associated with doubt in our minds, as the things visible to our sight! Oh that the realities of a future state could be made as clear and palpable to us, as the things which we handle and feel! But how unreasonable is this desire! Humility must be exercised, faith must be tried; Christians must know the hidings as well as the revealings of their heavenly Father.

The model of the Holy Land, like the panorama of Jerusalem, rebukes the Christian spectator with his very limited knowledge of those places, which might be expected to be as familiar to him as his household goods. He may happen to know that Palestine is the southern district of Syria; that Mount Libanus is the barrier of the north, and the desert of Pharon of the south; that the mountains of Hermon and Gilead rise to the east, and the Mediterranean flows on the west; but he is a stranger to the general bearing of the remarkable places in the Holy Land. He remembers the names of Jerusalem, of Bethlehem, of Shechem and Samaria; of Jericho, Nazareth, Tiberias, and Capernaum,

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and can call to mind what events occurred there, as well as at Bethel, at Bethphage, and Bethany: but the view presented to his eyes by the model of Palestine is altogether new to him.

It may be, that in these remarks I am somewhat unjust; that a feeling persuasion of my own ignorance has led me to judge unfavourably of the knowledge of others; but if I be in error, the simple questions and unlearned observations of such as I have met at the model have contributed to deceive me.

The Holy Land is so closely connected with the judgments and mercy of God, with the historical relations of the Old, and the yet more interesting events of the New Testament, that it must ever remain, in the estimation of the Christian world, the most remarkable country on which the sun throws his beams. It was called the "land of Canaan," because the Canaanites, the descendants of Ham, the son of Noah, dwelt there. It was styled the "promised land," because it was promised to the seed of Abraham. It derived the name of "Palestine" from Syria Palestina, a name given by Herodotus the historian. It was named "Judea" from Juda, the tribe which remained faithful to the ordinances of the Lord after the ten tribes had revolted and separated; when the kingdom of Israel had passed away, the kingdom of Juda or Judea was still in

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power: and it was designated the "Holy Land," principally because therein was wrought the great mystery of human redemption by our blessed Redeemer.

The land of Palestine may be regarded as a stage whereon have been represented scenes of the most momentous character; and the contrast between its past greatness and present humiliation cannot but impress the reflective mind with the frail tenure of human glory. From Dan to Beersheba the land was once inhabited by the favoured people of God; but the High and Holy One, who "showeth mercy unto thousands of them that love him and keep his commandments," visited, in his righteous displeasure, the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hated him, and rebelled against him.

The Babylonians came upon them like a flood, and brake down their walls and fenced cities, and led them into captivity. But did the proud kings of idolatrous Babylon escape the anger of the Lord? Let Nebuchadnezzar, humbled and brought low, eating grass like the ox; let Belshazzar, fear-struck by the handwriting on the wall, and smitten by the conquering Medes, reply.

The Persians became masters of Palestine, but the Macedonians overcame them, and were themselves overcome by the kings of Syria and Egypt. Then came the victorious Romans; till, in the

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reigns of Vespasian and Titus, the Jews were wholly subdued, and nearly destroyed.

"In 1291, the Christian dominions in Palestine were reduced to within the narrow confines of the city of Acre, and the Pilgrim's Castle, a strong fort of the Templars. These were at length invested, and the grand master, William de Beaujeu, took the command of the garrison. The old and feeble were sent away to the island of Cyprus, then the seat of the Latin kingdom, and none remained in the devoted city of Acre, but such as were prepared to suffer martyrdom rather than yield to the infidels. Military engines, of the most formidable construction, were set in operation by the besiegers: six hundred instruments of destruction were directed against the fortifications, and the battering machines were of such immense size and weight, that a hundred wagons were required to transport the separate timbers of one of them. All the military contrivances which the skill of that age could produce, were employed to facilitate the assault. After thirty-three days of constant fighting, the great tower, or key of the fortifications, was thrown down, when the double wall being forced, a body of Mamlooks penetrated to the centre of the city. The knights drove them back with immense carnage, and precipitated their bodies from the walls. At length, the number of the Templars was reduced to three hundred, and these fought

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their way to the strong temple at Acre, and shut themselves up. This little band was at length destroyed beneath the ruins of their Temple, which the Sultan had caused to be undermined. Thus fell the last stronghold of the Christians in Palestine, and with it every reasonable hope of recovering possession of the Holy City."

After this, the caliphs and the Turks each possessed the Holy Land. During the crusade, or holy war, it was retaken; but Saladin, the Saracen sultan of Egypt, soon after called it his own. In 1516, it again came under the dominion of the Ottoman Turks, who have held possession to the present day. It was once famed for its holiness, it is now notorious for its depravity; once celebrated for its magnificence, it is now proverbial for its desolation.

Whilst glancing over the model of Palestine, the names which meet the eye gradually recall to the visitor's remembrance the various events recorded in Scripture; and should his memory be defective, the Bible at the upper end of the model lies ready to assist him.

Nearly four thousand years ago, "Abram took Sarah, his wife, and Lot, his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran: and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came."

It is more than three thousand years since

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Joshua, with all the children of Israel, passed over Jordan to possess the land; and eighteen hundred since the coming of our blessed Redeemer, according to the word of prophecy, "And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel."

It is almost impossible for one seriously disposed, to regard an authenticated model setting forth the different places in the Holy Land, without feeling a desire for an increased knowledge of Scripture history. To read over more carefully the pages of Holy Writ has been, no doubt, the secret determination of many who have visited the exhibition. Cana of Galilee, and Mount Carmel, and Joppa, and Kadesh-Barnea, and Tyre, and Sidon, all recall something to remembrance strikingly interesting.

But there is another point of view in which the model of Palestine may be of some service. Exhibiting, as it does, that portion of the earth which was the earthly inheritance of the people of God, the glory of which is, at this day, corrupted, defiled, and faded, it may awaken in the mind a deeper concern for "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven." Though the land of Palestine, the earthly land of promise, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out

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of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of olive-oil and honey, is, for the sins of its inhabitants, become a land of desolation; yet is there a heavenly promised land, whose beauty will never perish. Sin shall not there separate the people of God, the followers of the Redeemer, from their everlasting inheritance, nor cut them off from an abundant entrance into eternal life. It becomes us, then, to look more anxiously and more ardently than ever after our promised heavenly inheritance. On what foundation does our hope stand? Are we building on the shifting sands of human merit, or on the eternal Rock of ages? Are we looking to ourselves, or to the Lamb that was slain, for an abundant entrance into everlasting life? Again and again, should these questions be put to our hearts; and again and again, should these words tingle in our ears, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," Rom. iii. 23. We cannot be too much in earnest about this matter, nor too urgently fly to the Redeemer! "for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," Acts iv. 12.

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THE PANORAMAS

OF

MONT BLANC, LIMA, AND LAGO MAGGIORE.

As we are possessed of various dispositions, capacities, and degrees of information, we are variously affected by the works of nature and art; and it ought to be a cause of unfeigned thankfulness that so many sources of gratification and delight surround us. The unlettered spectator is not without his share of pleasure derived from natural objects; the naturalist, more highly gifted, sees a beauty in what others consider to be the deformed works of creation; and the Christian naturalist, rising still higher in his enjoyments, sees, throughout the whole creation, innumerable marks of Divine wisdom, power, and goodness.

The remarkable sights of the metropolis are often called "the lions of London;" now, there are the lions of the different countries of the world, as well as of London, and one of these lions is Mont Blanc.

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In Europe we have Stonehenge, and the lakes of Westmoreland; the Giants' Causeway, and the falls of the Clyde; the grotto of Antiparos, the Black Forest, and the Lago Maggiore; the boiling Geysers, burning Vesuvius, Herculaneum, the Maelstrom, and the icebergs of the north. In Asia, Persepolis, and the ruins of mighty Babylon; Jerusalem, the caves of Elephanta, and the wall of China. In Africa, Thebes, the Great Desert, and the Pyramids; and in America, Lake Superior, Cotopaxi, and the Falls of Niagara. These are some of the "lions" of the earth, and few persons have seen them all.

The highest mountain in Asia, and in the world, is Chamoulari; Geesh lifts its head above all others in Africa; Sorata is the loftiest summit in America; and the highest in Europe is Mont Blanc, in Switzerland.

I have indulged in these reflections while sitting on the circular bench, that my eye may get a little familiar with the wide-spread panoramic painting of Mont Blanc around me; but my vision, even now, is a little confused: the mountainous masses are too near me; I must continue my abstractions.

Some of the favourite enterprises of mankind are clothed with additional interest by the dangers which surround them. There are three of these enterprises that appear to be just within the verge of practicability: they have long called forth the

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fearless intrepidity and enterprising perseverance of resolute and inquisitive men. The first is the enterprise of penetrating into the heart of Africa; the second, that of finding a north-west passage from the Frozen Ocean to the great Pacific; and the third is, the ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc. The two former enterprises have not yet been attained; but the latter has, in several instances, been successfully accomplished.

Paccard, Saussure, Beaufoy, Woodley, Forueret, and Doorthasen, have gazed around from the summit. Rodaty, Meteyeski, Renseyler, Howard, Undrel, and Clissold, have achieved the same adventure: and Jackson, Clarke, Sherwell, Fellows, Hawes, Auldjo, Barry, Tilly, and Waddington, encouraged by the successes of those who had preceded them, mounted also to the giddy height, more than fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. To this list the names of several other successful adventurers might now be added. Nor has man alone triumphed in this ambitious enterprise; for the foot of woman has left its impress on the proudest summit of the monarch mountain.

But let us look at the panorama. It is a bold attempt on the part of man to mimic nature in her sublimest forms. Not long ago, within this building, we could almost fancy we heard the thundering din of Niagara, spell-bound by the attractive representation of the great falls. At

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the present time, only some stairs above us, the fairy scene of Lago Maggiore is winning the hearts of the beholders; and here is Mont Blanc, vast, stupendous, and thrillingly arrestive.

I have walked round the area occupied by spectators, and gazed on the bulky bases and colossal spires of the snow-clad eminences so strikingly depicted. The montagnes, the aiguilles, the glaciers, the rochers, and the hameaux, have each characters of their own, altogether new to an untravelled eye.

After the first surprise of the spectator is a little abated, and the mingled masses of earth, and ice, and snow have somewhat disentangled themselves; when the varied points which rise up to the sky have receded into their relative distances, the inquiry is made, "Which is Mont Blanc?" for so many aspiring pinnacles appear to be worthy of the distinction, that the spectator is quite at a loss to decide, and something like disappointment is felt on finding Mont Blanc to be a distant, and by no means conspicuous peak, when compared with some of the bolder eminences near the spectator's eye. A little good sense will reconcile us to this disappointment.

There is no point of view in which the highest peak of Mont Blanc could have been faithfully portrayed as a prominent object, without the omission of the striking group of eminences here drawn together. The painter, in securing the

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most interesting view of the Alpine scene he had to represent, has been constrained to throw the giant mountain into the distance, where it is apparently overtopped by other pinnacles. Five times, already, have I heard the natural ejaculation, "Why, the aiguilles on the left are higher than Mont Blanc!" The fact is, that the aiguilles on the left are much nearer the spectator than Mont Blanc on the right, and hence arises their great apparent elevation.

A traveller, just returned from the Alps, with whom I have been conversing for half-an-hour, assures me that, though he retains his opinion of the utter impossibility of transferring to canvass a faithful representation of the monarch mountain, yet he never expected to see so good an Alpine picture as the one before him.

In gazing on a panorama, we ought to assist the painter, rather than throw impediments in his way. If it be a difficult attempt to represent an altitude of fifteen thousand feet, let us not increase that difficulty by refusing an effort of the imagination. Let us remember that we are supposed to be gazing on Mont Blanc from an eminence of several thousand feet. The brushwood, for such it appears, in the valley there below, clothing the foot of the mountain, consists of pines, many of them fifty feet high; we should therefore take these, rather than our fellow spectators around us, for our standard.

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What a noble point is that yonder, on the left, the Aiguille du Dru, shooting upwards to the sky! the solid shaft at the top alone is four thousand feet in height, and the whole mountain more than twelve thousand. Regard the Mer de Glace, and the Glacier des Bois, a mass of ice two hundred feet thick, and seven miles in length, stretching down into the valley.

That pathway, faintly traced across the woody mountain from the valley, is the Sentier du Montanvert, and mules are frequently bearing along it the different parties who go to gaze on the Mer de Glace and the snowy mountains. Further on the right is the valley of Chamounix.

The ascent of Mont Blanc has usually been effected by the route to the east of the Glacier des Buissons; the Grand Mulet is then gained by winding round the base of the Aiguille du Midi. The next point to achieve is to mount the Plateaux. The Tacul and the Rochers Rouges follow; and then comes the giant of the old world, Mont Blanc, lifting his head 15,775 feet above the Mediterranean.

The mighty monarch of the wild,
With beaming brow looks down;
He wears a robe of changing clouds,
Eternal snow his crown.

He sits upon a rocky throne,
Unmoved by gloom profound;
While storms, and thundering avalanche,
Spread ruthless ruin round.

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The longer the spectator gazes on the scene before him, the nearer does it approach reality. Painting cannot give the height of the mountains, the glitter of the icy glacier in the sun, nor the crash of the falling avalanche: but these are supplied by the ardent imagination, while revelling among the massy rocks and snow-clad peaks. The treasured snows of a thousand winters are here piled high amid the mountains, and the streams of as many summers are stopped and frozen in their course. All is vast, arresting, and magnificent.

We talk of St. Paul's, and St. Peter's; but what puny toys are they, compared with the stupendous temple of the Alps, erected by the hand of an Almighty Architect! A thousand glittering spires mount up to the very skies, and roofs of gilded snow, immeasurably spread, weary the eye with their vast extent. Oh for a choir of heaven-tuned hearts to pour forth the praises of the Eternal! But such aid is not needed; the picturesque beauty, the vast immensity, the dread magnificence, and unbroken silence, proclaim emphatically, as with a burst of hallelujahs, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

One can hardly enter into such a scene as this without yearning to gaze on the great original mountain; nor can we avoid conjuring up before us imaginary scenes consistent with the impressions we have received. Let us, for a moment,

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indulge our fancy: let us draw a sketch or two in keeping with these dreary wilds.

The mountains are covered with grey mist, for the sun has not risen; yet, already, the chamois-hunter is abroad. He has toiled up the rugged steeps in the night, that he may look down on the chamois at the peep of dawn. With his spiked shoes, his cord, his axe, and his wallet, his flask, his iron-shod pole, and his double-barrelled gun, he winds round the craggy rock, threads the narrow ravine, rests his unerring tube on the projecting point, and the death-shot is re-echoed in all directions.

The chamois is wounded; he flies over the glaciers and frozen snow, and leaps down the most fearful precipices: but see! the hunter is on his track. With desperate energy, he flings himself with his pole over the ravines; with resolute determination he lets himself down the precipices with his cord, and hews himself steps with his axe; difficulty only excites his ardour; his courage is increased by his danger; he overtakes the wounded chamois on a narrow ledge of rock, hardly broad enough to stand on, with a fall of a hundred fathoms below.

Again he mounts the craggy barrier, his shoulders burdened with the slaughtered chamois; he halts on a broader ledge of rock, while the sun gilds up the snowy peaks above and below him; he takes from his bag a bit of cheese, with a

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morsel of barley-bread, and raises his flask to his lips; with recruited strength, he pursues his dizzy and dangerous course. He flings himself over the chasm; he avoids the tumbling avalanche; he descends the precipice, and is met some distance up the mountain by his anxious wife and eldest daughter. They know that there is but a step between him and death, and the frail tenure on which they hold him as a husband and a father makes them cling to him with tenacious affection.

See! yonder is a party toiling through that narrow pass. Even yet the glaciers glitter in the ruddy beams of the rejoicing sun, and the pinky rhododendron throws cheerfulness around: but another tale is told in the northern sky; the black-winged tempest is flying abroad. Look at the party in the pass now! The frowning avalanche is trembling above them; it falls!—they are buried in the overwhelming ruin! Not a sigh is heard—not a struggle seen. The snow lies smooth and unsullied over the hapless beings it has entombed. Scenes like these are far too common; when we hear of them in England, they reach us as the echo of a calamity that is past; we feel not the dread reality of a present and overwhelming affliction.

Who goes yonder? It is one of the party, a traveller, who has scrambled his way through the falling avalanche, with a child in his arms. He

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has been lost in the intricate windings and dangerous passes of the place, and is fainting with want, fatigue, and anxiety; he sinks exhausted upon the cold snow, and presses his frost-bitten child to his bosom. What has made him again raise his dejected head? He has heard a panting near him; he has felt the warm breath of an animal close to his mouth. Is it a wolf about to devour him? He opens his eyes; the warm red tongue of a shaggy dog is licking his hands and his face; he makes an effort to rise, and finds a flask of spirits fastened round the dog's neck; he puts it first to his own mouth, and then to that of his child; they both revive; the dog leads the way, barking loudly; the traveller and child follow. They are soon met by two monks, summoned to the spot by the barking of the dog, who conduct them to the hospitable convent or the Great St. Bernard.

How like an angel man appears, when, with a face beaming with compassion, he goes forth on an errand of mercy! Monks of St. Bernard, Samaritans of the mountains, I fling you my warmest thanks; they are the free-will offering of a stranger—the ardent outpourings of a heart that honours you.

The peopled side of the panorama is far from uninteresting. That cross is almost a reality. The led mule, the old man with his stick, and the lady in the blue bonnet, seem to live and move

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as we gaze upon them. The guide, there, gathering a flower, is a picture of itself; but enough: those who visit this Alpine scene will leave it with a feeling of having travelled—as though Switzerland and they were not entirely strangers.

Some, too, by the mountainous masses, will be more deeply impressed with the power of the Almighty Maker of the "everlasting hills," and find more than ordinary comfort in calling to mind that merciful promise in God's holy word, "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

"Yes, sooner all the hills shall flee,
And hide themselves beneath the sea;
Or ocean, starting from its bed,
Rush o'er the cloud-topp'd mountain's head;
The sun, exhausted of its light,
Become the source of endless night!
And ruin spread from pole to pole,
Than Christ forsake the humble soul."

* * * * * *

LIMA, AND THE LAGO MAGGIORE.

And this is "Lima," of the "land of the sun;" the "city of the kings;" the "Peruvian capital!" The broad masses of greenish white in the foreground buildings, the vivid colours of the flags

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and other objects, and the blue mountains in the distance, mingle too much together. A little time must be allowed for these objects to disentangle themselves; the edifices must take up their proper stations, and the hills must withdraw to a greater distance.

Ay! now the scene is more intelligible; the chaos is assuming an appearance of order and distinctness. I can now gaze on it with pleasure.

Lima must be estimated rather for its scenery than its associations. It has neither the antiquity of Thebes, nor the heart-thrilling interest of Jerusalem. The associations which cling to Lima are of a melancholy cast; but of them we will speak by and by.

The spectacle is very imposing. It has a novelty and freshness which greatly recommend it; and if the foreground buildings are monotonous, the distant prospect is varied and delightful.

It is pleasant to catch the glimpses of character, the little vignettes that, every now and then, may be noticed among the visitors of a public exhibition.

The young people on my left seem somewhat puzzled about the situation of Lima. One thinks it must be in the East Indies; while the little fellow in the yellow cap and gold tassels, standing on tiptoe, looking at the friars in their white dresses, has just cried out, "I can see the Turks very plain, mamma."

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Ten minutes ago I overheard an elderly female inquire if Mont Blanc was visible from Lima? "Not without a good glass," jocosely replied a young man belonging to the same party, giving a significant glance at one of his companions. Now, the distance between Lima and Mont Blanc must be, at least, six thousand miles, so that a very peculiar glass indeed would be required.

The untravelled have usually a somewhat confused notion of foreign countries, and cannot keep them sufficiently separated; the negro in Africa is too closely connected with the West Indies; and the snowy peaks of South America mingle imperceptibly with the glaciers of Switzerland.

One or two loud talkers have been drawing the company into a narrow circle, of which they and the superintendent formed the centre. Generally speaking, visitors are shy in attracting attention by asking questions.

Lima was founded in the valley, and by the river Rimac, three hundred years ago, by Francisco Pizarro, a Spaniard. Tales have often been spread in the country parts of England, that London streets were paved with gold and silver; but though this was not true of London, it would have been in a degree true if applied to Lima; for when one of its viceroys entered the city, the streets he passed through were covered with ingots of silver. Some estimate may be formed of the wealth of its religious establishments, from

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the fact, that more than a ton and a half of silver was taken from them at one time.

The population of Lima is about 60,000; a fourth of them are Creoles and Europeans: they are much given to show and splendour; jewels, equipages, and retinues are their delight. A little more industry and cleanliness, with a great deal less luxury and dissipation, would add to their comfort and enjoyment. The interiors of some of the better kind of houses are splendidly furnished; and beautiful papers, costly silks, and magnificent gildings profusely adorn them. The city is surrounded on all sides, except that next the river, with a wall from fifteen to twenty feet high, and nine thick. This wall has thirty-four bastions, and seven principal gates. It was originally built to defend the place from the attacks of the Indians.

The mountains that rise majestically round, some pointed and covered with snow, give a beauty and sublimity to the scene, while the blue mists that, here and there, partly enshroud them, resemble scattered clouds. Lima is not, now, what it has been; for two or three centuries it flourished, but repeated earthquakes destroyed more than half its houses and public edifices, especially the fatal "shaking of the earth in 1746." When the hand of the Almighty is stretched out against a city, it is shaken to its very foundations.

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The struggle for independence, though successful, has decreased its population and wealth; but, in all probability, these it will rapidly regain.

I must now give a rapid glance at the widespread canvass around me.

Who would suppose that the church and convent of San Augustin, yonder, with that gorgeous front of twisted pillars, arches, recesses, and figures—who would imagine that all the imposing edifices around it were nothing more than lath and plaster! Yet so it is. They look like buildings of massive stone, yet wood-work and cement compose them all; indeed, the meaner buildings are little better than walls and roofs of mud. In a climate where a shower of rain would excite wonder, these frail erections stand for years uninjured.

To the right of the Monastery de las Nazarenas, in the extreme distance, I catch a glimpse of the great Pacific Ocean, whose mighty waters roll over nearly half the world.

Churches, convents, monasteries, and sanctuaries, seem to crowd upon me in every direction. The convent of Santo Domingo is very attractive.

The merry couple, there, dancing on the flat roof of the house, with the group beside them, attract the eye of every spectator; and the guitar-player, in his broad-brimmed hat and white garments, comes in for his share of attention.

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To the left of the river Rimac, but scarcely distinguishable, is the circus for the bull-fights—the cruel sport that the Spaniard loves; and Lima was founded by Spaniards.

The procession to the cathedral is imposing; the white-robed priests, the coloured flags, and the long line of soldiery, can scarcely be viewed without emotion; while the kneeling figures, offering homage to the canopied host, as it passes by, excite a feeling of compassion and regret, that useless ceremonies, wafers, and crucifixes, should receive the reverence of immortal souls; and that God, who has forbidden all idolatry, and who should be worshipped in spirit and in truth, should be forgotten. To point the finger of scorn, or to indulge in bitterness or sport, against such ceremonies as we disapprove, would be alike unkind and unchristian; but it cannot be wrong to breathe a prayer that all superstition and idolatry may be done away, and that in simplicity and godly sincerity all may worship the Father and his Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, that Lamb of God that alone taketh away the sins of the world.

While Lima is a goodly picture to gaze on, what are its associations? Those who have pondered on the history of the conquest of Peru, too well know.

Unhappy Spain may, even now, be enduring God's righteous retribution. National sins bring down national punishment; and the internal

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broils, the distracted councils, and the civil wars of that unhappy country, may be an expression of Divine displeasure for the unexampled cruelties and oppressions practised by the Spaniards in South America.

There has flowed a crimson tide in Peru, for which all its splendour cannot atone. An accusing cry has gone up from Mexico to Heaven, that all its gold cannot arrest!

Tens of thousands of the people of these countries were ruthlessly pillaged, and savagely slaughtered, in what is called "the conquests of Spain." No marvel that our poet laureate, when indignantly reflecting on the butcheries of Pizarro, should have proposed for a monument at Truxillo words similar to these :—

"Pizarro here was born! A greater name
The lists of glory boast not; toil, and want,
And danger, never from his course deterr'd
This daring soldier. Many a fight he won:
He slaughter'd thousands; he subdued a rich
And spacious empire.
Such were Pizarro's deeds; and wealth, and fame,
And glory, his rewards among mankind.
O reader! though thy earthly lot be low,
Be poor and wretched; though thou earn'st thy bread
By daily labour; thank the God that made thee,
Thou art not such as he!"

It becomes us not, sinners as we are, to indulge bitterness against those who are the most

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heavily laden with crimes; but to pass by deeds of relentless atrocity in silence, because they have been gilded over with earthly splendour, will manifest little discrimination, and still less humanity. It is by preserving a tender conscience, by keeping our minds in a state of shrinking susceptibility to the sins of covetousness, oppression, and cruelty, that we may hope, through the Divine blessing, to escape their hardening influence, and hateful contamination.

Spain owes to South America a debt of ten thousand talents; let us, as far as we have ability, help to pay a part of the great account; let us pay her with good-will, with deeds of kindness, with Bibles, with missionaries, with religious publications, and with our prayers.

It is time now to peep at the Lago Maggiore. These panoramas are sources of much gratification. Many pleasures which are ardently sought after, are attended with inconvenient expense, and will not bear an after reflection: a dissatisfaction, a regret, and sometimes a reproach, follows them as a shadow; but this is not the case when we visit a panorama.

It is a long way to the top of this staircase, and the infirm must find these resting-places very agreeable. Time has been, when I should have skipped on, from the bottom to the top, without a pause; but I must not complain, for even now I

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can manage the matter quite as well as most of my neighbours.

The Lago Maggiore is a sweet scene, a constellation of beauties, wherein art and nature are beautifully blended. Buildings, gardens, wood, water, mountain, and sky, are all attractive.

And is it no just cause of thankfulness that the most interesting scenes of different parts of the world are thus brought within our reach by the pencil of the painter? I think it is. It is a privilege to gaze on the northern regions without having to contend with icebergs, hunger, and cold; on Thebes and Jerusalem, without the pirates of the Archipelago, the Bedouin of the desert, the lion of the forest, and the crocodile of the river; on Lucknow, and on Ceylon with its elephants, without snakes and mosquitoes; on Lima, without earthquakes; and on the Lago Maggiore, without fear of the Italian bandit.

Since entering the circle in which I am now standing, the exclamation, "Beautiful!" has reached my ears in twenty different voices. We really want a new importation of exclamations wherewith to express our emotions in such a situation as this. If a word can be worn out, the word "beautiful" must be getting the worse for wear.

This scene is really enchanting. Let others discover that the lake and mountains are a little

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too blue; that the ugly post-like support of that sculptured Pegasus, that winged horse on the Isola Bella, is not exactly what it ought to be; I have no other inclination than to admire the galaxy of pleasurable objects around me.

Of the three celebrated lakes of Lombardy, the Lago Maggiore, as its name implies, is the largest. The Isola Bella, or Beautiful Island, forms the attraction of the panorama. It has long been classed among the wonders of Italy. The palace, the garden, the pyramid of terraces, the orange, lime, and citron trees, rise, as by enchantment, from the surface of the glassy lake. The place once was a barren rock, but industry has made it fertile; and now hedges of myrtle, bowers of jasmine, cyprus and laurel trees, some ninety feet high; grapes, olives, peaches, and pomegranates, adorn the spot in profusion. Regard the mingled foliage rising among the tasteful erections of the island. Look at that blooming aloe, advancing towards the spectator from the brink of the water. Gaze on the mountain clothed to its very summit with luxuriant vegetation. Turn which way you will, the lake with its rafts and vessels, the islands and towering eminences, all conspire to heighten your enjoyment.

For sweetness and repose, nothing can exceed our own country scenes. The cottage with the blue smoke under the wood; the magnificent oaks and noble elms that adorn the grassy meadows;

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the upland lawn, the sequestered glade, and the rippling brook, have a character of their own that is balm for the bosom of an Englishman; but, for all this, having the opportunity, I would not willingly forego the gratification of gazing on a scene like that of the Lago Maggiore.

"I dearly love to trace,
Through Nature's varied page,
God's goodness and his grace,
The same in every age.
Oh, grant that I may faithful be
To gospel light vouchsafed to me!"

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EXHIBITIONS.

MISS LINWOOD'S NEEDLE-WORK—DUBOURG'S MECHANICAL THEATRE—MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAXWORK—MODEL OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

THIS exhibition of needle-work speaks loudly in praise of the industry and perseverance of Miss Linwood. I would that I had arrived half an hour earlier, for then the good lady herself was here; and now, as she is upwards of eighty-seven years of age, and visits London but once a year, it is hardly likely that I shall ever see her. When she is beckoned away from the world, may her grey hairs go down to the grave in peace, and her spirit enter on the life eternal!

It would be too much to expect from the needle the softness, the delicacy, and truthfulness of the pencil. Worsted-work, though well adapted to represent clothing, and still better suited to counterfeit the skins of wild beasts, is not at all a fit medium to portray the grace, the beauty, and the intellectual expression of the human face. Seen at a distance, these performances have a pictorial

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effect, and, in some instances, possess an advan tage over oil-coloured paintings; but they will not endure the scrutiny of an eye ardently awake to nature's perfections, and quick to discover a departure from truth. They must be regarded with indulgence, bearing in mind not only the real merit they possess, but also the difficulty encountered and overcome in making them what they are. The exhibition commends itself especially to females, and no doubt affords them, as excellent specimens of needle-work, much gratification.

Among the collection are not only fruits, birds, animals, and portraits, but, also, familiar scenes and historical representations. Raphael's Madonna Della Sedia; Carlo Marratti's Nativity; Jephtha's Rash Vow, from Opie; and David with his sling, from Carlo Dolci, are among them; together with Gainsborough's Shepherd Boy, Morland's Farmer's Stable, Barker's Woodman, Westall's Gleaner, Ruysdael's Waterfall, and many others. The Judgment upon Cain is one of the largest pieces: "When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth. And Cain said unto the Lord, My punishment is greater than I can bear," Gen. iv. 12, 13.

* * * * * *

I am now in the "Saloon of Arts," or Dubourg's Mechanical Theatre; and not being an admirer of

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wax-work generally, the first glance at the place excites within me but little emotion. The different groups of figures, caged up in their several compartments, have a somewhat forbidding appearance, nor is this much relieved when motion is communicated to a part of them.

I hold it desirable to look on the bright side of every exhibition we see, and to point out its advantages, rather than its defects. We may take a good-natured, as well as an ill-natured, glance at the world and the things it contains; and when we have a choice between a rose and a thistle, it is certainly the wiser course to choose the former. There is, however, something due to ourselves in describing a scene, and something also to those to whom we undertake to give information. Our kindly feelings should not falsify our real convictions. What we say should be truth, if not the whole truth; and to praise what our judgment condemns, is not consistent with integrity.

Many of the groups are likely enough to afford pleasure to a fair proportion of visitors; and I doubt not that hundreds will gaze on Androcles and the Lion with great admiration, and leave the place fully satisfied that what the catalogue says about the noble beast raising his paw, turning his head, opening his mouth, lashing his sides with his tail, rolling his eyes, and groaning as in the greatest agony, while the slave wipes the blood from his wound with his pocket-handkerchief,

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"proves the group to be a masterpiece of mechanism and art;" but for all this, we must not close our eyes to its defects. I will not quarrel with Androcles for being, as a slave, so well dressed and so fully armed, nor complain that he has in his possession so excellent a white pocket-handkerchief. Let him dress and arm himself as he likes, and wear the best pocket-handkerchief he can honestly procure; but what I demur at is this — though he pretends to wipe the lion's wounded paw, he never once touches it with his handkerchief. The lion roars, and well he may. Were I a lion, I would roar myself at such hollow-heartedness.

The group of ten of the greatest assassins and murderers that have entered Newgate prison for some years, seems to receive a large amount of public attention. Curiosity rushes on, and wonder gazes with open mouth and wide-extended eyes. Willingly would I, just now, look on a more pleasant sight than on the likeness of those who have defaced their Maker's image in ruthlessly destroying their fellow men.

There must be much of ingenuity in that mechanism which can give motion to the arms, heads, and eyes of figures so variously disposed as these before me;—but a truce to my remarks, for something important is about to transpire.

The little man with the great spear, who "shows off" the exhibition, has explained to us

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the several groups; of Judith and Holofernes; the conference between the British officers and Chinese authorities; the tomb of Napoleon; the slave-market at Constantinople; Coriolanus on the walls of Rome, and the rest. And we have all, in obedience to his request, paid especial attention to the opening and shutting of the eyes and mouth, and the moving of the heads and arms, of the several figures. He has now produced a sensation, by stamping his spear heavily on the floor to arrest our attention, and announcing that the car is about to move in rapid career along the centrifugal railway.

It is done. First a pail of water, next a hundred-weight piece of metal, and, lastly, a human being, one of the attendants, have in succession passed down the inclined plane, round the circle in the centre, and afterwards ascended the opposite steep. The water was unspilt, the weight unmoved, and the attendant uninjured, though he passed round the upright circle, head over heels, performing a complete summerset, at the rate, as the little man tells us, of a hundred miles an hour.

After all, this is an astonishing spectacle; nor could I have believed, without witnessing the fact, that the human brain could have borne such a sudden rush and rapid whirl without being overcome with giddiness. The company are invited

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to perform the feat. Think of Old Humphrey accepting the invitation, and kicking up his heels in this way. No, no; it will not do. Many will have it that the world is turned upside down as it is; we need not, therefore, push ourselves forward to confirm this opinion.

* * * * *

The exhibition of Madame Tussaud is certainly the best collection of wax-work ever seen in London, and the best time to see it is at night, when the room is well lighted up, and the music of the orchestra gives additional liveliness to the scene. I have exchanged a few words with Madame, who is industriously plying her needle in the lobby; and now, seated as I am on one of the crimson benches, the whole exhibition is before me.

This scene is very arresting, for the room is large and lofty, and splendidly decorated with crimson and gold. The fluted pillars, the ornamented pedestals, the imposing groups of figures, the rich dresses, and the mirrors which so largely amplify the extent of the exhibition—all have an influence over the mind of the spectator. The chamber has an appearance of life, and he who could seat himself among these mimic resemblances of humanity, and feel himself alone, must have a strange imagination. That figure to the right there—

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"Would you not dream it breathed, and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?"

And that yonder to the left—

"The very life seems warm upon her lip,
The fixture of her eye has motion in 't."

Here are emperors, kings, princes, nobles, statesmen, and warriors, costumed in agreement with the times in which they lived. Dignitaries of the church, poets, artists, and actors, bringing before us things that are not, even as though they were. Among the monarchs are the Charleses, the Henries, Elizabeth, the Georges, and Victoria of England. Mary Queen of Scots, Henry IV., Francis, Louis XVI., Napoleon Buonaparte, and Louis Philippe of France, Charles of Sweden, Alexander of Russia, and Frederic of Prussia. How often do the sceptre-wielders of the world require to be reminded,

That vain and feeble are the things
Which mortals make their trust;
That mightiest monarchs are but men,
And crowns but glittering dust!

It would be a lengthy task to note down the names of all, here, who "have figured away in their several characters on the world's wide stage." I will, therefore, pass by the living, and enumerate a few only of the memorable dead. Here are to be seen Oliver Cromwell, Cardinal

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Wolsey, Joan of Arc, Knox, Calvin, Luther, and John Wesley, with Pitt and Fox, Voltaire, Baron Swedenborg, Shakspeare, Byron, Walter Scott, Talleyrand, and Paganini.

After walking round the room I have stood motionless for a few moments, and more than one visitor has regarded me as an effigy. The figure of Madame Tussaud, in the exhibition, used to be frequently mistaken for Madame herself; but revolving years, which have scarcely affected the figure, have not fled without leaving their impress on its owner.

Such as are fond of the terrible may do as I have just done; they may visit the separate room, where, in addition to the casts of the faces of Burke, Stewart and his wife, Greenacre, Courvoisier, Gould, Collins, Good, Francis, John Ward, Fieschi, and others, all of infamous memory, they may behold the fearful features of the butchers—the term is scarcely too strong for them—of the French Revolution, Marat, Mirabeau, Robespierre, Carrier, Tuiville, and Herbert, with Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry IV. of France.

What a variety of character does this exhibition present for the mind to muse upon! The pageantry of princes, and the policy of statesmen, may here be calmly reviewed, with the influential acts of those who have called forth the applause or deserved the execration of mankind. The beauty of Mary Queen of Scots, how useless!

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the ambition of Buonaparte, how vain! the bitter infidelity of Voltaire, how weak and wicked! and the dark deeds of those who have ruthlessly shed human blood, how diabolical and execrable! From these reflections on others, it will be well to come back to some reflections on ourselves; for how soon shall we be numbered with those who are mouldering in the grave!

"The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

"O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home."

* * * * * *

MODEL OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

I have visited this place with the hope of seeing an exhibition here, which I now find has been for some time removed. These little disappointments are not without their advantages; they prepare, or at least ought to do so, our tempers for greater trials.

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But though the exhibition I came to see is not here, there is another well worth my attention. On arriving at the door of the room at the top of the staircase, a foreigner with a cap on his head addressed me in Italian, a language of which I know but little more than I do of Arabic; a second foreigner then came forward, and at last a third, all with caps on their heads, and all speaking Italian. At last I found out that one or two of them spoke French, and being just enabled to carry on a conversation in that language, we have proceeded with very little difficulty. I have been formerly introduced to Signor Andrea Gambassini, the talented and persevering artist whose wonder-working hands executed the splendid model before me, and am now the only visitor present, examining, with curious admiration, the goodly pile.

The model of St. Peter's, reduced to a hundredth part of the size of the real building, is beautifully executed in Indian oriental wood and ivory. The white marble figures and architecture of the original edifice are well imitated in ivory in the model, while the different-coloured marbles are represented by wood of various kinds. Colonnades, obelisks, porticoes and pillars, domes, roofs, pavements, pediments, statues, and painted windows, are all copied with the greatest care; and as the model is made to open, the

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internal, as well as the external, part of the cathedral is exposed to the spectator.

Signor Andrea Gambassini appears very well pleased with my admiration of his workmanship, and with the compliment that I have just ventured to pay him. The undertaking of the model was a bold one, and the execution of it is such as to entitle him to deserved praise. The Signor, like myself, has some years graven on his brow, and it behoves us both to be looking forward to a fairer edifice than this is, even to a "building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," 2 Cor. v. 1.

Amid all the goodly glory of St. Peter's, I cannot but remember that it is one of the strongholds of Popery—a temple wherein the mummeries of the Romish religion are practised with a high hand. Would that a purer faith and simpler religious ceremonies prevailed within its decorated walls, and that the Lord of life were there worshipped in simplicity and truth; for "thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all," 1 Chron. xxix. 11.

I have admired, by turns, the grand colonnade, by Bernini, of two hundred statues, and two hundred and eighty-four pillars; the portico entrances; the statues of St. Peter, St. Paul, the

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apostles, and the Saviour; the grand vestibule, the marble pavement, the chapels, the great altar, and the grand cupola, with a vast variety of other interesting details; and the shades of evening are now beginning to prevail. When will the worshippers of St. Peter's worship God in simplicity and truth!

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SHOPS AND SHOP WINDOWS.

WHAT a bounteous banquet of costly viands is spread before an ardent-minded, grateful-spirited perambulator! Not more certain is the bee to find honey in the cup of every flower, than he to find interest in every object which engages his attention. The goodly earth on which he treads, and the glorious canopy of the skies above his head, are kaleidoscopes of ever-changing beauty and delight.

What a wide-spread page is London for him to gaze upon! and how full of absorbing interest and instruction! Human life is there depicted: its glare and its gloom, its sunshiny joys, and its shadowy griefs. A word on shops and shop windows.

Here is a grocer's shop: but the profusion, the absolute prodigality of the scene oppresses me. There seems enough of grocery in the window to supply the neighbourhood. The fresh, fragrant, and delectable teas in the finely formed wooden bowls are enticing; to say nothing of the ample chests, lined with lead, and ornamented by Chinese artists, whose neglect of perspective is so well known. How significantly those grave-looking mandarins bow their heads, and beckon with their

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hands! what beautifully painted canisters! what stores of coffee, chocolate, and cocoa! what boxes of figs, and loaves of refined sugar!

And the raisins and currants, the spices and the candied lemon-peel! Oh, how the Christmas times of my youth burst upon me at the very sight of them!

> Days of my youth, the long pass'd years
> Of childhood round me rise;
> I see them glistening through the tears
> That start into my eyes.
>
> The joys that round my bosom press'd
> When thoughtless, young, and wild,
> Come like a sunbeam o'er my breast;—
> Again I am a child.

Well do I remember (who does not remember?) the scenes of far-famed Christmas in days gone by. A dozen of us, light-hearted, laughter-loving, giggling boys and girls are seated at a supper-table, whence the older guests have just retired. Roast beef, and turkey, and cold fowls, and ham, and tarts, and custards, and jellies are before us; with mince pies in abundance. We are roving like bees from one sweet to another. Present, past, and future—all is happiness. Turn-the-trencher and blind-man's-buff are in prospect, with mulled elder wine and toast, before we break up for the night.

But shall I be wiser, and tell you where the commodities in the grocer's shop and window come from? Oh yes; for if you do not know, it will be useful information; and if you do, others may not possess this advantage. With all the amusement we

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can gather, there is no going through the world in a creditable manner without a little knowledge.

Raisins are brought from Spain and Turkey; currants from the isles of the Archipelago; lemons grow in Portugal, Spain, and Italy; and spices, as well as sugar, are the produce of the East and West Indies.

The latter article is brought to England in hogsheads. See! there are two empty ones standing at the door, with a swarm of flies and a crowd of boys round them. One youngster is picking the sugar from the bung-hole; another is reaching up to the top, where the rough hoop and rusty nails are likely enough to tear his ragged jacket; and a third has his head and body in the cask, with his legs in the air, like a duck getting up something from the bottom of a shallow pond. There they are, all sucking their sugary fingers, with more than common joy.

I might say a great deal about the poor negroes, who have so much to do with sugar:—

"Thus saith Britannia, empress of the sea,
Thy chains are broken, Africa; be free!"

Though the chains of slavery are ordered to be broken, myriads are still bound, not only with iron bands, but also with the fetters of ignorance. The mighty cry of outraged humanity has ascended to the throne of Heaven on their account; and He who sitteth there will not hold him guiltless who refuses to pay the debt of restitution and mercy

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that is due for the past. If we have deeply injured negroes in this world, let us ardently help them on in their way to a better. Great as have been the exertions of humanity, the slave-trade is not done away. It is now intended by the British legislature to encourage the principle of free-trade, and this will afford free labour an opportunity of struggling with slave labour for the mastery. Should the labour of free men prove more productive than the labour of slaves, it must follow that the slave-trade will decline. Different opinions are entertained respecting the wisdom of the measures now about to be practised; but every truly Christian heart must rejoice should they be an instrument, in holy hands, to abolish slavery throughout the world.

Tea is too important an article to be passed by without a remark. You know, as well as I do, that the tea plant grows principally in China and Japan; but you may not know the following particulars:

The order of the East India Company to their agent in Bantam, in 1668, was to send home 100lbs. weight of "goode tey" as a speculation. A very pretty speculation this turned out to be; for the yearly consumption of tea has been raised in the United Kingdom, by the East India Company, from 100lbs. as above, to nearly 32,000,000. It seems almost incredible, and yet it is not to be disputed, that during eighteen years the immense sum of 70,000,000*l.* was paid

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into the British exchequer as revenue collected on the tea leaf.

Tea has produced to England a yearly commerce amounting to upwards of £8,000,000 sterling, that is, in imports and exports; and has yielded an annual revenue to the British exchequer of £3,300,000. It has also promoted the health and morals of the people.

Pekoe is the leaf buds, picked early in the spring, sometimes mixed with olive flower for fragrance; hence the term, "white blossom tea."

Congo, Souchong, and Bohea, take their names from the districts where they grow, or the mode in which they are prepared. Green tea differs from black more on account of the way in which it is prepared, than because it is of a different kind. The common belief that green tea is dried on copper is ill founded; both black and green teas are dried in iron pots over the fire. Black tea improves by keeping, but this is not the case with green. The Chinese prefer black tea, ten or fifteen years old, if it has been kept from the atmosphere.

We are purblind beings at the best, and cannot fathom His almighty counsels, whose "ways are not as our ways." The tea trade, which we only regard as a source of luxury and temporal profit, may one day, by the Divine permission and blessing, be a battering-ram to knock down the wall of China, a key to unlock the hearts of the

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Chinese, and a channel through which a flood of gospel light may flow, to illumine the three hundred millions of pagans which the "celestial empire" contains.

" Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign."

What have we here? An oil and colour shop, where they seem to sell many things: oils, vinegar, mustard, salt, and soap; honey, bees' wax, and emery; black-lead, glue, sponge, and packthread; brushes, brooms, blacking, door-mats, tobacco, snuff, pipes, and candles.

About five hundred years ago, candles were so great a luxury, that splinters of wood, dipped in oil or grease, were used for lights. Why, the thought of reading and writing by the light of a greasy piece of wood, is enough to make one look on a candle with gratitude, to snuff it with double care, and to regard it as a friend.

Tobacco is cultivated in America, the West Indies, and other places. It was first introduced into Europe by Jean Nicot of Nismes, agent from the King of France to Portugal, who procured the seeds from a Dutchman, and sent them to France. It is smoked as cigars, and in pipes;

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and is chewed by thousands of soldiers, sailors, and other people. Common smoking pipes are made of soft white clay; they are formed in a mould, the hole in the tube is made with a wire, and then they are burned in an oven.

Do you see the oils and colours, the reds and blues, the greens and the yellows? West, when he began to paint, pulled hairs from a cat's tail to make him a pencil: but painting brushes are plentiful here. Here are materials for a new school of painters, an absolute academy of Hogarths, Rembrandts, Raffaelles, and Guidos; Titians, Teniers, Poussins, and Paul Potters. When you next look at a real Vandyck, a Grodfrey Kneller, a Murillo, or a Carlo Dolce, you may think more highly of an oil and colour shop.

How eloquent might I be about industry, as I look at the bees' wax and the honey-pot; about the British navy, while I gaze on the pitch and the tar-tub; and what strange things in music does that lump of rosin bring to my remembrance! Even now Paganini is before me.

I could brighten up in my remarks at the very sight of the ball of lamp cotton, while the spermaceti puts me at once on board a whaler, bound to the icebergs of the Northern Ocean.

Now I shall have a treat, for this is the shop of a mercer, and a linen and woollen draper. What a magnificent window! It makes me afraid to

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look in, lest some one should jostle me against the splendid panes of plate glass. They are of unusual dimensions. How tastefully are the goods arranged! A Cashmerian need not be ashamed of these shawls! A Persian might be proud of those silks! How the muslins and prints wave, like streamers, in the doorway! And then, look at the huge rolls of superfine broad cloth, that remind one of an English squire of the olden time, with his good old dame beside him:

> "He in English true blue, button'd up to the chin,
> And she in her broad farthingale."

What a fine mirror is that at the end, yonder, doubling the shop's length to the eye, and multiplying the gas-lights in the evening! With what complaisance and courtesy the well-dressed shopmen attend to their customers! How cleverly that youth cleared the counter, by placing his hand upon it and springing over! Do you observe the lady on the right, seated, carelessly examining the different articles before her? that is the twentieth piece of silk the shopman has shown her, yet he is still active and obliging, although she has at present purchased nothing.

See here; I would not have passed these plaids and tartans for a crown. Here are the tartans of the Frasers, and the M'Phersons, the Abercrombies, the M'Farlans, the Camerons, and the Duke of Montrose. The blue dark ground with

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broad bars of green I remember well, it is the tartan of the 42nd regiment; it prates about the broad-sword. The red ground with large squares, crossed with black, is that of Rob Roy; and the most lively of all, the small squares of red and green, barred with black, is the glowing tartan of the M'Duffs.

I know not if these things affect you as they affect me; but, as I look at the window, these tartans serve me as a text. Try if you cannot mend the sorry sermons that I make from it.

> They breathe of other things to me,
> Of mountain air, and of liberty;
> Of tower and tree by lightning riven;
> The storm, and the warring wind of heaven;
> Of mossy cairn and cromlech grey,
> And madd'ning sounds of feud and fray;
> Of stern contention—hope forlorn—
> And banner rent, and tartan torn.

The draper himself is attending some ladies who are in a carriage at the door. With what a bow he takes leave of them! It expresses much of respectful homage and attention. Surely the business with which he is charged will be faithfully performed, if human energy can accomplish it. Other ladies have now come in, and he dismisses his former customers from his thoughts, but not until he has spoken quickly to one of his shopmen, who notes down where certain parcels are to be sent. The man in the elevated desk is

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the cash-keeper. When money is received, it is taken to him: he is a check on all the shopmen and apprentices.

There is something to be seen in these places; but when you visit them, take not your wife and daughters with you, unless you have a full purse; for a mercer's shop rivals even that of the milliner in attracting the attention of the ladies. What pains we take to decorate the poor, perishable body! and how negligent are we of that imperishable guest within us, which is to live for ever in weal or woe!

If the draper's shop possesses many attractions for the fair, the tailor's window is greeted with frequent glances of the manly eye. Let us first notice that large coloured engraving, conspicuously placed to display the fashions of the day. There are sketches of gentlemen riding on horseback, or walking with ladies, or exchanging salutations with each other. How very well dressed, and yet how stiff and passionless! Their faces have no more natural expression than the busts in a hairdresser's shop. That velvet waistcoat, or, as it is now called, "vest," is fit for a monarch to wear, and yet the printer's apprentice over the way has his eye upon it; in a week or two we shall see if he wears the same waistcoat that he does now.

What heaps of figured silks! what gorgeous patterns! what vivid colours! See, they have

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attracted the eye of the dashing young fellow passing by. He gazes, hums a tune, and goes on; they are not exactly to his mind. The tailor himself is behind the counter; his face is pale, and he looks unhealthy. In spite of his fashionable dress, he cannot conceal certain deformities of figure, a stoop in the shoulder, and a leg bent outward. These distortions have been occasioned by close application at the shop-board during his apprenticeship; he has long since left off work, although, occasionally, he will display his skill in cutting out a coat, to convince his foreman that he has a master who knows the business as well as himself.

How carefully he is examining his ledger!—to some a hateful volume. What long arrears are there! He shuts it up; his countenance seems to have acquired asperity by the perusal. How sharply he speaks to his shopman, who is carelessly folding up some pieces of broad cloth!

There is a confusion in the street; a wild bullock is running along, driving the people before him. How quickly the tailor fastens his door! he actually trembles; his shopman, too, appears alarmed; while the butcher on the other side of the street stands steadily in his doorway, with a firm countenance: let us notice him, for he, too, is worthy of observation.

Well may the butcher live opposite the tailor, for in character they are antipodes.

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The countenance of the man is jolly and rubicund, with a display of coarse wit and humour in the eye: nothing like unhappiness is to be read there. The blue dress has been worn by the trade from time immemorial. I do not know why: one would think that red would be the more appropriate colour.

Mark with what precision the strong armed man uses the cleaver. That stroke went through flesh and bone with a crash unpleasing to the ear. See how adroitly he sheers off that collop with his knife, horridly keen, having just been hastily whetted on the steel at his side. His customer asked for a pound, and he has cut off exactly a pound and a quarter; his knife errs by system. I dare say he could cut a pound within an ounce, if it suited him.

His boy is scraping the bench with a knife, and cleaning it with a cloth and warm water. A dog has crept in, and is making off with a piece of offal picked up under the bench; he has not escaped the quick eye of the butcher; the hungry brute has been kicked on the side, and is running away, howling with affright and pain.

With what pleasure that old gentleman seems to handle the sirloin there! The lady with her servant bearing a basket, appears quite at home and at ease amongst the joints: but not so the poor woman in the old red cloak, bargaining for a piece of the coarsest meat; care renders her

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uneasy, she is no chooser; poverty and hunger are not nice; she thinks only of the price, and is not particular about the quality. I know her well, a deserving creature, with a weakly frame and a drunken husband. To her "that is afflicted pity should be showed." She has but ninepence; I saw her count it in her hand, though she well knew what it was before. The butcher is not hard with her. See how cheerfully he throws the piece down on the bench as he turns off to another customer, calling out, "Well, take it along with you, Missis." The poor woman is going away with a brighter countenance. Success attend you, master butcher, and may good orders from the rich repay you for your liberality to the poor!

Perhaps, for the present, I have said enough to convince you that shops, and shop windows, may be made a source of much amusement, and some instruction. You may look at the same windows, again and again, with advantage; for the articles and commodities exposed for sale are almost endless. I have merely ventured a few remarks on such of them as have struck me in a rapid glance; you may turn them to a more profitable account.

What a busy world is this! and how selfishly we spend our time! Whether walking in town, or country, where we meet with one rendering a kindness to another, ten are occupied in serving

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themselves; and, on the average, notwithstanding the shortness of life, where two hundred are busily employed in the affairs of time, scarcely will two be found attending to the things of eternity.

Let us put these questions honestly to ourselves. Living in this world, are we looking beyond it? Do we know that this is not our rest? that heaven is the only cure for earthly troubles? and that, above all, Jesus Christ, who died to save sinners, is able to save unto the uttermost all them that come unto God by him.

"Time *was*, is past; thou canst not it recall;
Time *is*, thou hast; employ the portion small;
Time *future* is not, and may never be:
Time *present* is the only time for thee."

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THE PARKS.

HAD I a park of a thousand acres, well wooded with spreading oaks and towering elms, well watered with crystal lakes, and well stocked with fleet red deer, how gladly would I open my gates, and widen my pathways, that others might share in my gratifications! And had I a goodly mansion in the midst, with noble halls and suites of apartments, and ten thousand a year to spend, how hospitably would I entertain those who are less abundantly provided for than myself! My dainty morsels should not be eaten alone; I would open my doors to the traveller.

By this time the reader will be quite satisfied that I have neither an extended park, a goodly mansion, and ten thousand a year, nor any very clear prospect of suddenly coming into possession of the same. Such a burst of disinterestedness and generosity, as that in which I have just indulged, is perfectly natural in my present sphere; and very likely (such is man!) the readiest way to cure me of such impulsive openheartedness, would be to give me the means of embodying my imaginary benevolence. There is a something in

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the very nature of riches that prompts the owner of them to increase, rather than to diminish his possessions: so that, often in the same degree in which we have power to assist others, we have only the inclination to serve ourselves. Instances, many instances, occur to the contrary; but they are the exceptions to the general rule.

"Lord, make us truly wise,
To choose thy people's lot,
And earthly joys despise,
Which soon will be forgot:
The greatest evil we can fear,
Is to possess our portion here!"

While thus indulging my reflections, I am seated on one of the benches in St. James's Park, opposite the lake; the proud palace of Buckingham is on my right; the goodly towers of the Abbey of Westminster on my left; with a promenade, in the fore-ground, of well-dressed people, and beyond it the clear, sunlight, wind-ruffled water, on which aquatic fowls of different kinds are sporting joyously. I have, before now, when seated here, under favourable circumstances, thought that few scenes in the world, of a limited extent, could be finer than this; and feelings of a similar kind are exercising an influence over me now.

The parks, as breathing places to the inhabitants, are, indeed, important appendages to the metropolis. Here the sovereign and her subjects find healthy exercise and agreeable recreation.

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St. James's Park is used more for promenading than for riding, or driving, though carriages are frequently passing between Buckingham Palace and that of St. James.

In the reign of Henry VIII., the park was nothing more than a desolate marsh. It was enlarged and planted with lime trees by Charles II., who contracted the water into a canal, and formed, likewise, a decoy and other ponds for water fowl. In one part of the park there once was a hollow smooth walk, enclosed with a border of wood on each side, and ended at one extremity by a hoop of iron. Here a certain game at ball was much played, and it was from this that the place afterwards took the name of "Mall."

Between a hundred and fifty, and two hundred years ago, King Charles II. might have been seen in that part of the park called Bird-cage walk, playing with his spaniels and other dogs, feeding his ducks, and talking in a familiar manner with his subjects. He had an aviary near the place. The more swampy part of the park was then called Duck Island.

Never, perhaps, did St. James's Park present so splendid an appearance as on the coronation of Queen Victoria. The queen with her attendants, the royal carriages, the ambassadors vying with each other in the magnificence of their carriages and equipages; the field marshals and general officers, in full uniform, with their troops; the

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military bands, the flags and streamers, and the innumerable multitudes assembled, formed a spectacle inconceivably imposing.

Just before the queen made her appearance in her state carriage, a heron rose up from the lake, winged its way far above the assembled throng, and sailed majestically, round and round, over the palace walls. As I gazed on the noble bird, which had attracted the attention of tens of thousands, I thought to myself, "In olden times great importance was attached, on particular occasions, to the flight of birds. Now, if that heron should alight for a moment on the pediment of the palace, or on the flag-staff bearing the standard, it would be regarded as an omen for good, and the event would be handed down to posterity." But the bird still kept in the air.

The Green Park is, perhaps, less frequented than any other. A walk along the carriage-road, by the side of it, has brought me to the triumphal arches—for such they are frequently called—at Hyde Park-corner. Apsley-house, the mansion of the Duke of Wellington, with its iron gates and barred windows, stands like a fortress at the entrance of Hyde Park; but I must relate an anecdote of Apsley-house, that some time ago appeared in the London journals: whether it be true or not, I cannot tell.

It is said that as George II. was riding on horseback, one day, in Hyde Park, he met an old soldier, who had fought with him in the

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battle of Dettingen; with this soldier he entered into free discourse.

After talking together for some time, the king asked the veteran what he could do for him? "Why, please your majesty," said the soldier, "my wife keeps an apple stall on the bit of waste ground as you enter the park, and if your majesty would be pleased to make us a grant of it we might build a little shed, and improve our trade."

The request, a very moderate one, was at once granted. In a little time the old apple-woman prospered greatly; for the shed was built, and her business surprisingly increased. The situation was a good one for the purpose, and she carried on a very profitable trade.

In the course of years, the old soldier died; and the lord chancellor, who was looking around him, at the time, for a suitable piece of ground where he might build himself a mansion, fixed his mind on this very spot. The old woman was sadly alarmed when she saw her poor shed pulled down, and preparations made to build up a great house where it stood; and away she went to a son, an attorney's clerk, to consult with him as to what course she ought to take. The son was shrewd enough to see, at once, the advantage that might be gained by remaining quiet in the matter; so he advised his mother to say nothing until the great mansion should be completed. No sooner was the house finished, than the son waited on the

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lord chancellor to complain of the trespass committed on his mother's property, and to claim a recompense for the injury that had been sustained.

When the chancellor saw that the claim was undeniable, he directly offered a few hundred pounds by way of compensation; but this was altogether refused; the old woman, advised by her son, would by no means settle the affair on such easy terms. After some deliberation, a ground rent of four hundred pounds a year was demanded, and his lordship, at last, agreed to the terms. It is added, that to this very day Apsley-house yields a ground rent of four hundred pounds yearly to the descendants of the old apple-woman.

The bronze figure of Achilles, on the granite pedestal, which meets the eye on entering the archway into the park, was erected in honour of the Duke of Wellington. It is considered a fine specimen of art, and is very generally admired.

Of all the royal parks, no one is so extensive as Hyde Park, nor can such an assemblage of carriages and fine horses be seen in any other place in the whole world, as are here daily witnessed during the summer months: to a stranger they appear absolutely numberless, and the wonder rises in the mind, that there should be rich people enough to keep so many costly equipages.

Two hundred years back, Hyde Park contained as many as eighteen hundred acres; but now it has not quite four hundred, Kensington Gardens

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being separated from it. The Serpentine River, as it is called, which adorns the place, is as straight as if drawn with a rule and compasses: great is the number of persons who have therein met with a watery grave. There will always be found, among bathers and skaters, many of a daring, and others of an inconsiderate disposition, so that accidents are sure to take place. The Humane Society has a receiving house on the bank of the river, with every convenience for the restoration, if life be not extinct, of such sufferers as are taken there; and men provided with life preservers, may always be seen walking by the sides of the river, to prevent, as far as possible, the loss of life. How few of the names of those who are in the habit of driving round Hyde Park in carriages, or promenading there daily, are to be found among the supporters of the Humane Society!

The cloistered abbots and canons of Westminster Abbey, who owned the park in the time of Henry VIII., would not be able, could they revisit the place, to identify their old property. In the reign of Charles I., Hyde Park, with its then capital stock of timber trees and deer, was sold by the Parliament for little more than seventeen thousand pounds. In the reign of Charles II. it was again resumed by the crown.

I have walked westward, and here is quite another scene! I have spread my handkerchief

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on the summit of the low wall of Kensington Gardens, and am sitting thereon at my ease. The band, from the neighbouring barrack, is playing most admirably, while a goodly group of two or three thousand people is assembled aroûnd. Rank, fashion, and beauty in every direction meet the eye, and the "concord of sweet sounds" and the stormy clangour of martial music alternately regale the ear.

On the opposite side of the wall, in Hyde Park, with only a dry ditch between us, are ranged in rows, ladies on noble palfreys, and gentlemen mounted on fiery, yet tractable steeds, that snort and paw the ground. The trees are in their freshest verdure, the sun is bright in the sky; gay dresses, sparkling eyes, smiling faces, and happy hearts abound. And yet, happy as the throng now may be, perhaps—perhaps what? Will it become me, in a moment like this, to encourage shadowy thoughts? to cast a gloom, where all around is sunshine? No! There is a time to be merry, as well as to moralize. Happiness is a costly thing, and where it is not purchased at the expense of others; when it is not indulged in by leaving duties unperformed, why, let it be enjoyed. Had I, at this moment, a sunnier glow at my disposal, than that which is now beaming in the bosoms around me, I would fling it at once into their hearts. Oh that all could be abidingly happy, and animated with the desire of making

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others happy also! But this cannot be, for the word has gone forth, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," John xvi. 33.

> "How happy those whose hopes depend
> Upon the Lord alone!
> For those that trust in such a friend,
> Can ne'er be overthrown."

I have left the gardens of Kensington, and am again in Hyde Park, sitting on a bench under the spreading branches of an elm. Yesterday I was in Regent's Park. At present, the trees there are but young, but every year they are adding to the beauty of the walks and drives. The noble ranges of buildings around, the commodious drives, together with the neighbouring attractions of the Diorama, the Colosseum, and the Zoological Gardens, cannot fail to make the park popular. This noble elm, under which I am seated, reminds me of some of the glorious biblical descriptions that are given of trees. How striking is the description of that prophetic tree, given in the fourth chapter of Daniel. "I saw, and behold a tree in the midst of the earth, and the height thereof was great. The tree grew, and was strong, and the height thereof reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof to the end of all the earth: the leaves thereof were fair, and the fruit thereof much, and in it was meat for all: the beasts of the field had shadow under it, and

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the fowls of heaven dwelt in the boughs thereof: and all flesh was fed of it. I saw in the visions of my head upon my bed, and, behold, a watcher and an holy one came down from heaven; he cried aloud, and said thus, Hew down the tree, and cut off his branches, shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit."

Victoria Park, which is about four miles round it, is for the benefit of the eastern part of London, and will, no doubt, when completed, be a great ornament to its neighbourhood, affording health and enjoyment to thousands. Surrounded by Bethnal Green, Homerton, and Hackney, it is not likely to lack visitors. The lodge tower, of red and purple bricks, edged with stone, has a striking and attractive appearance. Report speaks highly of the salubrity of the air, and talks about a lake of several acres, and, perhaps, a museum of natural curiosities, being added to the park.

The parks, as I have already observed, as breathing places to the inhabitants, are indeed important appendages to the metropolis; but it must be admitted, that in a city park, even under the most favourable circumstances, there is a want of that privacy and seclusion which constitute one of the great charms of rural scenery. Here, in Hyde Park, you have ample space, goodly trees, resting places, pure air, and an unbroken view of the glorious canopy of the skies; but you are either in a throng, or within the view of

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others continually, or expecting to be so. You have a sense in the presence of others; so that solitude and abstraction cannot be enjoyed, as they may be in country places.

> Give me the mountain and the wide-spread moor,
> Where freely blows the breath of heaven around;
> The hill, the vale, where singing birds allure,
> And meadows sweet, where buttercups abound.

A buoyant spirit and a grateful heart, however, will make even the desert to bloom as the rose, so that the parks of London are not likely to be undervalued.

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

With the exception of St. Paul's Cathedral, perhaps no public building in London is more generally visited than the British Museum; and it might be difficult to find a place which has been more frequently described. It possesses two very great attractions: one, that it has much within it deserving attention; the other, that it may be seen for nothing.

As viewed from the spot where I am now standing, it has little in appearance to recommend it. Neither its guarded gateways, its square turrets, its front of dirty red brick, nor its old crazy cupola, is of an alluring character. Even in the short time it has occupied me to note down this remark, twenty-three persons have passed by the two sentinels who are on duty, with their bayonets fixed at the end of their muskets; and now a carriage has driven up to the gate. It is time for me to trudge across the street, and to enter the place myself.

Ay! this spacious quadrangle gives a different aspect to the building, and the fine flight of steps

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adds much to its general appearance. The French architect, Peter Puget, who designed the edifice, now rises in the estimation of the spectator. But the sarcophagus, covered with hieroglyphics, near the gateway, and the ancient canoe, formed apparently from a large tree, hollowed out by the chisel or by fire, draw the visitors aside, and claim, for a season, their attention.

At the foot of the flight of steps, surrounded by a slight enclosure, the gigantic head bones of two enormous creatures arrest the eye of the spectator. They are of a most astonishing size and form; and a stranger, until he reads the inscription beside them, wonders to what kind of animals they could belong. I have something to say on this subject, which is a little curious.

A few years ago, on passing over London Bridge, my attention was attracted by half a dozen bright yellow placard papers, pasted against a wall near the bridge. On these papers was printed the following wonderful announcement: "Wonderful Remains of an Enormous Head, eighteen feet in length, seven feet in breadth, and weighing seventeen hundred pounds. The complete bones of which were discovered in excavating a passage for the purpose of a railway, at the depth of seventy-five feet from the surface of the ground, in Louisiana, and at a distance of one hundred and sixty miles from the sea. This

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great curiosity to be seen from ten in the morning till six in the evening."

In a very short time, I directed my hasty steps to the Cosmorama, in Regent Street, where the enormous head was to be seen. There I gazed on the prodigy, and much did it excite my wonder. The proprietors were Frenchmen, and many were the dreams of imagination in which they indulged. It was thought the head might have belonged to a bird, for the beak-like formation of the projecting bones gave some colour to such a possibility; but then, had such a monster lived, kite-like, on other birds, he would speedily have depopulated a space equal to a whole parish, ay, a whole county, of its feathered tribes. It was suggested by one, that it might have belonged to a fish; but the circumstance of it being found so deep in the earth, and so far from the sea, threw a difficulty in the way of this suggestion. It was intimated by another, as no improbability, that it belonged to a reptile, a gigantic lizard; and to such a creature, supposing that he sustained himself by vegetation, shrubs and bushes must have been as grass, and young oaks and elms as a pleasant sort of asparagus. In short, from the conversation I had with these foreigners, it was clear that, in their apprehension, the eagle might be but a lark, the whale but a minnow, and the mammoth but a mite, compared to the creatures which once inhabited the air, the ocean, and the

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earth, in the ages that have long winged their way to eternity.

Well, I lost sight altogether of this "Enormous Head" for some years, and did not expect to see the like again, until one day, visiting this place, I saw the two heads now before me, one that of the spermaceti whale, (*Physeter macrocephalus,*) the other the skull and lower jaw of the northern whalebone whale, (*Balæna mysticetus.*)

The strong resemblance of the latter convinced me that the "Enormous Head" was nothing more than the head of a whale.

I have entered my name in the book, kept in the hall for the purpose of receiving the signatures of visitors; given a glance at the gilded idol, and the mysterious impression made by his foot; ascended the staircase; paused a moment opposite the musk ox, polar bear, and gigantic fernsprays; and am now opposite the elephant and giraffes, sometimes regarding them with attention, and sometimes leaning my head backwards to admire the painted ceiling, whereon the fall of Phaëton, and the synod of heathen gods, are beautifully painted.

Youth, maturity, and age, all press forward to see the British Museum. There is a perfect throng now upon the staircase. Holiday and cheerfulness may be seen in almost every face. A pleasant sight it is to witness human happiness.

Here is a room crowded with curiosities, once

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the property of savage tribes, living thousands of miles apart from each other! The Esquimaux, the New Zealander, the Otaheitan, and the South American Indian, have all contributed to the collection. Implements of labour, fishing-tackle, warlike weapons, and instruments of music are ranged around. The spear, the javelin, the shark-tooth saw, the club, the tomahawk, and the scalping-knife, are mingled with bows and arrows, canoes, sledges, fish-hooks, harpoons, and calabashes. Here is a screen made of the feathers of an eagle; there, a dancing dress of the fibres of cocoa-nut bark; and yonder are ugly idols, bracelets of boars' tusks, mirrors of black slaty stone, necklaces of seeds and shells, and wooden coats of armour.

Nor are the trophies of war forgotten; the scalps of the vanquished in battle may here be seen, a species of spoil that is too dear to the cruel and implacable spirit of savage men. How opposed to the fierce hostility and relentless revenge of the untutored Indian, is the merciful injunction, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you," Matt. v. 44. And yet the time will come—for the mouth of the Holy One has declared it—when this Christian command shall run through the wigwam and through the world; when the javelin of the savage shall be broken,

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his bow be snapped asunder, and his scalping knife be guiltless of his fellow's blood.

> "Then, in undisturb'd possession,
> Peace and righteousness shall reign;
> Never shall be felt oppression—
> Heard the voice of war again."

In the centre of the room, in a glass case, lies the far-famed Magna Charta, wrung from a tyrannous monarch by the armed hands of his barons; and many a prying eye pores over the time-worn document with curiosity and wonder. It takes us back to the days when king John, a treacherous and false-hearted king, made, as it were, the land "desolate because of the fierceness of the oppressor, and because of his fierce anger," Jer. xxv. 38. But his tyranny prevailed not. What a fine burst of language is that, in which the prophet Isaiah rebukes those who are fearful of the oppression of man, and yet forgetful of the goodness of God! "Who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor?" Isaiah li. 12, 13.

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The painted ceilings, by Charles de la Foss, and the splendid groups of flowers, by James Rosseau, are admirable productions. They remind me of the vivid pencillings of Le Brun, in the palace of Versailles. The more I look on them, the more I like them.

To describe the animals, birds, reptiles, fishes, and insects; the shells, minerals, fossils, petrifactions, and antiquities of this place, would be impossible; for there is not one department that would not furnish amusement for a week. They are all classed in a scientific manner; the carnivorous animals are separated from those that are granivorous; and the birds of prey from the aquatic and those that sing. From the diminutive humming bird to the stately ostrich, the feathered creation may, here, be seen in all their varied forms and gaudy plumage. The kite in the glass case, there, reminds me of an anecdote that has just been related to me.

"A respectable farmer in Scotland, after a walk over his farm, at the beginning of this year's lambing season, and on a very warm morning, fell asleep on a high hill. On awaking, he found that his broad blue bonnet, and a yellow silk handkerchief, which he had placed beside him, were both missing. At first, he suspected they had been taken away in sport by some person on the farm; but, on inquiry, every individual on

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the farm and in the neighbourhood, who could possibly have approached the spot, denied all knowledge of the missing articles. Some weeks after, our correspondent and a party were ascending a very steep and dangerous rock on the farm, to destroy the nest of a glede (kite). Great was his amazement, when the first article taken out of the nest was the missing yellow silk handkerchief; then the broad blue bonnet, with three eggs most comfortably ensconced in it; next appeared an old tartan waistcoat, with tobacco in one pocket, and Orr's Almanac for 1839 in the other, the almanac having the words, scarcely legible, 'J. Fraser,' written upon it; then came a flannel nightcap, marked with red worsted, 'D. C. J.;' a pair of old white mittens, a piece of a letter with green wax, and the Inverness post-mark, an old red and white cravat, and a miscellaneous assortment of remains of cotton, paper, and other things. This bird had, indeed, been a daring robber, and had carried on his extensive larcenies for a long time with impunity."

Herculaneum and Pompeii have sent of their long-buried stores to add to the costliness of this extended treasure house. Greek and Roman antiquities are here, and numerous idols of metal, stone, and wood; terracottas, sculptures, vases, jars, and urns; with busts and figures, coins and medals, rings and curious seals. There are, also,

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beautiful specimens of precious stones, of all the kinds that are known, so that almost every shade of disposition may find something that will add to its gratification.

One of the most costly curiosities of the place is the Portland Vase; for two hundred years it was the principal ornament of a palace: it was found in the road between Rome and Frascati. By far the greater number of visitors pass this by, as a thing of little value, yet thousands of pounds would not purchase it. Some time ago it was dashed in pieces by one who visited the museum, but, since then, it has been put together again with great art.

What a number of mummies and ornamented mummy cases are here! and yet this is London, and not Egypt. They set one thinking of the pyramids; of the statue of Memnon; of Thebes with her hundred gates; of the idols, Orus, Apis, Isis, and Osiris. Here is a splendid mummy case, half opened, and the embalmed mummy half unswathed.

> "And thou hast walk'd about, how strange a story!
> In Thebes's street, three thousand years ago,
> When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
> And time had not begun to overthrow
> Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
> Of which the very ruins are tremendous."

It may not be so with all, but it is with many,

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that the very sight of these remnants of former ages drives away much of doubt, and brings much of certainty to the mind. We do, in general, but half credit the annals of antiquity: we are, in a degree, sceptics, while professing to believe the records of Holy Writ; but these mummy cases reprove us, and seem to say to us, "See and believe." While our sight and senses are, beyond a doubt, convinced that these are the remains of ancient Egypt, our faith is confirmed in the recorded verities of Scripture. Yes, it is a truth, and we feel it as such, that "Joseph was brought down to Egypt; and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard, an Egyptian, bought him of the hands of the Ishmaelites," Gen. xxxix. 1. It is a truth that Joseph sent for his father Jacob to dwell with him in the land of Egypt, and that "when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob revived." "It is enough," said he; "Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die," Gen. xlv. 27, 28. The miracles which God performed for his people rise to our remembrance, and the plagues that were spread over the land,

> When Moses stretch'd his wonder-working rod,
> And brought the locust on the foes of God;
> When countless myriads, with despoiling wing,
> Scourged the hard heart of the Egyptian king.

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I have wandered from one piece of sculpture to another. Here the chisel of Phidias, and there that of Praxiteles, has been at work, giving an inestimable value to stone. The Elgin marbles; the relics of the Athenian temples; the statues of Theseus, Illysus, and the Fates; the frieze of the Parthenon; the alto-relievo representations of the strifes of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ; the Townley marbles, and the Egyptian collection of sculpture, have all been visited, and I could now sit me down opposite this huge hieroglyphical sarcophagus, and muse and moralize. The temples of olden time; the artists of genius and talent, whose works are before us, and those to whose fame they have vainly sought to give immortality — "where are they?" The mutilated marbles, and the time-worn inscriptions of the most splendid works of art, seem to press on the reflective mind the lesson, "Gratefully enjoy the things of time, but forget not those of eternity."

The print room is a treat absolutely inexhaustible. Historical subjects, landscapes, seascapes, architectural designs, portraits, animals, birds, fishes, insects, trees, shells, fossils, fruit, flowers, and ornaments, by the most eminent artists, are kept in the nicest order. The library is, perhaps, after all, still more

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generally valuable than any other part of the Museum, containing, as it does, almost every book from which pleasure and information can be derived.

Latterly, a new front has been erected, and great additions have been made to the British Museum, rendering it still more attractive and useful.

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CHELSEA COLLEGE,

AND

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

THERE is the old College, and there are the gray-headed old soldiers, in their red coats and cocked hats! I must go nearer, and exchange a word or two with these veterans.

To say that this is a handsome building, is not saying much; for we may rest assured that every edifice designed and built by Sir Christopher Wren has much to recommend it. I am now drawing near the aged soldiers, some sitting in rows, some standing in groups, and others walking about by themselves.

After all, there is a sobriety about this brick and freestone edifice which pleases me; for I question if the magnificence of a more imposing building would harmonize so well with the purpose to which the college is applied, and with the plain habits of its inmates. Not for a moment, much as I am opposed to war, with its multiplied sins and sorrows—not for a moment would I abridge of any real comfort or convenience those who have fought the battles of my country. Would that I could make them more happy than

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they are, and see the warriors of by-gone days the partakers of a peace that "passeth all understanding;" but a plain building seems to me more suitable to them, as a dwelling-place, than a structure of magnificence and splendour. I never see a Greenwich pensioner by that splendid palace of a building, Greenwich Hospital, without thinking that custom alone has reconciled us to so strange a contrast. How would Old Humphrey, with his homely habits, appear, and how would he feel, sitting down to the banquet at Buckingham Palace, or the castle at Windsor, with a silver service before him, and a set of crimson-liveried serving men at his back?

But think not that I am ignorant of the general bearing of these things. It is not only thought necessary that disabled soldiers and sailors should be provided for, but that the attention paid to them should be visible to the public eye; that they have pensions granted them, and live in palaces. I blame not this policy, and only say, Would that we were all as wise for another world as we are for this!

Sir Stephen Fox, the grandfather of the statesman, who projected Chelsea College, died in his ninetieth year. A good old age truly; but if after threescore years and ten our strength is labour and sorrow, it will be far better to prepare to quit the world at a much earlier period, than to desire so lengthy a pilgrimage.

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Nell Gwyn, the favourite of Charles II, has the credit of having recommended to that monarch the adoption of Sir Stephen Fox's project. Sir Christopher Wren was employed, and king Charles laid the foundation stone of the building. Sir Stephen Fox's heart must have been in the undertaking, for he spent in it twelve or thirteen thousand pounds of his own money. It was in 1682 that the first stone was laid.

* * * * * *

I have walked through the college, the three courts, the garden, and the terraced walks, from the entrance down to the side of the Thames, talking with the gray-headed soldiers, picking up scraps of information, and examining the large bronze statue of Charles II., and other curiosities.

It appears that there are near five hundred in-pensioners in the establishment, that regular garrison duty is kept up, and that Divine service is performed three times every week in the chapel. The number of out-pensioners is very great. A poundage is paid by the whole British army to support the college, and every officer and private soldier contributes a day's pay once a year to the fund. The parliament is ever ready to make up a deficiency, for neither the old soldiers nor the old sailors of England are neglected.

In talking with these old firelocks of England, the pensioners, I learn that the origin of the

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present regular army was the corps of Life Guards, established by King Charles II.; for the "Yeomen of the Guard" of Henry VII., and the archers or sergeants-at-arms of Richard I., could hardly be called soldiers. I learn also, from the same authority, that there are not, were not, and never will be, any soldiers like those of Old England. Aged as most of the inmates of the college are, some of them can bristle up even now when a bayonet is spoken of. It is high time for them to be still, and to live in peace and charity with all mankind.

I should take a peep at the boys in the Royal Military Asylum near, dressed up in their red jackets, blue breeches and stockings, and black caps, going through their exercise; and at the girls in their red gowns and blue petticoats, both the one and the other marching to their meals to the sound of the drum; but Greenwich Hospital, which I mean to see to-day, is at some distance. I must, therefore, instead of visiting the asylum, step on board a steamer. Chelsea College, I bid thee farewell! Would that thy gray-haired and furrow-browed inmates were fighting as manfully against sin in their age, as they have contended against their foes in their youth! Would that they were ready to give glory to God, rather than to themselves, saying, "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the

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heaven and in the earth is thine: thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honour come of thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all. Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name," 1 Chron. xxix. 11—13.

* * * * * *

Ay, this looks like a palace indeed, with its wings, cupolas, pillars, courts, and terraces! And there are long rows of pensioners seated on the benches, talking together, and gazing at the ships and steam-boats on the river. There are, I am told, at the present time, more than two thousand seven hundred of these furrow-faced, quiet looking old sojourners snugly nestled in the hospital. About seven hundred of them are maimed, and the infirmities of age must now be creeping, or rather leaping on the remainder; but there is a shadowy side to everything, and I suppose this is the shadowy side of Greenwich Hospital. If wisdom and gray hairs of necessity went together, this princely pile would be approached with reverence; but we must not expect too much of these "men of many years," for the sea is but an indifferent school for the mind and manners. The warring elements, and the rage of battle, may teach a man many things, but they are not the best instructors in the fear

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of the Lord, or in the humanities that should be practised among mankind.

"When looking," says one, "on the faces and forms of the soldiers and sailors of Chelsea and Greenwich, you would hardly regard them as the thunderbolts of war; for age robs the eye of its fire, and the body of its strength, and habits of ease impart an appearance of quietude altogether opposed to the fierceness of the stormy fight; but for all this, these are the men who have fought England's battles, and borne the fury of desolating war."

William and Mary founded Greenwich Hospital for the reception of three hundred seamen, aged and maimed; and the tablets, at the entrance of the hall, show that liberal hearts and hands have not been wanted to support this British institution. Little less than sixty thousand pounds have been presented by private people.

This is a changing world, and time is not only a puller down, but also a builder up of palaces. Where the hospital now stands, the old palace, in which Edward VI. died, once stood. Report says that there is not a more beautiful modern building in Europe, used for a benevolent purpose, than the hospital. Sir Christopher Wren was the designer, but he only saw one wing of it completed.

Well-dressed visitors are walking on the terraces, and many, of a humbler cast, are looking

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around them with wonder. The faces of the young are full of holiday. While I am regarding the different groups, some of them are regarding me; thus it is that old and young furnish entertainment for each other.

This splendid building is in five parts, King Charles's, Queen Anne's, King William's, Queen Mary's, and the Asylum, or Royal Hospital Schools; and this grand square, in which I now stand, with the statue of George II. in the centre, must be between two and three hundred feet wide.

* * * * * *

I have seen the old men at dinner in the hall, and never before saw such a varied cluster of aged heads and wrinkled brows together. I could have sat down with the "ancient mariners," and talked with them for an hour. How different the stormy scenes in which they have acted a part, to the quietude of the life they now lead! I have visited their cabins, for each has one to himself, and seen pictures of sea fights, and old admirals, and family portraits, and models of ships, and shells, and sharks' teeth, and curiosities of other kinds. Now and then a thumb-marked Bible was visible, but more frequently a jest-book and boasting ballad. Most of the pensioners must be treading on the brink of an eternal world; but I fear, without being severe in my judgment, that not many of them are prepared to say, in the valley of the shadow of death, "O death,

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where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I have passed through the Chapel, and listened to the description given me of its statues, its pillars, and its paintings. I have admired the Great Hall, with the costly productions of the pencil of Sir James Thornhill, and of other celebrated artists. I have glanced at the schools, upper and lower, and mentally given my blessing to the boys and girls who are there instructed; and I am now gazing on Flamstead House, or the Royal Observatory. This place is the meridian whence English astronomers make their calculations, and it contains some of the best astronomical instruments in Europe. Groups of children are running down the adjoining hill. Bless their young and happy hearts! I could almost join them in their sport. May the Father of mercies satisfy them early with his mercy, and give them to rejoice all their days!

This park is indeed a famous place to ramble in, with its broad plains, romantic hills, antlered herd, and beautiful view of the river. What glorious trees are spreading out their wide branches, and what gigantic stems, in goodly avenues, intercept the view of distant objects! Seated under them, on the benches, are visitors of all ages. Childhood and youth, manhood and old

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age are there; and the clusters of gray-headed veterans, weather-beaten old tars, diversify the scene. Yonder sits one, alone, beneath a spreading chestnut, idly pushing aside with his stick the dry leaves and prickly chestnut balls that lie at his feet. "Man of years, what are thy musings? Does the stormy fight of Copenhagen or Trafalgar—the battle of the Nile or of Navarino, occupy thy thoughts? Come, come, thou art a gray-headed and a very old man, and it is high time for thee and for me to be thinking of different things. 'Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth?' 'We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ.' 'The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.'"

I have had my ramble from the park entrance to Blackheath, talked with the old pensioners and the young children, peeped through the telescopes, gazed on the deer, mused beneath the trees, and enjoyed the bright heavens above me, and the fair prospect around; and now as I quit the place, with groups of old pensioners and cheerful parties of all ages around me, the language of my heart is, "Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven. Praise ye the Lord," Psalm cxlviii. 12—14.

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THE

DIORAMA AND COSMORAMA.

THE DIORAMA.

THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY.—The panoramas which are exhibited, from time to time, are on a much more extended scale, and the cosmoramas present a greater variety of views to the eye, than the dioramas; but the latter are far more arresting than either of the former. The peculiarity of the style in which they are painted, the varied lights cast upon them, and the changes they exhibit, give them a decided advantage over every other exhibition of paintings, so far as an approach to reality is concerned. The illusion, indeed, after gazing for a short time, is so complete, that an effort of the mind is required to convince the spectator that he is not gazing on tangible things, but on a shadowy resemblance of them.

Perhaps, of all the dioramas hitherto exhibited in London, that of the Shrine of the Nativity at Bethlehem is the most successful in its influence over the spectator. It is true, that the scene it

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presents is not at all likely, of itself, to carry back our associations to that lowly stable at Bethlehem, where the holy Child Jesus was born. The commonest woodcut of the manger and the oxen, that ever yet was appended to the Cradle Hymn of Dr. Watts, would be more likely to produce this effect, than the sumptuous, the splendid, the magnificent spectacle of the Shrine of the Nativity; but in the power of impressing the gazer with the reality of the objects presented to the eye, the glittering lamps, the stately pillars, the shrine, the crucifix, and the pictures, it is unrivalled.

I have ascended the staircase, passed through the darkened room at its summit, and groped my way downwards, with my hand against the wall, to a seat immediately in front of the part appointed for the exhibition. Audible voices tell me that half a dozen or a dozen persons must be present, but as yet I can discern no one. Scribbling with my pencil, in darkness, I am gazing on the illuminated lamps, which seem to cast no light, except round the immediate place where they are suspended. A female voice is indulging in a levity quite at variance with the impressive gloom, and an occasional laugh is heard from the opposite end of the benches.

The low, tremulous toll of a distant bell has vibrated through the place, and, by slow and scarcely perceptible degrees, the other lamps of

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the picture have been illuminated. There is the Shrine of the Nativity, a correct resemblance of the one now in existence in Bethlehem, said to be erected where our Saviour was born. "And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel," Matt. ii. 6.

At this moment, the ardent fervour of an oriental fancy could scarcely surpass, in its creations, the magnificent scene before me. The silvery sparkling of the burning lights; the golden glare of the lamps, chains, and picture frames; the rich yellow, topaz-like radiance that is shed around; and the deep, mellow shadows, with the bold relief they afford, are truly exquisite.

The two worshippers seen at their devotions, the one kneeling, with his face buried in his hands; the other, altogether prostrated on the floor, add much to the awfulness of the scene. Brilliant and varied hues, striking objects, with strong lights and shadows, are blending their influence, with that of stillness, solemnity, and interesting associations. The light-hearted female has ceased her jocose remarks; the scene has subdued her hilarity, and a breathless silence reigns around.

To the right is the spot intended to denote where the manger stood, and near it is an altar to mark the place where the magi worshipped the

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Redeemer. "And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh," Matt. ii. 11.

It is said that there are few spots pointed out to the pilgrim or visitor to the Holy Land, better authenticated than that of the nativity. It seems scarcely probable that the early Christians would altogether lose sight of its locality. According to history, a temple was erected over the spot, by the Emperor Hadrian, about a hundred years before the present edifice was formed. Whether contempt or jealousy of the Christians led on the Emperor to this undertaking, it would be hard to determine.

Bethlehem, the birthplace of David, is represented by travellers to be a village beautifully situated on an eminence overlooking the Dead Sea, and the solitary wilderness of Engedi. The olive, the vine, and the fig tree flourish in the country around it; and from the high grounds may be seen the distant mountains of Moab and Idumea.

Changing, as the scene does—representing first the shrine of the nativity, as it now exists, and then the celebration of mass by the Franciscan monks—the visitor gazes with astonishment and awe; but when, by imperceptible degrees, the whole, as if

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by magic, becomes lighted up with bewildering brilliancy, and the organ chants a solemn tune, his amazement is extreme.

CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—This splendid representation cannot fail to interest the spectator; for, though a sight of the ceremony is so much desired, few people, comparatively, can be present at a coronation. I am sometimes looking at the attractive personages congregated together on the canvass, and sometimes regarding the architecture and decorations of the venerable abbey of Westminster, as exhibited in the painting. They are both very effective, though appearing to some disadvantage, coming after the superior brilliancy of the scene which has so recently preceded them. The fixed position of the worshippers at their devotions, in the Shrine of the Nativity, is in strict keeping with the scene, and heightens the effect of the painting; but here, in the coronation, it is otherwise, for the motionless attitude of so many figures imparts a monotonous, statue-like effect, that is somewhat oppressive to the spectator.

There sits the Queen in King Edward's chair, holding in her hands the royal sceptre, the ensign of power and justice, and the rod, the emblem of equity and mercy. The archbishop of Canterbury is placing the crown upon her head. At her right hand stand the peers who have

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assisted at the ceremony, in their gowns of crimson velvet, and capes of ermine. At her left hand stand the bishops, robed in black and white. In the box, on one side, are the royal family; and in the other parts, the foreign ambassadors with their ladies, the peers and peeresses, the judges, the lord mayor, the sheriffs, maids of honour, officers, and other attendants.

Hark! what a startling sound! A flourish of trumpets has announced that Victoria is crowned; and imagination hears the distant thunderings of the Tower guns, and the nearer acclamations of the people—"God save the Queen!" The thunder of the cannon has ceased, the clangour of the trumpet is still, and even now can I fancy that the voice of the archbishop is heard, as he thus addresses the queen:—"Be strong and of good courage, observe the commandments of God, and walk in his holy ways; fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life; that in this world you may be crowned with success and honour, and when you have finished your course, receive a crown of righteousness, which God, the righteous Judge, shall give you in that day. Amen.'

The company assembled are growing a little more talkative; some are speaking of the queen, some are pointing out particular peers and peeresses, while others are admiring the dresses and decorations so prodigally spread out before them.

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The coronation is a striking and solemn ceremony, from the entrance into the cathedral to the recess. The recognitions, the oblations, the services, the sermon, the oath, and the anointing; the investing with the royal robes, the putting on the crown, the presentation of the Holy Bible, the benediction, the enthronization, the homage, the communion, and the final prayers, are all, when duly considered, of an impressive character. But while I am noting down these remarks, the company are preparing to depart. I must now proceed to the Cosmorama.

THE COSMORAMA.

This, then, is the Cosmorama. The little book put into my hand tells me that I have eight different views to gaze on. The Rope Bridge of Penipé, in South America; the Palace of Zenobia, at Palmyra; Constantinople during the Conflagration in 1839; the Palace of Versailles; General View of Rome; the Park of Versailles; the Lake of Thun, in Switzerland; and the Village of Baden.

Often, and often, have I reflected on the varied and almost endless gratifications which await us, both in the natural and artificial creation! Truly, if our harps are not on the willows, if our hearts are in tune, a song of thanksgiving should be ever in our mouths.

> The crowded city and the rural scene
> Alike are teeming with Almighty love!

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> Here the great Maker of this wondrous world
> Sets forth his power and goodness infinite,
> In mountain, vale, and wood: and there displays
> The gifted properties on man bestow'd.

Though supplied with a book, giving some account of the different paintings, and furnished with paper on which to note down any suggestion that may occur to me, this passage is so dark, that I can neither read nor write legibly, without approaching the little windows, through which I must look to see the views.

THE ROPE BRIDGE OF PENIPE is the first painting, and a striking one it is. The bridge of twisted rushes, with sticks laid across, covered with branches of trees for a flooring, is represented as stretching over the river Chambo, near the village of Penipé, from rock to rock, a distance of one hundred and twenty feet. To cross such a bridge, a strong head, a bold heart, and a steady foot, must be necessary. I can fancy a timid person following his Indian guide, while the violent oscillation of the bridge hanging in air blanches his cheek, and makes his limbs tremble. Some say, and many things are more improbable, that the notion of suspension bridges arose from the rope bridges of South America. We need not, however, have travelled so far to make the discovery, as any spider would have furnished us with a model both scientific and secure.

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THE PALACE OF ZENOBIA is one of the principal remains of the city of Palmyra. The Corinthian style of architecture, with the vastness that characterized the Egyptian buildings, are both sufficiently apparent. Palmyra was the Tadmor of king Solomon, a magnificent city of Syria, the stupendous ruins of which are situated in the midst of a sandy and sterile desert, around which, on three sides, mountains rise of considerable eminence. Zenobia was Queen of Palmyra. Beautiful in person, and of extraordinary intellect, she united the refinement of the Grecian with the hardihood of the Roman character: this was her palace. In the pride of her power, she thought lightly of Rome; but Aurelian came as a conqueror, and her city was swept with the besom of destruction. Palmyra was a splendid city, afterwards a town of little note; at a still later date it was an unimportant fortress, and now it is a mere miserable village. The costly ruins of its former greatness form a strange contrast to its present humiliation; for mud cottages now stand in the spacious court of the once splendid temple.

The owlet builds her nest in princely halls;
The lizard's slime bestreaks the palace walls;
No trace of man, save that the embers spent
Show where the wandering Arab pitch'd his tent.
The ruin tells us that the despot's hand
Spreads desolation o'er the wretched land;
And tombs o'erthrown, and plunder'd fanes declare
Too plain—the royal robber has been there.

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As I gaze on the painting, it wonderfully improves in appearance: what was a mere picture is now a real ruin, and, in fancy, I am standing in the midst of its mouldering magnificence. Mark the square blocks of stone, through the principal portal, and the beautiful pillars, in the distance to the left, contrasted with the strength of the foreground.

> Palmyra tells a tale of other times:
> War and the whirlwind have alike despoil'd her.

CONSTANTINOPLE, DURING THE CONFLAGRATION OF 1839, must have been an awful spectacle. The little device of introducing an apparent flame that bursts forth, flinging a frightful red glare on the city, and then as suddenly subsides, involving the place in portentous gloom, is very effective. It gives a reality to the representation.

What a dreadful calamity is an extensive fire! Three thousand seven hundred houses were destroyed. Despairing fathers, frantic mothers, shrieking children, bedridden and helpless old age, all at their wits' end. Alarm visited every house! Terror strided through the streets, and destruction in all directions raged abroad.

> The shout of fire, a dreadful cry,
> Impress'd each heart with deep dismay;
> While the fierce blaze and redd'ning sky
> Made midnight wear the face of day.

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The building at the entrance of the Bosphorus, there, is the seraglio, or palace of the sultan. To the right is the dome of Santa Sophia, the most celebrated mosque of the Moslems; and yonder is Pera, where the foreign ambassadors, the dragomans, and Frank merchants reside. Visit Constantinople as you will, by the Dardanelles and Sea of Marmora, by the Black Sea and the Bosphorus, by the plains of Thrace or the hills of Asia, she will always be seen to advantage.

At present, the inhabitants of Constantinople follow the false prophet; but the Christian humbly believes that the Mohammedan crescent will yet wane before the Star of Bethlehem. In vain shall the enemies of the cross contend against Almighty power; at the appointed time, "the Lamb shall overcome them; for he is King of kings, and Lord of lords: and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful," Rev. xvii. 14.

THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES is an admirable view. The building, trees, gardens, flowers, hedges, grass, and water, are all excellent. Years have passed since I looked on the real palace; but this representation of it brings it back to my gaze, as though it were just before me The façade of one thousand nine hundred feet, the projections, Ionic columns, and statues of marble and bronze, are truly magnificent.

The centre statue, in the distance, represents

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Marcus Curtius leaping into the abyss, as a sacrifice for the good of his country; and the fountain on the left is the Fontaine de Pyramide, formed of four basins, one rising above another. Every spectator will be interested by this view of the palace of Versailles. Such as have seen the original will admire it for its correctness; and those who have not will be spell-bound by its beauty and magnificence.

A group of children have entered the place, to witness the wonders of the Cosmorama. They are peeping through the little windows at the different views, full of joyous exclamation. With children, pictures are always perfect.

> In happy ignorance of art, they see
> Beauty in every plant and spreading tree;
> Gaze on the woods and waves with glad surprise,
> And speak their pleasure with their sparkling eyes.

Let there be red, and blue, and green, and yellow enough in his brush, and a painter may calculate on the youthful world for his admirers.

This GENERAL VIEW OF ROME takes not my fancy, though it will be full of interest to those who never saw a better representation of the "Eternal City," as it is called by some, though improperly. St. Peter's and the Vatican, with its colonnade, and obelisk, and fountain; the Pantheon, the Colosseum, and the Antonine

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and Trajan pillars, are objects which associations render attractive; but on so miniature a scale, they can scarcely be expected to be very effective. The road between the trees, there, would be accurately traced by the eye of a Roman Catholic, for it leads to that mother of churches, St. Giovanni Laterana, the oldest in Europe, wherein the pope is consecrated. The scene before me takes back the thought

> To that proud capital, where Cæsars found a home,
> When Rome was all the world, and all the world was Rome.

The temple of Jupiter Stator, the ruins of the palace of the emperors, and the Fontana Paolina, the finest fountain in Rome, may all be clearly distinguished by those who have a knowledge of the once imperial city. The Corso, the finest street in Rome, may also be traced, with the Quirinal Palace, the towers of St. Maria Maggiore, and the receding waters of the river Tiber.

Though the imperial city of Rome had not, like Athens, an altar inscribed "To the unknown God," yet did its citizens as ignorantly worship stocks and stones, as the people of Athens. They were "wholly given to idolatry."

THE PARK OF VERSAILLES, like the palace, is an object which at once arrests the attention; and the longer you gaze, the more you are disposed to linger on the scene before you. The

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foreground, fountains, with their margins of white marble, and groups of bronze figures, are very fine; and still more magnificent is the Fountain of Latona, with the white marble figures on the red marble steps, surrounded by seventy-four gigantic frogs spouting out crystal streams. The spectator, unacquainted with the fable of Jupiter metamorphosing the peasants of Lybia into frogs, for refusing refreshments to Latona, will be at a loss to make out what is signified by the scene.

The canal there, more than four thousand feet long, crossed by one whose length is three thousand, forms a prominent feature in the representation. I could dwell on the particular points that afford me satisfaction; but all appear beautiful. The sky is bright, and the park is delightful. The palace and park of Versailles, most certainly, form one of the most attractive scenes in the world.

THE VILLAGE OF BADEN, though presenting to the eye of the spectator a view of one of the most picturesque spots in all Syria, is, to me, one of the least impressive scenes in the exhibition.

When the fierce and fiery beams of the summer sun drive away the inhabitants of Scanderoon from the marshy and unhealthy situation of their dwellings, they find an agreeable retreat in the village of Baden, where excellent fruits and good water await them. The aqueduct arches, the

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Santon's tomb, the minaret and dome of the mosque, the gulf of Ajazza, and the distant mountains of Lebanon, are not without interest; but so much are they eclipsed by several of the other scenes, that I will not dwell upon them.

THE LAKE OF THUN, in Switzerland, is to me by far the most attractive representation of the Cosmorama. It is enough to make the common-place spectator imaginative, and to inspire the poetic visitant with high-wrought visions of romantic beauty. To decide whether the mountains, the trees, or the skies are the most lovely, would be an arduous undertaking. If the sublime and beautiful were ever closely connected, they are so in these smiling valleys, these cultivated hills and mighty mountains, whose cloud-capped, icy pinnacles are lost amid the skies.

Well may such scenes be valued by the Switzer peasant! Well may they afford pleasure to him by day, and mingle with his dreams by night!

> Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
> And dear that hill that lifts him to the storms;
> And as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
> Clings close and closer to his mother's breast,
> So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
> But bind him to his native mountains more.

The lake of Thun is more than seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea, while the Niesen, Moine, Riger, and Jungfrau mountains

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lift their snowy heads thirteen thousand feet and more amid the clouds. All that is picturesque and fair in Alpine scenery seems here embodied. The river Aar, which runs below the spot whence this view is taken, descending from the Finster-Aar-horn, rolls along the base of the glaciers, collecting all the tributary waters, and distributing them among the lakes of Thun and Brienta. It afterwards pursues a course somewhat circuitous to the Rhine on the German frontier. I must now bid adieu to the Cosmorama.

In passing from one exhibition to another, of panoramas, dioramas, and cosmoramas; of architecture, statuary, painting, science, and literature —the thought intrudes itself, Oh that all who have talent, all who excel among mankind, would bear in mind whence their powers were derived, and would humbly adore the Giver of all good for the endowments with which he has favoured them in this world, and the revelation of his mercy through the Redeemer!

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THE DOCKS.

THERE are in London many institutions and exhibitions which do little more than communicate pleasure to those who visit them, or promote the advancement of particular branches in arts and sciences. There are others more closely connected with our common comforts, our every day luxuries, and, indeed, with our very existence as a great nation. Among these latter, the Docks occupy a high place. In a national and individual point of view, they are of incalculable importance.

> What a night on the globe would prevail,
> How forlorn each blank region would be,
> Did the canvass no more catch the gale,
> Nor the keel cleave the fathomless sea!

When, for a moment, we consider that not less than four thousand ships are employed in bringing the products of other countries into the port of London, and in bearing away thence the manufactures and merchandize of England; that fifteen thousand cargoes enter the port every year, and that there are seldom less than two thousand vessels

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in the Docks and the river, to say nothing of three thousand barges and small craft occupied in lading and unlading; when we think of these things, and at the same time call to mind that more than two thousand boats and wherries enable at least eight thousand watermen to pick up a living in plying them; that four thousand labourers find employment in lading and unlading the ships; and that twelve hundred revenue officers are required to discharge the duties of the port and the river, we cannot but regard the Docks with interest as well curiosity.

The East India Docks are at Blackwall; the West India Docks lie across the neck of the Isle of Dogs, between Limehouse and Blackwall; the London Docks are at Wapping; and St. Katharine's Docks lie between Wapping and the Tower. I visited them all years ago, and walking over the same ground again to-day, brings many things to my mind, which for some time have escaped my memory. How often the things of earth remind us of friends who are in heaven! How often do inanimate objects around us cry aloud to us, "What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death?" "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," Psa. lxxxix. 48; Gen. iii. 19.

As a stranger approaches the Docks, he will have many indications of their locality. A solitary, chop-fallen sailor walks along slowly, with his hands in the pockets of his trowsers. He

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has had his frolic, he has spent his money, and has "got no ship." Half-a-dozen blue jackets, some with canvass caps, and others with new black hats on their heads, not over steady in their appearance, go forwards with a rolling walk, and enter the public house at the corner. I have just passed by a sailor, exhibiting a painting of a shipwreck. There he is with a copper coin in his pocket, which a minute ago was in mine. He has lost both his legs, and would, no doubt, give me a full, true, and particular account of his birth, parentage, education, and misfortune, were I to require it at his hands. Where is the heart that has not its tale of sorrow?

> Though we to-day sweet peace possess,
> It soon may be withdrawn;
> Some change may plunge us in distress
> Before to morrow's dawn.

Half-an-hour ago, as I turned along the street by the side of the India House, at least twenty seamen, in their holiday clothes, stood congregated together on one side of the street, while a man, in a Scotch dress, playing on the bag-pipes, paraded backwards and forwards before them on the other. Another man, a complete Highlander in face, figure, dress, and activity, was dancing the Highland fling, with an unwonted degree of vigour, and apparent lightheartedness, while the delighted tars showered upon him their bounty

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with liberal hands. Some of these seamen were as fine-looking men as any in the world.

The principal entrance to the East India Docks is at Poplar, where buildings have been erected for the accommodation of those employed in the several warehouses and in the quays. I have been on board a vessel bound for the Mauritius, and am now looking at the docks. The one for loading outwards is more than seven hundred feet long; and that for unloading inwards double that length, by a breadth of five hundred feet. The warehouses and quays are very spacious. It is a busy scene, when an East India fleet arrives with its produce of tea, coffee, silk, wool, cotton, indigo, saltpetre, mace, nutmegs, camphor, elephants' teeth, muslins, and other commodities.

The stranger desirous to see all that is interesting in the Docks of the metropolis, should not omit, when at Blackwall, to visit what is said to be the largest private dock in Europe. On one of the quays, blubber is landed from Greenland ships. On another are powerful cranes for landing anchors and guns; and on a third is a machine for masting and dismasting vessels with more than usual despatch. How comparatively feeble is man, until the powers of his mind are called into action! He invents machinery, and then goes forth with more than the strength of a giant.

Before the establishment of the Marine Police,

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in 1798, the robberies which took place on the river were very frequent, and sometimes very extensive. Where plunder is to be had, plunderers will be found.

When we reflect on the valuable cargoes with which ships are freighted from the East and West, and on the daring characters which abound in large cities and seaports, it will not excite wonder, that, so long as vessels remained in an unprotected state, continual attempts should be made to plunder them. To such a pitch of audacity has pillage been carried on in the river, that a vessel has been known to be boarded, during the night, by a desperate gang, her anchor weighed, and both anchor and cable borne away in presence of the captain, in spite of all his attempts to prevent it. As on land there are thieves of all grades, from the daring highwayman and burglar, to the wily pickpocket, so on the water, there were spoilers of all kinds, ready to rob on a large or small scale, from a cargo, to a cocoa-nut or a nutmeg. The river pirate boldly took, by open force, his share of the booty. The night plunderer bribed the watchmen on board, and by their connivance, bore away in his boat all that he could conveniently remove. The light horseman, on good terms with the mates of ships and revenue officers, opened hogsheads of sugar and other produce, plundering them with impunity. The heavy horseman stowed away, beneath his

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ample dress, as much coffee, ginger, and cocoa, as he could well carry; while the gauze lighterman was ever ready to receive stolen goods. Besides these, there were the mudlark and the scupple hunter: the former prowling about at low water, receiving in his small bag such petty packages as he could get from his dishonest friends on board; and the latter sneaking about the wharves and quays, under pretence of wanting work, to pick up everything and anything that came to hand.

The West India Docks have very extensive ranges of warehouses for the stowage of merchandize. The northern dock, for unloading ships arriving from the West Indies, is two thousand six hundred feet in length, by a breadth of more than five hundred. Here a fleet of three hundred West Indiamen may ride safely. The southern dock, for loading outward-bound vessels, will hold, at least, two hundred ships. Before the formation of the West India Docks, the river used to be very inconveniently crowded on the arrival of a fleet.

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The Wapping entrance to the London Docks is before me. Workmen, revenue officers, merchants, clerks, porters, and visitors, are passing to and fro. On the right, stand a number of caravan-looking accounting houses on wheels, that they may be removed from place to place; and the painted boards in the front announce the

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intelligence that carts, wagons, vans with springs, and every other accommodation for the speedy and safe removal of merchandize, may be there obtained. On the left, stand empty and laden wains, cabs, and coaches, with their attendant wagoners in frocks, coachmen in great coats, and cab-drivers in similar attire.

Against the wall, by the gates, are placards of the different vessels about to sail to all parts of the world; a goodly number of ships bound to Australia, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land among them. On entering the gates, the immense area is covered with pipes and casks of different kinds of wine, to be inspected before they are stowed in the ground floors and vaults of the surrounding warehouses.

Masts, without number, now attract my attention, figure-heads, and the great bulging bows of vessels; a confused mass of closely reefed sails, rigging, blocks, and tackling. Here is a lad swinging in the noose of a rope half way down the hull of a ship, turning an iron nut with a nut-screw; and there is another busily employed at the mast head. Seamen, fair, sunburnt, swarthy, and black, are on the decks and round the cabooses, and "Heave ho!" is heard in different directions, as the tackling creaks, and the heavy hogsheads dangle in the air.

Years ago I came to this place to welcome home an aged relative, to whom, in my youthful

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days, I was strongly attached: he had just arrived from the western world. Twenty summers and winters had he passed in the woody lands on the banks of the Delaware; and so much was he altered in appearance, that, at first, I passed by him, regarding him as a stranger. Time had been busy with him, bleaching his hair like flax, furrowing his cheeks and brow, and impairing the strength of his body and his mind. I could have wept like a child, for affection was strong within me. Well! I must not linger on the scene. Many were the days of his pilgrimage; and his white hairs reminded those who loved him, not only that he had walked long with God on earth, but that he would soon dwell with him in heaven. Since then, I have witnessed his last sigh, closed his dying eyes, and followed him to the grave.

Oh, fear thou not, Christian, to die,
For death is the end of thy woes;
And the sleep of the grave will pass by
As a night of refreshing repose.

The labourer that rests through the gloom,
At the dawn of the day will arise;
And ere long wilt thou spring from the tomb,
And be winging thy way to the skies.

The stores of wine in the vaults of this place are immense, as well as those of brandy, rum, and hollands; while, in the warehouses, the amount of tea, tobacco, and indigo, is equally astonishing. As I continue my walk round the several quays,

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I step for a moment into the different warehouses, to mark the different kinds of merchandize that are laid up there. One place is filled with wool, another piled with hemp, and a third occupied with cork tied up in large bundles. On every hand, something is doing around me; pipes of wine, puncheons of rum, hogsheads of sugar, and boxes of raisins and currants, are hoisted by cranes from the quay to the ships, or from the ships to the quay. I see boxes of fruit, bales of silk, bundles of hides, packages of wool, glue, glass, madder, shell-lac, spices, tallow, oil, wax, gum, whalebone, leather, sponge, and a hundred other commodities; while piles of iron in bars, and logwood in logs, vary the scene.

A party of strangers, judging by the curiosity and wonder visible in their eyes, are now walking along the quay; the ladies are not a little incommoded by the ropes and pulleys, the trucks of the workmen, and the packages which intercept their course; yet they take it all with good humour: it would be unreasonable to take it otherwise: the real business of life cannot be allowed to stand still, while we practise its refinements, its courtesies, and civilities.

The outlet of the dock to the river forcibly reminds me of an occurrence which was very near proving fatal. A young friend, about to embark for Sydney, some years ago, had lingered on the quay with her friends, till the vessel had

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almost quitted the lock, sailing onwards for the Thames; there was but just time for any one to proceed up the rope ladder at her side in safety. My young friend attempted to do this, but faltered. It was a critical moment. Had she fallen into the lock, it would have been her destruction. Perceiving that she had lost her presence of mind, I snatched her away from the ladder, just as the vessel cleared the lock. The remembrance of her perilous situation and escape, even now, makes me draw my breath quicker than ordinary. About a month ago, I again saw her embark with her husband, on her second voyage to Sydney.

I am now looking on a brig, which lies close up to the quay, and I could look at her for an hour, having just picked up the information, from a sailor on board, that she was all but wrecked in the Bay of Biscay. There she is, with a chain cable passed twice round her hull, her bows staved in, her bulwarks broken clean off, and her mast carried by the board. Her jurymast is a mere spar, and she carries not a rag deserving the name of a sail. How such a broken craft could ride the waters is wonderful. While I look at her, the Bay of Biscay scene is before me—the roaring winds, the black sky, and the heaving ocean. Hark! how her strained timbers creak between the blasts of the tempest! Her mast is struck by the lightning, and now it is carried

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away. What a fearful crash! He who can mete out the sea in the hollow of his hand can alone save her crew from destruction! He has commanded the winds to cease. "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired heaven," Psalm cvii. 29, 30.

When we see the reckless life that sailors too often lead, and when we call to remembrance our own utter unworthiness, well may each of us exclaim, Lord, "what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Psalm viii. 4. How terrible is the wide ocean in its rage! and yet

"Life is a sea as fathomless
As wide, as terrible, and yet so metimes
As calm and beautiful. The light of heaven
Smiles on it, and 'tis deck'd with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon dark clouds
Arise, contending winds go forth abroad,
And Hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.
And thou must sail upon this sea—a long,
Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck;
The foolish *must*. Oh, then, be early wise:
Learn from the mariner his skilful art,
To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
And dare the threat'ning storm, and trace a path
'Mid countless dangers, to the destined port
Unerringly secure. Oh, learn from him
To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
To guard thyself from Passion's sudden blasts,
And make Religion thy magnetic guide,
Which, though it trembles as it lonely lies,
Points to the light that changes not, in heaven."

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I have quitted the London Docks, and am now at those of St. Katharine. It is a sight somewhat strange, to see a fleet of merchantmen riding on the waters, occupying a spot where, a short time before, might have been seen huge buildings of substantial masonry, a beautiful church, and a resting-place for the departed dead: yet so it is, for where the river of Mammon runs, it sweeps away all that interferes with its onward course. The stranger who has not seen the neighbourhood of the Tower and Wapping, for the last twenty years, will look around in vain for the ancient and beautiful church of St. Katharine, once belonging to the old hospital, founded by King Stephen's Queen, Matilda. It is gone, together with its burial ground, and the large breweries near. The site they covered is occupied by St. Katharine's Docks. St. Katharine's church is now in the Regent's Park, with its almshouse, master, brethren, sisters, poor scholars, and beadsmen.

The new dock of St. Katharine occupies a space of twenty-one acres, in which a hundred and twenty fine ships find sufficient room. The quay appears, to-day, more than ordinarily crowded with merchandize and people, though the rain is falling fast and freely. The docks are not improved in their appearance by bad weather; at this moment, the very porters linger, to avoid the wet skin which awaits them should they go forth.

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I remember being present at the opening of St. Katharine's Docks, certainly one of the liveliest scenes on which I ever gazed. The quays and windows of the various warehouses were thronged with goodly spectators; while the vessels, showing the flags of all nations, and hung with pendants, and streamers of all colours, passed proudly into the capacious basin. Every yard was manned with sailors; at every mast-head sat a blue jacket, and every deck was crowded with company; while bands of music imparted additional life to the glowing scene.

What a puny thing is man, compared with his own workmanship! Look at the broad bulging bows of that three-masted ship near the quay! Regard her prow, figure-head, bowsprit, towering masts, and enormous yards and sails! What an amazing hulk! And yet the whole navy of the world would not stand a moment before the excited breath of the Almighty. As bubbles on the face of the waters would it disappear, and be no more seen. When a ship quits the shore, it is not the strength of her timbers that will insure her return: she is in the hands of God alone. How infinite art thou, O God, in thy power, thy wisdom, and thy goodness!

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SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM.

THE Lincoln's Inn Fields Museum, established by Sir John Soane, has much to recommend it to public attention; and those who love curiosities and works of art, and have leisure as well as inclination to gratify themselves, will be amply rewarded in visiting its costly stores.

The museum consists of a considerable collection of sculpture, paintings, sarcophagi, medals, casts, vases, terracottas, bronzes, Gothic fragments, drawings, engravings, etchings, cabinets, carvings, gems, cameos, intaglios, and other curiosities. The general appearance of the several chambers of the institution will appear contracted in the eye of those who forget they are looking on what was the private residence of an individual artist, though now it has become a public institution.

I have paused a moment on the ancient Gothic corbels that adorn the front of the building. I have gazed on the porphyry-painted walls, casts, and reliefs of the entrance-hall and recess; and

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am now standing beneath the south central compartment of the painted ceiling in the dining-room and library.

If the first pleasure in gazing on a work of art arises from a keen perception of its beauties, the next, in order, certainly springs from a detection of its defects. Indeed, I somewhat fear that, in our unamiable moods, this order is not unfrequently reversed, and that we see more distinctly the faulty, than the faultless parts of what is submitted to our observation.

That the very inconsiderable elevation of the ceiling sadly injures the effect of the paintings thereon, must strike every beholder. The subject of "Phœbus in his Car, preceded by Aurora, and the Morning Star led on by the Hours, with the Zephyrs sporting in his train," appears to require space. The visitor is not prepared to find himself so near the celestial group, supposed to be careering the elevated heavens. Not willingly would I run the risk of affecting to be overwise in such matters; but to me it does appear, that altitude is indispensable to a painted ceiling, and especially when the subject is an ethereal one.

The whole of the ceiling paintings—Phœbus in his Car, Pandora and the assembled gods and goddesses, the Seasons, Night with the Pleiades, Epimetheus receiving Pandora, and the Opening of the Vase—are by Henry Howard, R.A. Antique

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busts, Greek and Etruscan vases, inlaid marble, mirrors, bronzes, books, and painted glass, are around me. The astronomical clock of Raingo, of Paris, is a real curiosity, and yonder model of the Corinthian order is excellent. The painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Snake in the Grass, is deservedly a favourite: it cost somewhat more than five hundred guineas. The painting over the chimney-piece has a double claim on public attention, from the circumstance of its being not only a portrait of the founder of this museum, but, also, one of the last productions of Sir Joshua's pencil.

I have not passed without a pause the model of the monument erected over the tomb where the dust of Sir John Soane now reposes, in the burial ground of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, at St. Pancras. The monument was erected to the memory of Elizabeth, Sir John's wife; but since then, the donor of this princely collection of curiosities has been borne to the same burial place. A man has but a life-interest in his own freehold. If rich, he may found an establishment that may endure for ages, but he himself must withdraw. "To-morrow" is a period too distant for him to calculate upon with certainty.

> "How poor, how rich; how abject, how august;
> How complicate, how wonderful is man!"

The little study contains works of art, and some curious natural productions. Among the

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latter, the large fungus from Sumatra arrests the eye of the visitor. In the dressing-room and recess are various curiosities: the sulphur casts from gems, the engravings of Hogarth, and the drawings by Mortimer and Canaletti, are all deserving of attention.

The models, the casts, the terracottas, and the marble fragments in the corridor, ought not to be passed by hastily. To accustom the eye to forms of grace and beauty, and to become familiar with works of excellence, is to elevate our standard in matters of taste. He who has made acquaintance with the ancient masters, will be somewhat fastidious as to the moderns. An instance of the advantage to be derived from a careful observation of what is excellent in art, I will here note down.

I have just heard a remark fall from a visitor, while conversing with the curator of the museum, in reference to a graceful branch on a cast against the wall, now before me. "Years ago," said he, "the elegance of that branch caught my attention when you favoured me with a private admission to this place; and since then, making that branch my model, I have almost inundated the country with, confessedly, one of the most elegant articles of brass furniture that ever was made with hands." The speaker had a British broad back and chest, and was evidently "well to do." The energy of his eye bespoke the fact, that what

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he undertook he would execute; and I dare say, that the branch in question has not been the only specimen of excellence in this museum that he has found serviceable.

Having looked over the extended collection of wood models, and architectural drawings, as well as the other works of art in the students' room, I have entered the picture-room, and am agreeably surprised both at the extent and costliness of the paintings it contains. That a chamber, only about thirteen or fourteen feet long, something less than this in breadth, and between nineteen and twenty feet high, should, by any contrivance, be made to exhibit such a collection, cannot but call forth the admiration of the spectator. The room has cabinets on the north and west sides, and moveable planes on the south, with spaces between for pictures.

I was not aware, before I entered the place, that the museum was so rich in the works of Hogarth. Why, here are twelve of his best paintings. The Rake's Progress, consisting of eight; and the Election, of four! By the kindness of the curator, I have been lingering here a long time. A good painting is a feast to me; and a feast is never relished the less because it is spread before us unexpectedly. It is saying but little, to acknowledge that I have been abundantly gratified.

So general a thing it is, when speaking of

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Hogarth, to allude to the excellent moral of his pictures, that I really wish to believe the morality of his paintings was a thing near his heart. The occasional freedoms of his pencil are, it is true, not a little at variance with this position; but it will not become us to comment thereon with severity. We know that he was a great painter, and that the works of his hands have afforded much pleasure, and called forth deserved admiration; and knowing this, let us hope that, while he sought reputation, he wished not only to give pleasure, but also to do good.

Besides the paintings of Hogarth, which are splendid works of art—1650 guineas having been given for four of them alone—there are excellent pictures here by Canaletti, and other great masters.

So long have I lingered in the picture-room, that a glance is all that I have given to the monk's parlour and oratory, corridor, ante-room, and catacombs. Casts, carvings, and painted glass, architectural drawings, Peru vases from the burial-places of the aboriginal Indians, busts, medallions, plasters, and bas-reliefs, would afford occupation for hours to a visitor of leisure. The model of Stonehenge, in cork, will be interesting to those who have not seen the original.

In the ante-room is a bas-relief, by T. Banks, of the angel opening the door of St. Peter's prison. It affords us a subject of serious thought, and forces on the mind the power and goodness

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of God exercised in behalf of those who trust in him.

The Egyptian sarcophagus, discovered by Belzoni, in a tomb in the valley of Beban el Malook, near Gournou, is a splendid specimen of art. It is now before me, standing as I am in the sepulchral chamber; and here I could stand for hours, without wishing to quit the spot. The living can never go where there is nothing to remind them of death. This sarcophagus speaks of solemn things. Others more mighty than thou have died; art thou prepared? What is the hope set before thee?

Before I came to the museum, I pored, for an hour, over the Phonetic alphabet, and the newly discovered mode of reading hieroglyphics; and picked up just sufficient information to confuse me, and to excite my wonder and curiosity: but, really, this sarcophagus is a magnificent affair. It is thus described by Belzoni:—

"What we found in the centre of the saloon merits the most particular attention, not having its equal in the world, and being such as we had no idea could exist. It is a sarcophagus of the finest alabaster, and is transparent when a light is placed in the inside of it. It is minutely sculptured, within and without, with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height; and represent, as I suppose, the whole of the funeral procession and ceremonies relating

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to the deceased, united with several emblems, etc. I cannot give an adequate idea of this beautiful and invaluable piece of antiquity; and can only say, that nothing has been brought into Europe from Egypt that can be compared with it. The cover was not there: it had been taken out, and broken into several pieces, which we found in digging before the first entrance."

The cost of this unequalled sarcophagus was two thousand pounds; but though it is so elaborately covered with hieroglyphics, containing, no doubt, the whole history of its use, and some particulars of the monarch whose mouldering dust found therein a resting-place, yet there is a doubt on both these points. Dr. Young, when it was first discovered, considered it to be the tomb of Psammis; Champollion assigned it to Mandonei, or Ousirei; Rossellini to Menephtah, who reigned 1580 years before the Christian era; while Sir Gardner Wilkinson believes that it never contained a body, being the cenotaph, or monument, of one buried elsewhere—of Osirea, or Oei, the father of Rameses the Great, whose victories are duly chronicled on the walls of the great temple of Ammon, at Thebes. We gaze with more astonishment on a work of art which existed before Moses the lawgiver, and Aaron the high-priest were at the head of the Jewish nation, than we do at the sun, moon, and stars, which have shone in the heavens ever since their crea-

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tion. The sarcophagus, or cenotaph of a monarch, be it which it may, could not preserve from ruin the royal dust it contained, or commemorated:

> "Earth's highest station ends in 'Here he lies!'
> And 'Dust to dust' concludes her noblest song."

The crypt, with its cork models of ancient tombs, and sepulchral chambers, the ground-floor of the museum under the students' room, and the gallery under the dome, as well as the lobby and breakfast-room, with their endless groups, statues, models, casts, busts, marble fragments, capitals, and architectural ornaments, deserve much more attention than I have bestowed on them. One of the disadvantages of profusion, even in works of excellence, is satiety. After gazing on diamonds for an hour, we should find it a relief to look on pebble stones.

I have seen the winged Victory, by Flaxman, the sulphur-casts, the drawings of ancient ceilings, and the richly-mounted pistol, said to have been taken by Peter the Great from the Bey, commander of the Turkish army, at Azof, 1695, and presented by Alexander I., Emperor of Russia, to the Emperor Napoleon, at the Treaty of Tilsit, in 1807. It is—whoever took it, or whoever presented it—a most costly piece of workmanship; though its appearance is far too modern for a careful observer not to call in question the ancient date assigned to it.

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The staircase, the Shakspeare recess, and the south and north drawing-rooms, have their several attractions; and the Tivoli recess, the morning-room, the model-room, and recess, are well supplied with stores of art, for the gratification of the virtuoso and visitor of leisure. I have been most struck with the drawings, etchings, medals, and engravings. The number of these is great, and many of them are beautiful. The ivory table, richly carved and gilded, and the ivory chairs around it, possess an interest beyond that arising from the excellency of their workmanship. They were formerly in the royal palace of Tippoo Saib, at Seringapatam. Thus the sword of war disperses what the hand of power collects together.

What a profusion of paintings, drawings, etchings, engravings, miniatures, sculpture, busts, models, casts, medals, medallions, vases, bronzes, terracottas, gems, cameos, intaglios, fragments, and other curiosities, have I passed without notice! A few hours have been spent pleasantly; and I feel grateful that such depositories of costly things are so easy of access! To such as would inspect, in a small space, a great collection of works of art and vertu, Sir John Soane's Museum will afford much interest and pleasure.

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THE

CEMETERIES OF LONDON.

HARDLY ever do I feel myself in so peaceful a frame of mind, as when silently musing in the resting-places of the dead. The green hillocks and the grave-stones are fit objects for an old man to regard; and sin and death, and time and eternity, are suitable subjects for his reflections.

Sin and sorrow may be called twins, for they both appear to have entered the world together; and if they are not always seen walking side by side, the latter is continually found to be treading on the heels of the former. No sooner did our first parents sin, than they hid themselves, through fear, from the presence of the Lord. No sooner did they forfeit paradise by transgression, than the sentence of death was passed upon them: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," Gen. iii. 19. Truly, indeed, is it said in Holy Writ, "The wages of sin is death," Rom. vi. 23. And ever since those earlier days, have feebleness and strength, age and youth, gone down to

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the grave: we not only hear, but see, the humiliation of mortal man. "One dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet; another dieth in the bitterness of his soul," Job xxi. 23, 25. And thus will it be with the goodliest and the greatest, the mightiest and the meanest, until death shall be swallowed up in victory. "They shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them," Job xxi. 26.

Under this general sentence of death, the committal of the lifeless body to the ground becomes a matter of importance. Where the inhabitants of a place are few, the burial of the dead is attended with little difficulty. The wilderness and solitary place of the savage, and the retired villages of civilized life, are differently situated, in this respect, to the populous town and crowded city. In the latter, sad spectacles are often seen, and fearful consequences frequently follow the unhealthy accumulation of the remains of the dead. From these evils, the establishment of cemeteries, somewhat remote from the busy haunts of men, appears to be the simplest, if not the only cure.

A brief sketch of the cemeteries of modern London may not be unwelcome; but as part of them are, as yet, but imperfectly formed, it would be time thrown away to dwell upon them. The crowded graves, the grassless ground, the reposeless publicity, the noxious vapours, and the

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objectionable sights of city churchyards, have long cried aloud for a more decorous and desirable interment of the dead.

The cemetery at Stoke Newington is regarded by many with much interest, from the circumstance of its being formed in Abney Park, where Dr. Watts so often strolled, while residing, for thirty-six years, in the hospitable mansion of Sir Thomas Abney and his excellent family.

I was walking, slowly, from grave to grave, in this cemetery, a short time ago, meditating somewhat mournfully on the past. All at once joyous sounds burst upon me. I had approached the large cedar tree, which lifts its head high, and widely spreads its dark and gloomy branches, in the upper part of the cemetery; when, judging from the fluttering among the boughs in every part, as well as from the goodly chorus that regaled my ears, at least a hundred of the feathered race were holding a jubilee of joy among the shadowy recesses of that aged tree.

There are few things, when the heart is sad, more afflictive to the spirit than the sound of mirth and revelry from human beings. Music, and songs, and laughter, make the sad heart sadder than ever; but this is not the case with the music and songs of the feathered creation. In sorrow, we are rather soothed than afflicted by the warbling of birds. I found it so. From the graves my eyes were raised to the branches of

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the old cedar tree, and thence to the clear, blue, bright sky, and my thoughts went upwards to that heaven where neither sin nor sorrow are allowe to enter.

When I walked, slowly, among the graves, my reflections were mournful. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."—"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—"We must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again."—"Man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" But after I had heard the happy birds in the cedar tree, my thoughts took a contented, a hopeful, and a joyous turn. "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good."—"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—"God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for he shall receive me." Mourner, whoever thou art, He who can make the shadowy branches of the darkest tree in a burial-ground vocal with joy and gladness, can animate thy spirit in the darkest hour, filling thy heart with thanksgiving, and thy mouth with praise.

* * * * * *

At last I have arrived at Old Brompton. This West of London and Westminster Cemetery differs considerably from all the other modern burial-

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places around the metropolis. Solidity, strength, and durability are the most striking features of the building, which occupies, with its dome and extended architecture, the central front of the southern end of the enclosure.

As I entered the cemetery by the lodge on the north, an attendant, in his official costume, followed me, respectfully proffering me a ground plan of the place, with a neat little book, ornamented on the outside with a gilt urn and weeping willow. The ground plan furnishes me with the regulation of burial, together with a table of charges and fees; and the little book tells me that Mr. Baud is the architect; that "the ground is laid out in the Italian style;" that the "architecture of the building is Roman Doric;" and that the enclosure "contains about forty acres." Altogether, this is an imposing place; and as I, musingly, pace along its different walks, the same reflection which has been called forth by other cemeteries presses itself on my mind:

> "Who would lay
> His body in the city burial place,
> To be thrown up again by some rude sexton,
> And yield its narrow house another tenant,"

who could avail himself of a more decorous resting-place? That it matters but little—nay, that it will matter nothing to us after death, what may become of our poor perishing bodies, must be at once conceded; but the consideration of it matters

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something to us while we are alive, and may be a point not altogether unimportant to our friends, when we shall be numbered with the dead. I used to love the solemnity of a common churchyard much better than the more attractive appearance of a cemetery; but this feeling has been, lately, much modified. An overcrowded, unsightly, and disgusting churchyard is shocking even to contemplate.

The enclosure around me, at present, depends more on its buildings, and less on its ground, than any cemetery I have yet seen. It has neither eminences nor trees of any magnitude. In the latter respect, a little time may produce a great change. The broad walk over the catacombs on the west, and the promenade on the eastern terrace, afford some little relief, by their slight elevation, to the generally flat appearance of the ground.

I must not tarry to muse on the monuments, and ponder on the humbler memorials of the dead, though solemn thoughts are gathering around me. Enough, that here reposes the dust of my fellow-beings, awaiting the grave-rending blast of the archangel's trumpet.

There are those who, on comparing the different cemeteries of London, give this the preference; thinking that its elegant entrance lodge, its grand avenue of limes and sycamores—though the trees are yet small—its chaste and beautiful Protestant

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chapel, its great circle, three hundred feet in diameter, of arcades and catacombs, with its mausoleums, and other attractions and advantages, constitute it the most beautiful cemetery of the metropolis, and the best adapted to the purpose for which it was designed.

* * * * * *

The General Cemetery at Kensall Green, on the Harrow Road, is a mile and a half from Paddington. I have just passed through its archway entrance. The forty-six acres now lying before me, form, for the most part, a gentle slope; the south part, bounded by the canal, being lower than the north. The ground is unequally divided; and the eastern, or lesser division, of four or five acres, is not consecrated. There are two chapels, one in each division; that in the western, with its colonnades and catacombs, is on a larger scale than the other.

The lofty surrounding wall, occasionally lightened and diversified with iron railing, has an imposing effect; and the trees, shrubs, and flowers look fresh: but this unconsecrated part of the cemetery, where I now am, has not, at present, many memorials of the dead. In a few years there will be a change in this respect, and the centre space, now undiversified with a single tomb, will doubtless be studded over with the sculptured records of death's achievements. One of the most striking objects now before me is an

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elderberry bush in full flower, standing like the guardian of the grave over which it is planted.

Here and there a name that looks strange to an English eye arrests my attention. "Elie Raffin," from Switzerland; "Josephine Lach Szyrma," a dutiful daughter of Poland; with "Charles Raqueiller," and "Stanislaus Michael Albert Ratajski," the children of Polish refugees. Thus it is that the inhabitants of one country find a resting-place for their mouldering remains in another. Already, in this extended cemetery, the remains of mortal men from the four quarters of the globe repose. They "slumber side by side, and the whirlwind cannot wake them."

I have passed the line of demarcation which divides the cemetery. The birds are singing, the branches of the trees are bending to and fro, the leaves are rustling, and the breeze is gently breathing around. Hark! what a sudden and boisterous inbreak there is, amid the comparative quietude of the place! It is the impatient panting of a steam-carriage, hurrying along the adjoining railroad; and now the loud whistle, or rather, the wild war-whoop-like scream, that gives notice of its arrival, is sounding shrill in my ears. Noisy, active life—and silent, motionless death, are dividing my attention.

There is hardly a passage in Holy Scripture more frequently misunderstood and misquoted, than that in the fourth chapter of the first Epistle

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of Peter, "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins." Instead of charity being set forth as the love and mercy that would willingly cover the faults of others, it is usually represented as a quality which will cover over, and atone for, the sins of its possessor. The pyramidic monument beside me is another instance of this misconception. It tells the reader that he whose dust lies beneath it was "renowned for his charity, which did not cover a multitude of sins, but only heightened many virtues." A misconception on the part of another should make us doubly circumspect ourselves, lest we should fall into yet greater errors. "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law. Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law," Psalm cxix. 18, 34.

The sun is shining; the clouds are sailing along the skies; and a profusion of trees of various kinds, with shrubs and flowers, ornamenting the sides of the cemetery, as well as the different parts where the monuments abound, by turns attract my eye. Within a few feet of the spot where I am standing, moulders the dust of one of the companions of my earlier days. I saw him committed to the tomb. He was my junior, yet here am I musing over his grave. "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am," Psalm xxxix. 4.

The living love to honour their departed friends,

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by marking their death-stones with such information as they consider creditable to their memory. I have noticed the following records of this kind in my walk among the tombs and catacombs:—"An eminent printer." "Chief engineer to his highness Mohammed Ali Pacha." "Head master of Reading school." "Some time principal store-keeper of the Ordnance." "A respectable merchant." "A faithful and confidential servant." "Inspector-general of hospitals." "A gallant and distinguished soldier." "Physician to King George IV." "Bishop of St. David's." "Author of the History of Sumatra." "Secretary of the Admiralty." These, and numberless other inscriptions appear, in which respect and affection for the dead are mingled with some degree of living vanity. Who is there among us that is quite content to be nobody, and unknown?

Here is a massive granite pedestal without an inscription! What shall I write thereon? "Here lieth the dust of an heir of immortality?" or, "He went down to the grave an unrepentant sinner?" What a solemn consideration it is, that the grave can neither withhold the righteous from happiness, nor protect the wicked from unutterable woe!

From the colossal pillars of the portico of the chapel, the view of the cemetery is a sweet one, and quite in character. There is no affected sentimentality; no littleness, no gewgaws to catch

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the eye. No child's play of making gardens, as in many parts of "Père la Chaise." All is vast, sober, chaste, field-like, and beautiful; rather sweet than romantic; and the prospect to the south is extensive. A cemetery should sooth sorrow, as well as call forth profitable reflection. Judging by my present feelings, this place is calculated to do both.

A fluted pillar of pure marble, having the semblance of being suddenly broken, is meant to be symbolical of the sudden death of a young lady, aged twenty-five, who was called away from the world without a moment's warning. "Her sun went down while it was yet day." Reader! when thou hearest that a fellow mortal has been suddenly plunged into eternity, think of the mercy which has spared thee.

A painter, engaged in bronzing the iron palisades of a monument, has conceded to me, though somewhat unwillingly, that the gates of Hyde Park, near Apsley House, are bronzed "pretty well." He has just given me his card, that in case I should ever require the services of a bronzer and painter, he may have the pleasure of serving me in a superior manner.

In another part of the grounds, observing a young man at work, coating over the sculptured letters on a marble tomb with size, before painting them black, I remarked to him, "Why, that must be double trouble." "Yes, it is, Sir," said

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he, with a black look, "but my master"——here the sudden appearance of his master prevented him from finishing the sentence; otherwise, he would no doubt have informed me, that his master was an unreasonable man, who cared nothing about the double trouble of his journeyman, for he never paid him for it. Oh, the world! the world! With masters and servants, self-interest is as lynx-eyed in a burial-ground as at the Stock Exchange.

Here and there is an inscription to an *only* child. "She was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter." Oh! what love, what loneliness, what agony, does that word *only* represent!

The colonnade of Grecian architecture on the north side is sure to attract the eye, and draw the feet of the visitor to the place, either before or after he has examined the chapel. There are catacombs in which two thousand coffins may rest undisturbed; and the number of monuments already erected is considerable. The north side of the cemetery is much more thickly peopled with the dead than any other part, probably on account of its elevated situation.

Death is indeed no respecter of persons: the infant and the aged are sleeping beneath my feet.

There is the last house of Morison, the hygeist, the celebrated vender of pills; and yonder is the high-erected monument of John St. John Long,

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no less famous than the former personage for the peculiarity of his medical practice.

* * * * *

And this is Norwood! Green fields, grassy slopes, woods, and handsome mansions in the distance; and here is the goodly cemetery of forty acres, which has drawn me from the busy city, whose cathedral is visible from this place.

I have stepped into the entrance-lodge, and turned over the ample leaves of the great parchment book, whose pages, formed into squares, correspond, on a miniature scale, with the forty acres of burial-ground immediately around me. Every tree within my view seems to flourish but the cypress. From this spot I can count five cypress trees, absolutely withered from their natural green colour to a ruddy brown.

The monuments of the dead are at present few; and the cemetery presents that retired, grassy, leafy, flowery appearance, which, canopied by the clear blue sky, and breathed on by the balmy air, is truly delightful. Unconsciously, I have been indulging one of those musing, dreamy abstractions in which we become posthumous. I have been fancying that my faded body lay beneath the turf, at the foot of the hill there; that the sun was going down; and that a friend was just plucking a flower from the grave of Old Humphrey.

A gravel walk is the only barrier between the consecrated and the unconsecrated parts of the

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ground; and as a spectator gazes on the broad acres in the centre, unbroken by a grave, and studded over with myriads of daisies, he can hardly persuade himself that he is in a place of sepulture. Seventy thousand pounds have already been expended to render the place worthy the patronage of the public; and certainly great praise is due to both architect and landscape gardener.

But pleasant as this place is, the thought intrudes—What chequered scenes are yet to be passed through by those whose bodies will here be deposited! what hopes and fears! what joys and sorrows! Will they thoughtlessly live and die without God in the world? or will they finish their course with joy, and find the end thereof eternal life? There is no peace to the wicked; but the humble Christian, whose faith is in lively exercise, has peace at the last:

A thousand fears of dreadful name
Ungodly men surprise;
But oh, in what a peaceful frame
The pardon'd sinner dies!

With glory shining round his head,
And sunbeams on his breast,
He lays him calmly on his bed,
And smiling sinks to rest.

The episcopal-looking chapel, with its octagonal towers, on the brow of the hill, fronting the west, has a fine effect; and that facing the north-west is little inferior to it. They are built with

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the Suffolk white brick, and have a chaste and cleanly appearance. The high boundary wall and palisades that enclose the cemetery must have been very costly. Here is a heap of clayed soil, recently thrown up from a depth of twenty feet, and yet it is stiff and dry. We carry with us our notions of comfort even in thinking of the grave, and thus a dry soil is indispensable to a burial-ground.

I have passed through the chapels, and descended to the vaults below them—the silent receptacles of the dead. The chapels are plain, but in excellent keeping. Many would like some stained glass in the large window, and I should have no objection to a little drapery round it, to increase the solemnity of the place; but these things are not important, and can be dispensed with. The manner of lowering the coffins into the vaults (by means of a piston working in water underneath the chapel) must have a striking effect on those who have never witnessed anything of the kind. While the mourners, who have attended the solemn service for the dead, are yet gazing, with eyes half blinded with tears, on the coffin that contains the body of the departed, the elevated bier, or stand, on which it lies, begins slowly and noiselessly to sink, without any apparent agency. The astonished spectator can hardly believe his senses; yet lower and lower the coffin descends, until it altogether disappears.

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The service is very solemnly and impressively performed. I am told, that at a funeral, a few days ago, in an assembly of, at least, a hundred persons, scarcely was a dry eye seen in the chapel.

While walking in the grounds, the sound of youthful voices reaches me. The boys of the neighbouring school, near the entrance of the cemetery, have rushed into their play-ground, and all is liberty, and life, and merriment. Happy boyhood! The cares of the world light not on thy joyous brow, nor do its manifold sorrows rest more than a moment on thy heart.

> Thy life is all to-day; and in thy gladness,
> Thou canst not see nor feel to-morrow's sadness.

As I leave the cemetery, a flood of light is pouring down from the south-west on the place; and crimson and gold, and an unbearable blaze of glory, mark where the declining sun is careering along the skies. Let me bear in mind, that whether the last house is shrouded with gloom or gilded with glory, the heritage of the righteous is a life of peace, a death of hope, and a resurrection to eternal joy.

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I am now at Highgate, having had a pleasant walk here from Highbury with a friend. Part of the road has been along retired lanes, and the other part mostly across green fields; the pure

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breath of heaven has blown around us; the clouds have sailed along majestically over our heads; and varied conversation has made a ramble, agreeable in itself, still more agreeable. The North London Cemetery is before us; and erected on its entrance, facing the south-east, stands an abbey-like kind of edifice, of miniature size, with an octangular and ornamental dome. In this building, which possesses every accommodation for the purpose, with a large room and private gallery for infirm mourners and invalids, the solemn service is performed; a window of painted glass, representing the ascension of our Saviour, adorns its extremity, with another compartment, on each side of it, executed in colours of great beauty. But where is the artist whose hand so recently called into existence these trophies of his skill? Alas! he lies motionless: his dust is now reposing in the cemetery. He has, no doubt, stood where I am standing. Doubtless, his eyes have sparkled with unwonted lustre while gazing on the luminous exhibition before me; but now he is returned to the dust. Thus, at the very threshold of the cemetery, and while looking at the bright emblem of immortality, I am once more reminded that "there is but a step between me and death."

The solemn procession of a funeral, with hearse, coaches, coal-black horses, and nodding plumes, gliding along the winding avenue of Swain's

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Lane, shaded with overhanging trees, must have an imposing effect as it approaches the cemetery. Swain's Lane runs along that part of Highgate Hill called Traitor's Hill, from the circumstance of the confederates of Guy Faux having assembled there to await the expected explosion of the gunpowder placed under the Parliament House, on the memorable 5th of November, 1605.

The cemetery is a steep acclivity, of some nineteen or twenty acres, with a surface beautifully varied; now rising into swelling hills, bedecked with shrubs and flowers, and now exhibiting, on every hand, the monuments of the dead. Column, pyramid, sarcophagus, tomb, vase, and sculptured stone arrest the eye, with a gigantic mound, canopied with a goodly cedar; while Highgate new church, crowning the brow of the hill with its "heaven-directed spire," stands above the upper verge of this place of graves. Beauty and death seem to have entered into a compact together; for while the latter delves freely beneath the ground, the former takes undisputed possession of its surface. I can just discern the monument of one whose remains I attended to the grave, and whose memory I cherish. Hers was the eye of cheerfulness, the heart of love, the hand of kindness, and the soul of piety.

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Geary, the architect, and Ramsey, the landscape gardener, have united their talents in a very successful manner to decorate the cemetery; while the church above the grounds, a chaste Gothic building, from designs of Vulliamy, renders the picture complete.

We have gained the rising ground approaching the cedar tree, and the beauties of the cemetery are more fully unfolded. Flowers in profusion are blooming in all directions. Mountain ashes, laburnums, sycamores, acacias, laurel, and rose trees, are mingled with others of longer growth. The decorated resting places of the dead, set forth the attention of their surviving friends; and the gay colours of the rose, the geranium, and the poppy, contrast the dark hue of the cypress: heart's-ease has been freely planted in the shadow of the tomb, and its deep purple flowers are grateful to the gaze. These flowers spread cheerfulness around them, and breathe of hope and expectation.

As I glance around, I see strangers, young, middle-aged, and old, visiting the different parts of the cemetery; and yonder is a matron habited in sable, musing over a graven stone. Not only do the sculptured stones remind me of the brevity of life, but other symbols of mortality are numerous. Sere leaves sprinkle the pathway; faded flowerets are drooping in the sunshine; and at my

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feet lies a hillock of withered grass, which the scythe of the mower has cut down in its prime.

In the north-west part of the heavens, a thunder storm seems brooding in the air; for the dark clouds are rolled together, in heavy masses, clothing with solemnity the clear azure beyond them, while gleams of sunshine only render the frowning sky more awful. My companion is gazing upwards at the burdened heavens; it becomes doubtful whether we shall escape the drenching deluge. What varied emotions enter the mind in such a scene as this, dividing our thought between the living and the dead!

The thundercloud has dispersed itself, and travelled onwards. We must now enter the Egyptian avenue: the ponderous cornice, the obelisks and pillars, the angular entrance, and the flying serpent, are all in excellent keeping with the place. We are now among the cedars of Lebanon; talking of ancient Egypt; of the Pharaohs of old; of the custom of embalming; of Belzoni, and the mummy pits of Gournou. This is a striking scene; the catacombs below, the dark resting-places of the dead, are in strong contrast with the roses seen on the circular garden above them; the cedar is fresh and beautiful, and spreads its flat, flaky foliage luxuriantly abroad.

Now, if it were necessary, but it is not, I would put it on record, for the guidance of those who may survive me when I go the way of all flesh,

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"Lay not my body in the catacombs, but place it among kindred dust, and cover it with the green sod on which a daisy may bloom."

We have mounted to the brow of the hill, and are standing between the church and the cemetery, looking down on the Gothic terrace, the Egyptian avenue, and the cedar circle of catacombs. The garden of death is now plainly seen in its length and its breadth; masses of elms and other trees beautify the surrounding fields; and London is in the distance, stretching out itself on the right and on the left.

The public buildings of the city, the travelling steam-carriages of the neighbouring railroad, and the arriving visitors at the cemetery, all speak of busy life; while every foot of the broad acres in the foreground is dedicated to death.

The cemeteries of the metropolis may be said to mingle the character of the British churchyard with that of Père la Chaise in Paris; being neither so monotonously solemn as the former, nor so artificial, sentimental, and romantic as the latter. They are entitled to a perambulator's consideration, providing, as they do, suitable resting-places for the dead, sufficiently removed from the habitations of the living. It is almost impossible to muse among these flower gardens of the grave, without connecting them with some undefined emotions of our approaching dissolution.

We are now quitting a spot which death will

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render doubly dear to many a mourner as the sun runs his course. And shall the disunited atoms again assume form and comeliness? Yes!

> God form'd them from the dust, and he once more
> Will give them strength and beauty as before,
> Though strewn as widely as the desert air—
> As winds can waft them, or as waters bear.

How cheering, how animating, how heart-reviving are the words of the Redeemer, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die!" John xi. 25, 26. Happy, indeed, is he who can say, in the language of exultation, nothing doubting, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another," Job xix. 25—27.

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This Nunhead Cemetery of All Saints, occupies a commanding site between Peckham and the Kent road, sloping down to the east, north, and south-west, at a distance of some three or four miles from London, and, though far from being completed, gives a fair promise of equalling those which have already won the public approbation. It is the largest of all the cemeteries, comprising at least fifty acres.

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In walking to this place I observed, on a neighbouring hill, a singular-looking erection, and the grave-digger, who is even now, with an assistant, preparing a "narrow house" for an inanimate tenant, tells me it is a telegraph. Fleet and mysterious herald, what tidings bring ye? What news bear ye onward to the "mart of all the earth?" Is it weal or woe? Are ye the messenger of good or of evil? Ye do well to outstrip the winds in your course, for man is hastening on to the tomb; his days are swifter than "a weaver's shuttle."

There is a glorious view of London from this spot. The five oaks stretching themselves across the cemetery are strikingly attractive. The palisades of the boundary, mounting tier above tier; the fine swell of the ground and commanding slope; the groups of young trees, and flowers of all hues, are very imposing.

I have walked round the spacious enclosure. What an extended space for a grave-ground! What a goodly homestead for the king of terrors! Here seems to be room enough to bury us all! At present the monuments are but few; but this is a want that mortality will soon supply. Fever, and consumption, and death, and time, are industriously at work. It is not to one, but to all, that the voice of the Eternal has gone forth; "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

I have just peeped into the lumber room. What

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found I there? Nothing but emblems of mortality. Well, if these abound, the consolations of the gospel abound also. "When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory," 1 Cor. xv. 54.

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THE CHINESE COLLECTION.

FANCY to yourself, standing by the wayside at Hyde Park Corner, within a bow shot of Apsley-house, a showy Chinese pagoda, of two stories, with green roofs, edged with vermilion, and supported by vermilion pillars, bearing on its front a hieroglyphical inscription, signifying "ten thousand Chinese things." You enter the pagoda by a flight of steps to a vestibule, and then ascend a larger flight, after which, pursuing your course along the lobby, you soon find yourself in a goodly apartment of a novel kind, more than two hundred feet long, broad enough and high enough to form a most agreeable promenade.

Your attention is arrested by three richly gilt colossal and imposing idol figures, representing "the three precious Buddhas," or, "past, present, and to come." Bewildered by the novelty, lightness, beauty, richness, and elegance of the numberless objects which meet your gaze, you sit down to compose yourself, anticipating, with restless pleasure, the rich treat that awaits you.

And now comes confusedly to your memory all that you know of China, not unmingled with

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shame that you know so little, and recollect even that little so imperfectly. You have heard China called the "celestial empire," and understand that it has many more than three hundred millions of inhabitants. You have marvelled at the strange figures painted on tea chests, and watched the nodding mandarins in the shop of the grocer. You have seen Chinese puzzles, and ivory toys, with drawings on rice paper: birds, and flowers, and representations of gathering the leaves from the tea plant. The names Whampoa, Macao, Pekin, and Canton, are familiar to you. You are not ignorant that a great wall was built by the people to keep out the Tartars; and that Confucius was a famous Chinese philosopher. You have seen a great deal in the newspapers about Hong merchants, war junks, and the taking of Chusan, Ningpo, and Chinhae, and have even read Barrow's China, and the accounts of Lord Macartney's and Lord Amherst's embassies. Having summoned all this information to your aid, together with what you have read of missionary efforts, you prepare, book in hand, to make the grand tour of the Chinese Collection.

It is a favourite plan with me, when gazing on a spectacle, before describing its details, to notice the effect of the whole. I like to know what impression is made by a first general glance, and to ask myself, What is it that I prominently see? and what is it that I particularly feel? Let me

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try to give you my first general impression of this collection.

Imagine yourself to be in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, or rather, perhaps, in that of Henry VII., in Westminster Abbey, gazing on the elaborate roof, the painted windows, the carved stalls, and the pendant banners, that give a gloomy glory to that goodly temple. And now imagine that the wand of a magician has been waved, suddenly altering the character of the place, changing the elaborate roof into a fair ceiling, hung with ornaments of diversified colours; the painted windows into costly screens; the ornamented stalls into slabs, with Chinese inscriptions; and the hanging banners into huge, highly decorated lanterns of white and green, and vermilion and gold; thus, at once, transforming solemn, sepulchral pomp and gloomy glory, into attractive beauty and lightsome gaiety. If you can fancy this, you will have before you something like the very scene on which I am now gazing.

Having made a few general inquiries of the proprietor of the Collection, who happens at the moment to be present, and taken a glance at the whole, I must now enter a little more into detail. The three large idols are imposing things to gaze on, being richly gilt with the finest leaf gold; but when the thought that three hundred and sixty millions of people, bowing down to such things, comes across the mind, "how is the gold become

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dim! how is the most fine gold changed!" The large and elegant screens, at either end of the apartment, the profusion of splendid lanterns, with the abundance of costly porcelain, impart a character as pleasing as it is uncommon.

The grave-looking mandarin of the first class, in his state robes, stiff with embroidery, and enormous head necklace; the other mandarins and secretary, are altogether unlike what we see among us. They appear to be engaged in sober trifling, and leave not on the mind a very favourable impression of their intellect and influence; but this, perhaps, is mainly owing to the apparent apathy, occasioned by want of motion, and the little expression in the figures. The maxim conveyed in the silk scroll on the wall is very appropriate: "A nation depends on faithful ministers for its tranquillity."

The mandarins are the real nobility, or aristocracy, of China; for the princes, relations of the emperor, have little influence. The number of mandarins on the civil list of the empire is not less than fourteen thousand. The nominal rank of mandarin may be bought; and one of the Hong merchants is said to have purchased his at the price of one hundred thousand dollars.

The priest of Foh, or Buddhu, in his yellow canonicals, the priest of Taou, in full dress, with the gentleman, an odd-looking one, certainly, in mourning of coarse sackcloth, are not likely to be

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passed by unheeded; neither will the Chinese soldier, in huge blue nankeen trowsers, nor the Tartar archer, be altogether disregarded.

Judging by externals, the Chinese empire must have a paternal government; for the emperor is called the father of the nation; the viceroy is the father of his satrapy, or district; the mandarin is the father of the city he governs; the military officer who commands, is the father of his soldiers; and when an emperor dies, his hundreds of millions of subjects mourn for him, just as children do for a deceased parent. The principal religion of China is Buddhism, or Boodhism. No sabbath is observed by the Chinese. Not fewer than fifteen hundred temples are dedicated to Confucius, and more than sixty thousand pigs and rabbits are sacrificed every year to his memory. The standing army of the "celestial empire" has been stated at seven hundred thousand men.

The literary coterie, in their summer dresses, with a mandarin of the fourth class, in his chocolate habit, and cap with red fringe; the Chinese ladies of rank, using the fan, preparing to smoke, and playing the guitar; and the mother and boy of the middle class, afford striking contrasts in occupation and dress. According to our European impressions of beauty, the Chinese ladies, with all their rouge and flowers, their "tiny feet," "willow waists," and eyes like "silver seas," are far from being beautiful; yet if it be

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true, that they possess much common sense, and make devoted wives and tender mothers, it is more to their credit than to be regarded as "golden lilies" in their generation.

The Chinese tragedian, in his splendid costume, will rank in the estimation of the visitor with mandarins of the first class, until he consults his book, and finds out that he is but an actor. The juggler is one of a large class in China, and no jugglers, throughout the world, in dexterity and daring, surpass them. One of the recorded feats of this singular class of people shall here be given :—"Two men from Nankin appear in the streets of Canton ; the one places his back against a stone wall, or wooden fence ; the upper part of his person is divested of clothing. His associate, armed with a large knife, retires to a distance, say, from one hundred to two hundred feet. At a given signal, the knife is thrown with an unerring aim in the direction of the person opposite, to within a hair's breadth of his neck, immediately below his ear. With such certainty of success is the blow aimed, and so great is the confidence reposed by the one in the skill of the other, that not the slightest uneasiness is discernible in the features of him whose life is a forfeit to the least deviation on the part of the practitioner. This feat is, again and again, performed, and with similar success, only varying the direction of the knife to the opposite side of

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the neck of the exposed person, or to any other point of proximity to the living target, as the spectators may desire."

The parasol there, beautifully enriched with embroidery and gold thread, is one of the kind carried on state occasions. Parasols, umbrellas, and lanterns, are of very general use in China. It is said, that at the Feast of Lanterns, when a general illumination takes place, not less than two hundred millions of lanterns are blazing, at the same time, in different parts of the empire.

Here are a few common-life Chinese characters. The itinerant barber, with his shaving and clipping implements; the spectacled shoemaker, with his work-bench, basket, and tools; the travelling blacksmith, with his anvil, furnace, and bellows; and the boatwoman carrying her child, cannot be regarded without interest; and we naturally enough compare them with those among us who follow the same trades. It would puzzle us to account for the fact of more than seven thousand barbers procuring a livelihood in Canton alone, did we not know that the head is shaven in China, and that no Chinaman ever shaves himself.

The specimens of agricultural implements, though rude, are curious; they are mostly of wood, shod with iron. Agriculture is much encouraged in China. The emperor himself, once a year, ploughs a piece of land, in imitation of

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the Shinnung, "the divine husbandman." We must not suppose that "his celestial majesty" goes forth into the fields like one of our English labourers, with his wooden bottle of drink, to do "a day's work:" most likely his performance is more akin to the custom among us, of a great person laying the first stone of a public building, with a mahogany mallet and silver trowel. Two, and sometimes three crops of rice, their staple grain, are grown and gathered in the year; millet is also extensively cultivated. The two inscriptions, suspended in the recess, are quite in character: the one, "If you would be rich, rear the five domestic animals, namely: pigs, cows, sheep, fowls, and dogs;" the other, "Labour induces reflection, and reflection virtue."

The sedan scene, and the pavilion, a perfect resemblance of an apartment in a wealthy Chinaman's habitation, show how different to ours are the customs that prevail in China. How odd it would be to us, to receive a crimson card of invitation, entreating us to bestow "the illumination of our presence on the inviter!" or to be received, by our worthy Chinese host, with the salutation, joining his closed hands, and raising them three times to his head, "I have heretofore thought, with profound veneration, on your fragrant name!" And how strange to be supplied with ivory chopsticks tipped with silver, and to have set before us, by way of repast, "salted

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earth worms," and "smoked fish," in porcelain saucers, "stews in bowls," "soup made of birds' nests," "figured pigeons' eggs cooked in gravy," "balls made of sharks' fins," "sea fish, crabs, pounded shrimps," and "immense grubs." Such a bill of fare would make most of us sigh, in sincerity, for "the roast beef of old England."

The model summer houses, the retail china shop, as seen in the streets of Canton, and the silk mercer's shop, attract much attention, bringing before us, as they do, the manners and customs of the people; while the infinity of screens, lanterns, vases, jars, lamps, porcelain vessels, reckoning boards, fruit stands, flower baskets, lacquered boxes, incense vessels, garden pots, fans, and fifty other kinds of articles, demand, by their profusion, more than one visit from the spectator.

The China ware, carved boats and figures, embroidered articles, dresses, silks, caps, shoes, musical instruments, mineral shells, cutlery, castings, necklaces, specimens of ornithology, fish, insects, implements, books, and paintings, seem hardly to have an end; while the knowledge that every article on which the eye rests is of Chinese workmanship, greatly increases the interest felt by the spectator.

Many Chinese maxims bear a strong resemblance to the proverbs of Solomon. "Virtue is the surest road to longevity; but vice meets with an early doom." "The fear of the Lord

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prolongeth days: but the years of the wicked shall be shortened," Prov. x. 27.

"The heart is the fountain of life." "Out of it [the heart] are the issues of life," Prov. iv. 23.

"If you love your son, give him plenty of the cudgel; if you hate your son, cram him with dainties." "He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes," Prov. xiii. 24.

"A virtuous woman is a source of honour to her husband: a vicious one causes him disgrace." "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband: but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness in his bones," Prov. xii. 4.

There are superb screens of ornamented silk, paintings of magnificent flowers, and rich and tasteful gildings. The costly cabinet from Soochow, a beautiful production of art; several specimens of carved bamboo roots, wild, uncouth, and hideous, but wondrously imposing. The ancient yellow vase, with the raised green dragon, a mythological emblem of the great dragon attempting to swallow the moon. Two figures in papier mâchée, representing priests of Foh; priests, indeed! most people would call them "jovial old boys!" A splendid cameo, given to Mr. Dunn, the proprietor of the Collection, by Howqua, the Hong merchant. A large ornamental blue vase, and an elegant porcelain bowl of enormous size. These, and the carved and gilt chair of state; the elegantly

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chased silver tankards; the elaborately carved ivory model of a Chinese junk; and the light, airy, beautiful lanterns, superbly painted, and admirably ornamented and gilt, will most likely give as much pleasure to others as they have imparted to me.

An examination of the paintings, view of Canton, representation of the Feast of Lanterns, view of Whampoa reach and village, a funeral procession, painting of a marriage ceremony, view of Honan, picture of Macao, and others, will do something towards leaving a more favourable impression with regard to Chinese artists than that which is generally entertained.

And now, if you wish to spend a few hours pleasantly, to correct some prejudices, and to add much to your knowledge of the Chinese people, of their dress, manners, customs, ingenuity, and works of art, from a mandarin of the first class to the blind mendicant in his patched habiliments; if leisure serves, and no duty prevents you; if you have a silver piece to spare for admission, and an additional eighteen-pence or two shillings for a printed description of the curiosities of the place —you can hardly do better than step into an omnibus, with a heart in love with humanity, and a spirit delighting in forbearance, and pay a visit to the Chinese Collection.

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THE RIVER THAMES, THE BRIDGES,

AND THE

THAMES TUNNEL.

THE clock has struck three, the morning is dark and comfortless, and I am wending my way to London bridge where I wish to arrive while the city is asleep, and where I propose to remain till I see the sun rejoicing in the east.

I hear a slow, measured, heavy tread, on the opposite side of the road, but it is too dark to discern a passer by, at such a distance, unless he be near a gas light. It is the tramp of the thick-soled, ill-made boot of a policeman: I envy not the monotonous occupation of the guardians of the night. The first man I hear abroad is a policeman, and the first man I see is a coalheaver. Yonder is a covered wagon, with a double row of horses, about to start on its lumbering pilgrimage; the driver has, at this moment, an old-fashioned stable lantern in his hand.

Perhaps you may wonder how, it being so dark, I can see to make my remarks; but I cannot see to make them. With my paper in one hand, and my pencil in another, I stop for a few

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moments, now and then, and score down my hieroglyphics in the dark, with the hope of being enabled to decipher them by daylight. There are more gas lights now, and I discern objects a little more plainly. "Half-past three!" That must be the cry of some private watchman. To hear the hour of the night thus publicly announced, is now a novelty. The coffee-stands by the wayside have, as yet, no customers; the early refreshment-houses are preparing for their usual visitors; and the noses of the night-cab horses are dozingly exploring the remote recesses of their empty oat bags in quest of provender. Here a cat mews at a door, putting up her tail as I pass, and rubbing her side against the panel, to obtain favour with me; and there another darts suddenly forwards, and disappears in an instant through a cellar hole. All is quiet at the railway station. A poor lad has just gone by me, with a bundle in his hand. I should like to know his prospect for the coming day.

Two or three of the outcasts that nightly wander the streets stand together at a corner; and now and then I see one standing alone, or slowly pacing her thorny path of wretchedness and destitution. What a price does the poor prodigal pay for husks! Truly "the way of transgressors is hard."'

Yonder is the Monument; a straight, indistinct dark line drawn against the sky. The atmosphere

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is somewhat misty and comfortless, as though the air was charged with watery particles. My skin is cold and clammy; and a chilly, faint, breakfastless feeling is creeping over me. Well, here is London bridge. As I walked over it last night, I paused to gaze on the steam-boats as they came up the river, or shot across it, or turned round to the pier, with a single light at the prow. At a distance, the light alone could be seen; a solitary pilgrim gliding along the pathway of the waters.

This is a noble bridge, massive and substantial; and its dark, bronze-like lamp supporters are quite in keeping with the solid parapets on which they stand. The deep shadows, the dark, black blotches on the river, are vessels lying there, whose distinct forms cannot yet be discerned. It is low water, and the colliers and coal barges are resting on the deep mud by the side of the now motionless stream. The lights from Southwark bridge are reflected, in long spiral streaks of fire, far down in the dark waters. Hark! the clock of St. Paul's is striking four. Like the clang of a huge gong, it startles the ear with its tremulous and brassy sound!

The dome of St. Paul's, the Custom-house, the Tower, and the top of the Monument, are not yet visible from this place; the darkness and the misty air alike hide them from the view. London is asleep, and tens of thousands, whose bread for

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the day is not yet won, are bound in unconscious slumber. How weak are words in setting forth what we owe to our great Creator, for the inestimable blessing of repose! Yes! London is asleep! Industry has nearly ended; Revelry has begun his slumber; Science is at rest; Mammon himself is drowsy; and even Crime, a dear lover of darkness, scared at the approach of coming morn, is slinking into his shadowy den, lest the light of heaven should fall upon his face.

As I stand musing by the centre lamps, the policeman passes me with his oil-skin cape upon his shoulders; and the streetkeeper, in his blue great coat, with gilt buttons and red collar, wondering, no doubt, what a man can have to do with pencil and paper at this untimely hour. Now and then distant sounds reach my ears; but the big heart of London is still at rest. These rumbling sounds, not those of busy, wakeful life, are, as it were, the breathing of the yawning giant as he tosses and turns himself in his slumber.

What a mysterious thing is sleep! The prostrator of strength, the paralyzer of intellect, the arrester of enterprise, and yet the promoter and invigorater of them all!

At this moment, the machinery of society, in the principle of its power and the mightiness of its operations, is apparently standing still. The Houses of Lords and Commons are empty. Downing-street is tranquil. The halls of Westminster

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are silent. The Bank is closed. The place where merchants meet is lonely as a desert, and the marts of traffic and the public streets are forsaken.

In a few short hours, what a world of energy will be aroused! The bright eye, the nimble foot, the ready hand, the quick intellect, will all be set in motion; and man, forgetful, for the most part, of eternity, will pursue, with all the faculties of his body, soul, and spirit, the perishable possessions which, if obtained, he can only enjoy for a few years, and, perhaps, not for a single hour.

The heavens to the eastward are growing a little lighter, and things before invisible are faintly seen. Southwark bridge and its reflection in the water are both of an equal strength in depth of shadow. I can now see the huge shoulders of St. Paul's Cathedral; for the building holds up its head above the surrounding churches, as Saul did his when standing among his brethren. The Monument, and the church spire on this side of it, appear of the same height from the bridge. Objects are now visible, yet not defined; they have no outline. There is a dimness, a dusky shadowy blending of one thing with another, that leaves me in doubt whether they really are what I take them to be. "An image is before my eyes; it stands still, but I cannot discern the form thereof."

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The Tower is now discernible, and more vessels are seen on the river. How gradually does the dawn dissipate the darkness, bringing order out of chaos, and beauty out of shadowy indistinctness!

The captive, long confined in his prison-house, amuses, or rather occupies, himself with its individualities: he counts the iron bars of his window, and the knobs of iron on the door of his dungeon; he measures the height, the length, and the breadth of his cell; every crack in the walls, and every crevice in the floor, is regarded till it becomes familiar. And I, in pacing this bridge backwards and forwards, have unconsciously employed myself in a similar manner: the length and breadth of the broad granite stones; the height of the parapet; the number of the recesses and stone benches, and other matters of little importance, have occupied my attention. The gas-lights of the bridge are double, but those in the centre of the building are treble. A man is now extinguishing the lights; he does it in a leisurely manner, and moves not with the accustomed, merry run of the lamplighter. I will walk towards Guy's Hospital.

The placards on the walls, mingling together their varied colours of red, blue, yellow, and white, have, by gas-light, an odd, yet not inharmonious effect on the eye at a given distance. I must approach them nearer. The Flower Show

—The Panorama of Damascus—Three Sermons at the Episcopal Chapel—Zoological Gardens and Firewors —Steam Packet to Havre—Cowan's Canton Strop—and the Eastern Counties Railway —are among the most conspicuous. Had I any desire for a morning dram, it might easily be gratified, for here is a gin shop already open. It grows a little lighter.

I have passed by St. Thomas's, and yonder is Guy's Hospital, where many a weary, yet wakeful, eye drinks in greedily the first appearance of the dawn. There many an afflicted invalid, notwithstanding all that skill and kindness can do for him, is weary with his groaning, all the night long making his bed to swim, watering his couch with his tears. Were I now to cry aloud, "Watchman! what of the night? Watchman! what of the night?" what an answer might be given me, could the aching head, the throbbing pulse, the fevered lip, and the agonizing limb, make their reply. Surely I should not pass the walls of an hospital without prayer for the afflicted, and praise for the blessing of health. The clocks are striking five.

Here comes a stage coach with passengers, in their caps, great coats, and handkerchiefs; the guard in his white hat, and the coachman with a green comforter round his neck, are quite in character; but not so the lamps of the coach, they are still lighted, and look strange in the grey of

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the morning. Yonder, under a gateway, stands a young woman with her box and bundle, waiting for the van; a cart is passing by, laden with calves that low in a melancholy manner; and a bill-poster is entering on his morning occupation.

I have passed opposite St Saviour's church, turned towards the station of the Greenwich, Croydon, Brighton, and Dover railway, and am looking over into the burying-ground, where some threescore gravestones are visible:

Though, strong to run his heavenly course,
The sun in glory rise:
How soon alas! his parting beam
Forsakes the western skies.

So man, exulting, thoughtless man!
Breaks through the glare and gloom
That mark his little earthly hour,
Then drops into the tomb.

I see something stirring inside the iron rails that surround a monument. Now it stands upright; it is a goat with a long beard; he has passed the night, like a solitary hermit, among the tombs. Not a sound is heard on the railway, though an increased rumble reaches the ear from the streets. I will once more walk upon the bridge.

The wind is in the south, and the sooty breath of the foul-mouthed chimneys, on the banks of the river, is spreading itself over the city; clouds

of thick black smoke are rolling their burden on the breeze. St. Paul's is so surrounded with smoke, that imagination might suppose it about to burst into a flame. The water is covered with dimples, unusually small; not glittering, as when lit up by the sun or moon, but faintly visible, just giving back the light of dawn. I can now see the casks, the crates, the sacks, the cases, the bales and packages on the wharves and in the vessels. Not a boat is yet moving on the river.

Sounds have greatly increased, and the bridge has gradually been peopled with passengers; market-gardeners with carts of fruit or vegetables; butchers with their supplies of meat; men and women with their bundles, a dozen together in a throng, leaving London; and early workmen going to their labour. Coal wagons are passing; and, now and then, a brewer's dray, the driver's whip ferruled with brass from top to bottom. Girls with their milk cans, and postmen with their letter bags in their hands, and a gilt band round their hats, are hastening onwards. Ginger beer carts are pushed along by their several owners; bakers with bread, and boys with buns before them, accost each other; and at this moment a flock of sheep has nearly covered the entrance of the bridge.

London is now awaking; cabs begin to move; coaches, carts, and wagons increase, and the rumble of wheels, the jingling of chains and traces,

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the trampling of horses, the footfall of passengers, and the hum of distant sounds, are mingling together in one perpetual din. A boat, with oars, is now going down the river; and here comes an empty steamer.

In the east, the sky is brightening, and now I might indulge in the description of a glorious sunrise, arraying the earth and the heavens with kindling azure, and with glowing gold; but were I to do this, it would be departing from the scene before me; it would be indulging my fancy at the expense of truth. There are in the east no glittering beams of living light, no floods of molten gold, and, therefore, I will not falsify the dull and monotonous appearance of the heavens.

A traveller is going out of town in his gig. He looks like a man equipped for business, and seems likely to see the Land's End before he returns. A soldier is passing by, carrying an umbrella; an article that, in his hand, seems a little out of character. Half-a-dozen men, with short pipes in their mouths, and a kind of wallet on their backs, are going one way, and a party of mulatto seamen, in blue check shirts, white trousers, and oilcase caps, are proceeding another. Here is a man with rabbits on a pole, half before and half behind him; and there is a fat gentleman, up to his knees in high-topped boots, carrying his great coat on his arm, striding along with the hope of being in time for the coach, while a weasel-faced

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stripling, heavily laden with a trunk, is making the best of his way after him. There go the streetkeepers and the policemen off duty, right glad to hear the clock strike six.

How much might be said about the striking of a clock, and of its varied influence among mankind, according to the several positions and circumstances in which they are found. In the dark and silent season of night, it has an unusual solemnity. He who has heard a clock strike one, when in a country churchyard, with the stars over his head, will fully understand me.

I can now see clearly the objects around. The Custom-house is one of the most striking. The Tower is another, with Fishmongers'-hall; Nicholson's bonded warehouse; the shipping and steam packets in the river; the dark tower of St. Saviour's church yonder, and especially the cathedral of St. Paul. The tide is coming in.

The Thames is a noble river. It does not equal, it is true, in magnitude, the Amazons, the Mississippi, the Nile, the Burrampooter, the Ganges, the Gambia, the Danube, the St. Lawrence, the Rhine, and some others; but take it with its amount of shipping and merchandise, and it stands the first in the world.

A thousand ships are sometimes moored in the Pool, presenting a forest of masts to the spectator's eye. Under what different aspects may the river be contemplated! The Roman, the

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Dane, the Saxon, and the Norman, at different times, have crossed it, or sailed up its goodly stream. Kings have sailed sumptuously on its flowing waters. Royal brides have been borne upon its gilt-prowed barges, gorgeous with flags, pennons, and silken streamers, to the royal residence in the Tower. Prisoners have been conveyed at midnight along the silent waters to Traitor's Gate, to return no more. Lord Mayors have vied with each other in covering the stream with magnificent pageants of yachts and barges, in their visit to and return from Westminster on the day of their installation to office; and, in winter, fairs have been held on its frozen surface.

But if the river has presented changes to the eye, so have its banks. How different was the view from this place three hundred years ago, when the old Gothic cathedral of St. Paul was standing; when the houses of the narrow streets were decorated with fanciful gables, ornamental vanes, and tall twisted chimneys. The banks of the river are not now adorned with goodly gardens and stately palaces. The sombre towers of Baynard's-castle, and the proud turrets of Durham-house, are gone. The old palace of Bridewell is no longer seen. The ancient bridge, gatewayed, towered, and drawbridged as it was, with its chapel, its mills, and houses, is a thing chronicled in records which are already moth-eaten.

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The first bridge of which we read, as occupying this place, was built by the monks of St. Mary Overs, some eight or nine hundred years ago. Peter, of Colechurch, in 1126, began to build a stone bridge; and as the funds were supplied by a tax on wool, a saying has since risen—"London-bridge was built upon woolsacks." Peter was buried in a chapel constructed in the centre pier. Houses and shops overhung the bridge behind. It had gates, and towers, and a drawbridge in one of the arches, which was raised when vessels had to pass.

This bridge is associated with many occurrences of history. Here David, Earl of Crawford, of Scotland, successfully contended for three days in a grand joust against Lord Wells, of England. Here was the prior of Tiptree, in Essex, with nine other persons, crushed to death in the crowd, while witnessing the public entry of Richard II. and his youthful queen. When Henry V. returned victorious from Agincourt, a grand pageant was given on the bridge. Here Sir Matthew Gough and the citizens of London had a conflict with Jack Cade, the rebel; and here was the entrance of Sir Thomas Wyat arrested during the insurrection against Queen Mary.

At the Southwark end of the bridge stood Traitor's Gate, on which, in the reign of the Tudors, thirty heads might have been counted of such as had been executed for high treason!

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In the reign of Elizabeth, stately houses were erected on both sides of the bridge; for the old houses had been destroyed by fire, and the place resembled a little city. The great fire of 1666 again cleared away the houses, which were once more rebuilt. Hans Holbein, the celebrated painter, once lived on the bridge, and honest John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress." Nonsuch-house also stood on the bridge. It was a wooden fabric, four stories high, constructed in Holland, and brought over to England. Not a single nail was required in setting it up, being entirely fastened together with wooden pegs. At each corner it had a wooden tower.

The first stone of the present London bridge was laid in the year 1825. The edifice is an admirable one. The simplicity of the architecture, the boldness of the arches, the massive solidity of the piers and parapets, and the noble and majestic appearance of the whole, challenge admiration. The stones used in the building are, the purple Aberdeen, the light grey Devonshire Haytor, and the red brown granite of Peterhead. How many joyous and exulting spirits, how many weary feet and aching hearts, will pass over it, before the shadows of evening prevail!

Southwark bridge, yonder, or, as it is often called, the Iron bridge, is an elegant erection. Three cast-iron arches, resting on massive stone piers, span the whole breadth of the river. The

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centre arch includes a space of two hundred and forty feet, being nearly forty feet more than the height of the Monument. The amount of metal required for the construction of this bridge was above five thousand tons.

Waterloo bridge, a beautiful structure, which has the credit of being considered the longest stone bridge in Europe, is perfectly level. Half a million of money was expended in its erection, and a still larger amount in the approaches to it. It was named after the famous battle of Waterloo, and was first opened on the anniversary of that memorable conflict.

The bridge of Blackfriars is named from a convent of black friars, which once stood in its neighbourhood. To say nothing of coaches, carriages, omnibuses, wagons, vans, carts, gigs, and horses, not less than sixty thousand passengers are said to cross this bridge during the day.

Besides the suspension bridge at Hammersmith, and the bridge at Hungerford Market, there are Westminster, Vauxhall, Battersea, Fulham, Kew, Kingston, Hampton Court, Richmond, and Walton bridges. But I have now written enough on this subject. The sun is breaking out over the Tower, and the day promises fair. I have swallowed fog enough this morning for a month. Who would have thought that such a watery-looking sky would so soon have cleared up?

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Yet, oft amid the murky shroud,
The sunbeam wins its way,
And breaking from the thunder cloud,
Proclaims a goodly day!

And often, too, with waving wings,
When judgments seem to roll,
Mercy flies kindly forth, and flings
A sunbeam on the soul!

A few hours are passed, and the king of day is midway on his journey to the south, I am now standing in the Thames Tunnel, more than seventy feet below high-water mark. The deep descent, the lengthened arches, the retiredness of the place, the line of lamps, and the knowledge that the river is rolling over-head, altogether impart a novelty of feeling. There is a little of romance in the whole, that gives an interest to everything I gaze on.

Years ago I was cooped up in this place with a princess; yes, Old Humphrey was standing on the same plank with the grand duchess Helene, sister to the emperor of all the Russias, who happened to visit the Tunnel when he was here. Had she been a peasant instead of a princess, this record of the event had never been made. What trifling circumstances puff up the heart!

While standing here, three or four timorous visitors have hurried past me, in evident apprehension, lest the vaulted roof above them should give way, and let the Thames into the Tunnel.

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There they go, as though they were escaping for their lives.

This excavation is a wondrous enterprise; bold in its design, and difficult in its execution. Accidents have occurred, lives have been lost, and seemingly insurmountable impediments have presented themselves; but untiring perseverance has won its way through every difficulty. The Thames Tunnel is not only an important channel of communication between the two sides of the river, over which a bridge could not have been built at this point, without great difficulty, but, also, a triumphal arch commemorating the success of enterprise, resolution, skill, and perseverance, and commanding the admiration of the world.

I will now make the best of my way up the shaft, or spiral staircase, by which I descended, for my walks for the present must be brought to a close. London, the goodliest city beneath the stars, has yielded me much of pleasure. Peace to her walls, and prosperity to her palaces! May her people, and the stranger within her gates, while here, be defended evermore from evil by the arm of the Eternal, and afterwards become inhabitants of the golden city, to behold and to share the glory of the Redeemer!

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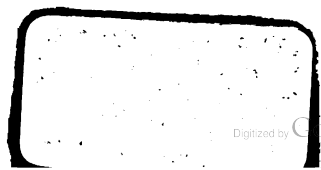
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